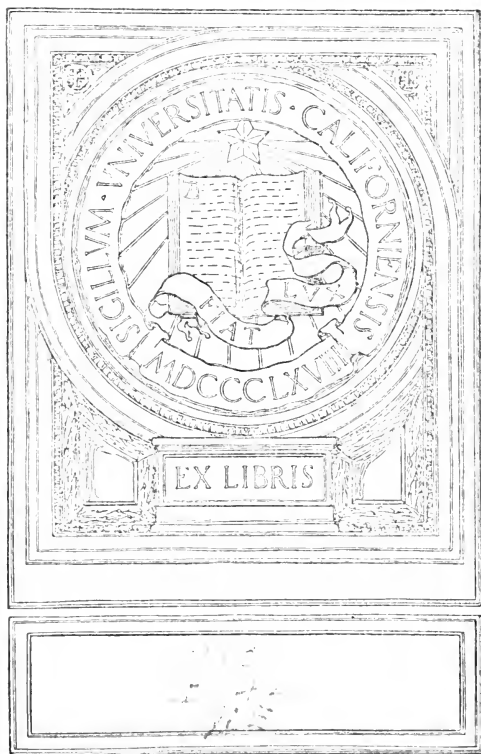


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VAN INGEN SNYDER

THE END.

LIONELLO.

A

SEQUEL TO THE JEW OF VERONA.

BY
REV. A. BRESCIANA, S. J.

REV. A. BRESCIANA, S. J.

SECOND EDITION.

WITH FRONTISPIECE.

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PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

WE place before the American reader the memoirs of Lionello, a sequel to the Jew of Verona.

In the latter work, Father Bresciani shows, by historical evidence, the effects of secret societies, in the hour of their sanguinary triumph at the capital of the Catholic world; in the former, he describes with singular exactness, their intrinsic form, and the spirit of the bad men who thus conspire against the order and weal of Christendom.

In an age of turbulent passions, lawless pretensions, open or covert anarchy, dereliction of primary duties on the part of nations and rulers in the Old World, it behooves statesmen and patriots who value the permanency of free institutions in our own country; it behooves Christians, and parents especially, who feel the necessity of upholding authority, divine and human, to study

the causes of the disastrous events recorded in these pages, and, since impiety is consistent and invariable in its operations,—“*impii in circuitu ambulanti*,”—the character of the pseudo-reformers and heroes who are even now actively engaged, for their selfish advancement, in trampling on the true interests of humanity and the principles of religion.

In our ardent love of liberty and happy experience of the blessings of constitutional government, we are easily misled by specious and sounding fallacies. We are prone to welcome, without examination, the seeming propagandism of our liberal ideas in European countries; to hail as compeers of Washington and his pure-minded co-laborers, the filibustering Cavours, Farinis, and Garibaldis, who trumpet, through secret societies, their disinterested love of nationalities, and exemplify their aims and merits by villanies, worthy of Catiline and his nefarious associates, against the very rights of the people whom they flatter, corrupt, and oppress.

God forbid that this undeserved admiration and praise so thoughtlessly bestowed should predispose us to greater excesses! God forbid that Europe, which, a few years since, infected our

bodies with a frightful pestilence, should poison our minds with its pernicious doctrines and examples! Such a consummation we may deem unlikely: nevertheless, if we wish to profit by the warnings of history, we will shun all communication with knaves and hypocrites and assassins, rebels not only against society and lawfully-constituted governments, but against God and His commandments;

“illa propago,
Contemptrix superûm, sævæque avidissima cædis
Et violenta.”

We will resist manfully and religiously the tendencies of a material age which clouds the mind and hardens the heart against all that is noblest in our nature and worthiest of our aspirations; which, making gods of perishable goods, and a heaven of the earth on which we sojourn, alienates us from our Creator and debars us from our permanent dwelling. We will, above all, secure to the young generation due instruction and discipline at home, sound and religious education in schools, under competent and trustworthy teachers; throw around it timely and adequate defences against the sophistry, extravagances, and

vices of the world, against the snares and wickedness of secret societies. The memoirs of Lionello illustrate these points, and furnish the thoughtful reader with useful and admirable lessons. We commend the work to parents especially, and guardians.

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clenched and the other trailing on the floor. Near him lay a double-barrelled pistol. It was evident he had fired into his mouth and fastened the two triggers with a string to produce a simultaneous discharge. The head was frightfully shattered,—the face rent from the mouth to the ear. The lower lip, partly detached, rested on the long and bushy beard; the left eye, unsocketed, dangled on the cheek; fragments of skull, shreds of flesh, and portions of brain intermixed with fractured teeth, and gory tufts of hair which the stranger wore in the Garibaldi fashion, spattered the opposite wall and quivered on the checkered floor. The lineaments, in their mutilated condition, were no longer distinguishable as a whole; for tongue and nose and muscles were torn from the face and scattered over the shoulders. It was a horrible spectacle. The pistol-barrels, doubly shotted, had pierced, in four places, the wainscot behind the chair. The murdered man wore white pantaloons and a pink Flemish-linen shirt elegantly embroidered on the breast and wristbands. The last he had turned back to leave the hand freer. The right arm was encircled with a link-bracelet of gold. A miniature on ivory of a young lady of distinguished mien, of sweet and modest features, clasped the extremities of the chain.

In the midst of the general amazement and stillness, Don Baldassare, who in his priestly office had gained considerable experience, said at length to the keeper of the hotel, "Send some one immediately to inform the police." Then, urging the waiter to go speedily, he turned to the master of the house and inquired the name of the deceased and the length of time since his arrival.

"We can easily ascertain that fact, sir, by consulting the register, where he entered his name, shortly after his arrival, yesterday at sundown. He ate very little at supper, sent some letters to the post-office, called for a bottle of strong rum,—there you see the bottle on the table,—and then shut himself up in his room. I sleep under this chamber, and, during the whole night, my wife and I heard him pacing the floor,—sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly. It was a long time, in consequence, before we could get to sleep. Now and then he stamped on the floor and seemed, by the great noise he made, to throw himself violently into the chair, and again, after a moment's quiet, he began to walk up and down the room. Toward morning I was able to sleep a little. When I got up, I gave directions to the servant not to wake the stranger till a late hour unless he should ring his bell. But, my God! who would have believed it? Oh, it is a horrible sight!"

Just then the commissary of police arrived. He had been apprized of some unusual event by the gathering of a crowd about the doors of the hotel, at the report of the pistol. To prevent them intruding into the house, he ordered the doors to be locked, and stationed guards at every entrance. Before his arrival, Alisa, speechless, and trembling in every limb, had been removed by her father to a distance from this tragic scene. He succeeded in soothing her by his tender words and caresses.

The commissary was accompanied by two officers of the criminal court, and a surgeon whom he chanced to meet on Bergues Square. They found no pulse in the arm of the murdered man, but a slight quivering about the region of the heart, which soon ceased.

These men exchanged looks, and the commissary questioned the landlord in regard to the name and rank of the stranger and the time of his arrival. Obtaining no satisfactory information, he ordered the man's trunks to be opened. The linen was marked with the initials *L. R.* There was a letter on which the name of *Lionello* was written in full, but the family name was blotted out with very black ink. The commissary put the sheet against the window-glass, but he could not read the characters. The name registered at the office of the hotel was *Andrea Loco*; but a pen embellished with a topaz seal bore the letters *L. D. R.* One of the police-agents called the attention of the commissary to the bracelet on the man's right wrist. He unclasped it, and, after looking a while at the beautiful miniature, showed it to his assistants. On the interior surface was the inscription, *Josephine to her dear brother Lionello*. But the surname remained undiscovered.

The officers found in a pocket of the trunk fifty-two pistoles and two hundred gregorines,* besides bills of exchange on London to a considerable amount. They found also, in a red case, an episcopal cross studded with valuable diamonds, a ring set with a pure, full-sized emerald, and other costly stones encircled with bezels of gold, manifestly reft from some precious frame.

Beneath his papers, the deceased had deposited his certificate of membership in the society of the Carbonari, and, at a later date, in that of Young Italy, and in other secret societies of Switzerland, Germany, and France. Under the name of Giulio, he held a high

* Gold coin of the value of \$3.20.

rank in these fraternities. He was one of the principal dignitaries of the Carbonari, since, at Cesena, he signed himself as registrar. His province was the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. In a kid-skin sheath was a triangular dagger with cruciform hilt of blue steel. A death's-head was carved on the pommel. On the first blade was inscribed, "The present is ever the time;" on the second, "Death to traitors;" on the third, under a crown and a cross, "Death to tyrants." The number of the order engraved on the guard was 2076.

The commissary opened three letters which he found, all written by the same hand and signed with the same name: "*Your most affectionate sister Josephine.*" The dates had been left untouched, but the places where they were posted had been scratched and obliterated. One was written in 1833, and despatched to St. Petersburg. The writer pens a remonstrance full of sisterly affection, and begs him not to waste his patrimony, but to ~~return to her and espouse Lauretta~~, a rich, beautiful, and virtuous lady who would make him truly happy. The second, in 1838, was addressed to him in Lisbon. In this letter Josephine informs her brother that she has sold the best portion of her property. She implores him not to cast himself headlong into the gulf of dissipation. She sends him enclosed a draft for five hundred louis. The last, in 1842, was transmitted to Valparaiso. She assures him that now she has not a foot of ground nor a brick in a house which she can call her own. All had been seized by the creditors, even the furniture and the paternal mansion. Nevertheless, she conjures him to return, pledges to him the undying love of a fond sister, and promises to share with him, in poverty, her last crust,

This letter was rumpled and frayed at the folds. It bore the stains of many tears drawn from the eyes of that unfortunate brother.

The commissary put these letters in a pocket-book, took the dagger, pistol, seal, and two smaller pistols loaded with balls, which the police-agents found in his vest-pockets. He ordered the room to be locked, said he would soon return with notaries of the tribunal, posted a subordinate at the door, and left the house.

Mimo, Lando, and the two friends withdrew into the parlor, spoke encouragingly to Alisa, and promised to escort her to Sister Clara's. There she might pass the day till the corpse should be carried to some other place. They expressed a thousand conjectures on the sad event. One said,—

“He is a desperado who squandered all his property.”

“But how is that possible,” said another, “since he had in his possession all that gold and those drafts?”

“Who knows?” replied Bartolo. “He is a sworn member of those secret societies, and very likely he is cashier of the central committee.”

Mimo looked all around him and said, in a whisper,—

“Hush! I hope we will succeed in learning something more of this mystery than the police. When I entered the apartment, I saw, on the table before the self-murderer, his memoirs and a packet of papers. I put them in my pocket. We will read them together, at our convenience, and discover the causes which drove the young man to that desperate act.”

CHAPTER II.

LIONELLO.

AFTER this shocking event, which cast a gloom over their souls, the friends of Bartolo advised him, in order to divert her mind, to make an excursion with Alisa to the charming groves of Chablais. They added that, as the heat of June was becoming oppressive, the party could enjoy the refreshing shades of the country about Evian, whose hill-sides were wooded with frequent clumps of walnut, chestnut, and oak trees. Bartolo joyfully embraced the suggestion. Necessary preparations were accordingly made to spend a few days at a villa. Lando was commissioned to hire a bark, and early the following day they hoisted a sail and dipped their oars in the waters of the lake. A light breeze swelled the canvas and seconded the efforts of the rowers. The lake seemed to rise from its slumbers and welcome the morning zephyrs which disported over the limpid waves, and the twinkling stars which gleamed upon it paled before Venus in all her loveliness,—bright harbinger of the god of day. Swallows, emerging from their nests in the hospitable houses which dot the verdant banks of the lake, dart over its bosom in joyous crowds, and salute, with twittering acclaim, the rising sun. Sometimes they soar into the upper air, sometimes they skim the surface of the water with rapid wing, like a stone which ricochets from a vigorous arm.

Our excursionists watched their gambols with delight. Alisa, seated near the stern of the vessel, gazed silently

on the beauty of the heavens, pictured with varied dyes on the tremulous waters. As they glided by an inlet, a melodious lark shot like an arrow into the sky, fluttered for a while over their heads, and thrilled the air with a capricious song,—rests, passages, quavers, and refrains. Alisa was enchanted with his warblings and his frolics, as he plunged like a stone to the lake, and then cleaved the sky to recommence his carols with ecstatic voice.

“I see,” she murmured to herself, “how easily we can unite with labor hymns of praise to the glory of God and acts of thanksgiving for the love and mercy which he evinces toward his creatures. This lark traverses the sky, he goes and comes, he mounts and descends, with unwearied voice and a ceaseless canticle. And we,—we, made by the hand of God, endowed with intelligence, and stamped with his image, pass entire days without a word of praise or thought of gratitude! All creatures strive, with rival zeal, to do him honor,—the dawn which is brightening the horizon, this sparkling lake, this air so pure and balmy, that tinted and serene sky, the birds pouring sweet notes on the morning air, yon fields of golden grain undulating beneath the zephyr’s breath, the mellow fruits, the earth arrayed in her rarest charms. And thy heart, Alisa, thy heart is cold! I coast along these shores, once marked with the footprints of St. Francis de Sales, when, through numberless toils and perils, he journeyed in quest of heretics to reclaim them to catholic faith and the love of God. O Lord and Saviour! deign to separate me from self, for too often have I strayed from thee, the sovereign good! I feel that my heart is no longer at peace; I feel that poor Aser——oh, yes! he is with

thee; he reposes in the midst of thy pure light, and bids me suppress these vain repinings."

Even amid the tranquil beauties of nature Alisa was troubled by painful emotions; but she found alleviation of her sorrows, in the nobleness of her heart and the purity of her affection. She had recourse to prayer: and in that prayer she experienced consolations to which young persons of her sex addicted to novel-reading will ever be entire strangers.

As fancies flitted in succession through her mind, Alisa endeavored to banish her gloomy thoughts by fixing her attention on the beauties of the landscape, the bright vistas from the shores of the lake, the lofty summits of the mountains which bounded the horizon, the hills crowned with forest-trees, the gray turrets of time-worn castles, the noble palaces surmounting the acclivities, the rich and yellow harvests waving in the sunlight. She saw fishermen on the rocks and the jutting land, casting their long lines into the lake and sweeping the shore with their nets to catch minnows and shrimps and roaches; she saw others, again, fixing their weirs, dipping their nets, hauling their seines for the finny tribe. Perfectly delighted with these views, our party reached the villa which Bartolo had rented. It stood on a hillock surrounded on two sides by a smiling valley, through which flowed a fresh-water stream shaded with alders, poplars, and weeping-willows. From the northern declivity on which it stood, the inmates descended, by steps bordered with tufted edges of myrtle, savins, and tamarisk, into a beautiful meadow, where a thousand native flowers admired their charms in the limpid rivulet. In the midst of the lawn towered a venerable linden; and under its broad

and shady branches stood two benches, face to face, entwined with fragrant jessamines. To this retired spot Bartolo and his friends were wont to repair after dinner; and there, under the dense foliage on the margin of the streamlet, they listened, amid the warblings of birds, to Mimo, who read the autograph memoirs of Lionello, written for the instruction of Italian youths.

They satisfactorily prove that noble birth, excellence of character, an ingenuous soul, the fairest endowments of the understanding and the most amiable qualities of the heart, cannot resist the pernicious influence of a mischievous system of education and the perverse habits of early life. Here was a young man lured from his studies, the arms of his parents, the delights and duties of a chaste and virtuous love, to cast himself into the arms of base and vicious men. His memoirs will serve as a dreadful lesson to parents and to children,—a salutary lesson for the inexperienced who cross the threshold of social life at an epoch distracted by so many revolutionary ideas.

The victim of profound melancholy, Lionello (as we learn from these writings) was nevertheless a man of lively and amiable disposition. Transported in imagination beyond the present, he often reverted to his youth, and clung to its reminiscences with a feverish delight, fearful to break the illusion and renew the consciousness of a crushing reality. It will be well for the reader to keep this characteristic in view, that he may not be startled, in the course of this narrative, to find a man mingling, with the horrors of dejection and remorse, serene thoughts and delightful memories. Ah! it is no uncommon yearning of the wretched to

temper their present misery by the recollection of halcyon days. Writers of fiction who invariably surround their heroes with tragic events misinterpret or misrepresent the human heart.

CHAPTER III.

CHILDHOOD.

I WAS born of one of the noblest families of Italy, the very year that the Emperor Napoleon married, at Paris, Marie Louise, daughter of Francis I., Emperor of Austria. My parents lived in great state. No one rivalled them in splendid equipages, brilliant fêtes, and sumptuous entertainments. Their saloons were adorned with corresponding magnificence; their balls and soirées, in the city during the winter, in the country during the summer, were superb. The display at the latter season, was on a grander scale. The castle occupied a very handsome site, about three miles from the city; and broad, excellent roads made the demesne very accessible to our friends who thronged around us in May and October. A spacious and elegant mansion, well-cultivated gardens, a shady park stocked with roes, harts, and fallow-deer, aviaries containing native and exotic birds, dairies abounding in the milk of Swiss cows, ponds supplied with fish, avenues laid out with taste and neatly kept, thick greenswards trimmed and enclosed, with edges regularly clipped,—these, and other attractions, invited the friends of the family to visit our enchanting abode, and spend, in divers diversions, balls,

and banquets, the loveliest days of spring and autumn.

My father had there hospitably entertained Napoleon as he passed on his way to the Italian war. The emperor invited him to his marriage, treated him with marked distinction, and decorated him with the noble insignia of the Legion of Honor. From this period my father maintained intimate relations with the marshals of the empire, and at Milan frequented the court of the Viceroy of Italy. After the conflagration of Moscow and the severe reverses at the passage of the Beresina and at Leipsic, after successive levies of conscripts which mowed down the youth of Italy, lists were opened for volunteers, under the name of "Italian Cohorts." These new recruits were distinguished from the other soldiers by the galloons which they wore on their arms and breasts. The friends and adherents of the emperor rivalled each other in extraordinary efforts to furnish these last succors. My father completely equipped and paid ten men,—six foot-soldiers and four horsemen. It would be difficult to compute the outlay for this force, exclusive of the cost of sixteen horses which he yielded for the service of the artillery, and which were sent into Germany, with the horses of other Italian noblemen.

Notwithstanding his relations to the court and his intercourse with the great officers of the crown and the generals of the empire,—most of them sprung from the heart of the revolution and the bosom of secret societies,—my father never belonged to a masonic lodge. Napoleon observed an exquisite simplicity of manner in his communication with the French and the Italian noblesse. He affected no arrogant airs and aristocratic lordliness. He was content with a retinue and neces-

sary adornments. Noblemen, grouped around him, were like the pictures of Raphael, Titian, and Correggio, which are suspended from gilded panels in costly palaces, or like the long train of a court-lady's amaranthine robe. My mother, descended from a patrician family of Venice, a stanch asserter of the grandeur of the doges and procurators of St. Mark, expressed stateliness in every word and movement; but she possessed the art of qualifying, with feminine ease and grace and delicacy, a queenly carriage of nobility and high-toned propriety. Nevertheless, she was modest, pious, generous,—ever receiving with unaffected kindness the parish-priest or good ecclesiastic who came to expose to her the wants of an honest family, or poor girl, or infirm widow. At the ball and evening party, she outshone the ladies of her circle by the magnificence of her receptions. My father and mother educated me in this system of vain and ridiculous pageantry, and held me aloof from the inferior nobility and simple citizens. Had I been born ten years earlier, it might perhaps have been fortunate for me to escape the mischievous consequences of a training in the lyceums of Napoleon. The spirit which presided over these institutions was not always unexceptionable; the choice of students and masters was not, at times, determined by an examination sufficiently rigorous. But in 1820, Italy possessed excellent schools and colleges, in which science and letters were taught with all the advantages which result from the constant emulation, struggle, and contact of scholars distinguished by different talents, characters, habits, manners, and tastes.

In this respect the noble families of France, England, Spain, Belgium, and Germany have more sense than

ours; for it is a sad spectacle to see the Italian noblesse addicted to indolence and frivolities, or enslaved by perfidious conspirators who plunge them into the abyss of disorder and treasonable associations. I appeal to Italy to confirm the truth of my assertion. Where was the man among them, in 1847 and in 1848, to promote the welfare of the people? Pusillanimity, fears, fallacies, weak or malicious complicity with the conspirators,—this is the part which they played!

The nobles deplore the condition of Italy, subject to the resistless power of the people, who hold its destinies in their hands; who agitate, overthrow,—trample the country under their feet. Whose fault is it?—the people's? No! they are more to be pitied than condemned. The fault lies with the Italian patricians, who, in the gloom of their old palaces, educate their sons like women, in idleness, effeminacy, foppery, and pride. Let them, if they wish to place their children on a level with the people, rear, fashion, and instruct them in the public arena of talent, science, and virtue. I will say, with Pandolph, "that a system of public education teaches youth in an admirable manner the proprieties of social life; surrounds them with examples to avert their hearts from vice; places immediately under their eyes the rewards of honor, uprightness, glory united with justice and virtue; enables them to appreciate the delights of merited eulogy, of the esteem and distinction which recompense noble actions. Influenced by these considerations, the young are fired with emulation, and march on bravely in the path of duty which leads to renown and immortality." Of what avail is an ardent and generous temper, if you educate your child in petticoats, under the care of a

private tutor,—a family teacher? His spirit will languish and decay in utter inability to aspire to grand and noble thoughts.

During the long peace of the past century, whilst faith was still alive and vigorous in the heart of Italy, authority held sacred in the eyes of men, and the nobility surrounded by the profound veneration, love, and gratitude of the inferior orders, domestic education, remote from the public gaze, might be defended on the ground that it was necessary, to maintain the reverence due to rank and birth. But, in the present condition of society, this system is no longer applicable. The nobles must signalize their merit, to win the esteem, respect, and confidence of the people. Whether they wish it or not, they are obliged, in a thousand circumstances, to come in contact with the public. They are controlled by lawyers and physicians. A home-bred man is like a house-sparrow which ventures for the first time to fly in the garden. The attempt is so uncertain, distressing, and hazardous, that it is glad to light on the first roof it meets; and whilst, out of breath, it strives to ply its wings again, the cat pounces upon it, plucks, and pitilessly devours its prey.

Here is my history. I am quite sure that few young men will proceed so far as my self-will has carried me. Nevertheless, I design these memoirs of my wanderings and misfortunes as a beacon to point out the dangerous shoals which menace other imprudent youths like myself with a deplorable shipwreck. Oh, dear Josephine! why did I not listen to you?—why did I not follow your advice whilst I still had time to repair my first faults? Who now will rescue me from this abyss?—what means shall I employ to calm this remorse which agitates my soul?

CHAPTER IV.

THE SERVANTS.

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WHEN I left the nursery, my mother gave me in charge to the aunt of her waiting-maid. She was a Friulian, an excellent creature. Hers was a complexion of the lily and the rose,—the Friulians have the healthiest blood in their veins,—a cheerfulness frank and loud, a heart open and generous, a tongue of unrestrained volubility, especially after she had taken half a glass of spirits. At such moments, if she had nobody else to talk to, she poured out upon me, in rich Venetian, apostrophes like these: “Oh, you sweet one! you precious! my heart’s pet! you pretty creature! you darling, you! give me a kiss!” Then, seizing my cheeks and squeezing them between her hands, she pressed her lips to my pouting mouth with a smack so loud that the old housekeeper exclaimed, “Gracious me! what kisses! Why, you make as much noise as Landro, the coachman, with his sneezings. But these Venetians”——

“And pray, Mistress Bridget, what have you to say against the Venetians? Let me tell you,”—here she put me on a table covered with linen, and almost buried me in a mountain of sheets,—“let me tell you, the Venetians have tongues of gold, hearts of queens: they are types of fidelity. They have eyes, and don’t see; ears, and don’t hear; tongues, and don’t speak.”

“Oh, as for that last,” said the old woman, with a smile and a dry cough, “as for the tongue”——

"Yes, maam. Now, just listen. When I was in the family of his excellency, one of the Council of Ten, madam's grandfather, that old big-wig that made all Venice tremble:—ah! he was a man, you know,—if you only could have seen him in his wrapper, as I've seen him often, sticking his hands in his sleeves: what a sight! He called me and told me to hand the box of Cyprus powder to Menego, his valet.

"'Teresa,' said he, 'you will inform her ladyship'—

"'Yes, my lord.'

"'You will inform her ladyship, my wife, that we will have at dinner, to-day, his excellency Signor Grandenigo, his excellency Signor Morosin, and his excellency Signor Loredan.'

"'Has your lordship any more commands?'

"'No.'

"I was then only a slip of a girl, but as spry as a mouse; and whilst Menego was busy in shaking over the old gentleman's wig the Cyprus powder, like flakes of snow, (dear me, mistress Bridget, what creatures men are!) I went to inform the old lady, and then went back to my duties; and, psheew! I didn't tell a word about the dinner to anybody but Zanetto, the waiter; Baptista, and Togno, and Alvisé, the cooks; Procola, the butler; Luzietta, our young lady's waiting-maid—oh! wasn't she beautiful! Ah! let me tell you; she was the mother of her ladyship, the countess. Bless me, mistress Bridget, what a figure she made! she had her hair dressed almost a foot high. I'm not joking, you know; for I measured it myself. And, dear me, Luzietta—she was a famous waiting-maid too. She was my niece,—yes; but that's neither here nor there. She knew what she was about; she was so handy. Some-

times she fixed the lady countess's hair in the fashion Maria Amelia, sometimes in the fashion Maria Luigia; and that is more difficult than the Sevigné curls. But to come back to our old master and the dinner: I didn't breathe a word about it. I just gave a hint to Miss Rosanna, who had charge of the table-linen, in order that she might bring out his excellency's Flemish cloths and napkins, marked with his arms. He had table-cloths for twelve courses, for twenty-four, for thirty-six, and all of one piece. Then I spoke of it to Ninetta; and then"——

"And then, and then, and then," cried the old house-keeper, with a husky voice, "you went blabbing it about the whole house."

Poor Margarita discovered that she had been too communicative, and merited the reply of Bridget. She took me off the pile of linen, which I had more or less deranged and rumpled, and carried me away in her arms, talking and chattering with everybody she met in the corridors and apartments of the women. Thus tattle is our first school, and, if it serves no other purpose, it loosens our tongues. We have reason to thank Providence for the result; for, if we were not reared by women, we would run great risk of being dumb all our lives. In the morning, when Margarita had washed me, put on a clean bib, and nicely combed my hair, she took me to my mother, who, in her morning gown, was getting her hair dressed by Bettina.

"Oh, Nello, come, give mamma a kiss. My treasure! my little darling! Margarita, did you make him say his prayers?"

"Oh, yes, your ladyship: how could I forget that? As for us Venetians, we are too good Christians, my

lady, to neglect our duty. I don't wish to boast, but you know, your ladyship, that it is our custom never to go out of the house without saying a *Pater* and an *Ave*; and then we go straight to mass at the church of *our Lady of Safety*. My poor good mother, when we were going to Frari, heard three masses every day."

"Very right, Margarita."

"I make Nello say all the prayers I learned from my mother: *the Angele Dei*; *the Lord, I thank you*; *the Requie*; and then *the Sacred Wounds*, in Friulian. Oh, your ladyship, Nello puts them all together so nicely, you know, in Friulian and Venetian."

During this conversation, I was busy teasing the lap-dog, Thisbe, rummaging the toilet-table, and tossing about pomatum, tooth-brushes, sponges, ivory combs, nail-files, and the caskets in which my mother put her jewels every night.

"Nello, take care! Nello, don't go there! Nello, don't touch that! Why do you pinch poor little Thisbe? Come here, Thisbe: jump up on my lap. Margarita, take away the child."

Margarita took me into the garden. There I chased the butterflies, dipped my hands in the trench-rills made to water the lawns, amused myself by throwing dry leaves on the surface to see them float along, often waded about up to my knees, whilst Margarita was prating with the gardener or collecting a bouquet of roses for the madonna of the wardrobe. From the garden I passed to the stables; and there a groom in a smock-frock lifted me up and put me on *Sultan*, or on *Cossack*, or on *Zenobia*, my mother's white mare. Then I played with the horse's mane, kicked its sides, told it

to get along. Sometimes Margarita carried me to the kitchen, and let me put my fingers into the pies and sauces. By the time I had finished my rambling among the dishes and sauce-pans, my face and hands were in a sorry plight. Margarita everywhere found subjects for gossiping. She had a fund of tales, news, tattle, rumors, backbiting, and endless chit-chat; and when, thanks to me, she had pried into every thing, from the top of the house to the bottom, she went to the women's apartments, and there, especially during meals, opened her budget of news. ✓

Early in the evening the servants used to take a walk. When I was quite small, they carried me in their arms; when I was five or six years-old, I trudged along by their side. Sometimes I was dressed in the Greek fashion, with a handsome purple jacket; sometimes as a little Mameluke, in braided clothes, yellow Turkish slippers, a red calbak, and a cimeter by my side; sometimes in the Scotch highland garb, coat and bonnet of red and green plaid, with legs bare to the knees. In 1814, I figured as a voltigeur or dragoon, with a casque of tiger-skin; in 1825, I was a Hungarian, Hulan, or Slavonian hussar. On holidays, Margarita dressed in her green kirtle and plaited gown looked very well, in spite of her fifty odd years. She was quite conscious of this fact, and, consequently, on these occasions she moved along with a statelier pace, and forbade the footman to follow her but at the respectful distance of a couple of yards. I must not forget to add that she was often accompanied by one of the under-wardrobe maids, or the porter's daughter; and, as she was outside of the city, she entered the village inn, played a game of cards, admitted Gaetano to her pre-

sence, and graciously drank with him a small glass of liquor.

When I had grown older, she passed me over to Bettina, her niece, who, in her capacity of my mother's waiting-woman, dressed my sister Josephine, occasionally, as a peasant-girl, and took her out to walk. We played together in the meadows. Bettina had important secrets to communicate to Carluccio, my father's page, who, dressed in an English tight-bodied coat, a livery-hat, long horseman's boots, and white Grenoble gloves, waited upon us, and carried under his arm my sister's shawl and a gauze hoop-net to catch butterflies. Little attention is paid to children; and yet the children of the rich are more liable to be corrupted than others, who are reared with a jealous and watchful solicitude under the immediate eyes of their parents, whilst the children of the nobility spend their childhood and part of their youth amid the dulness and frivolities of male and female servants. High-born ladies are very culpable in disencumbering themselves of all trouble and responsibility, because their female attendants have been recommended by some worthy marchioness, or duchess, or dignified clergyman, or canon, or even confessor. Servants are all alike. When they enter the family, they are good and artless; but they are soon spoiled by the atmosphere of our palaces. Were they naturally the best people in the world, and remarkably modest, they would soon show their ignorance and narrow-minded prejudices, superstition, silliness, and tattling disposition. And yet these are the first instructors of our young nobles. I recollect that when I was little more than two feet high, I was told to kiss my hand to elderly females. I was imperious in my will and abso-

lute in my commands. At the age of six or seven years, I knew the extent of my father's possessions, and the amount of his revenues. I was able to number his estates, palaces, villas. I knew, too, every thing about the lives and deaths of my ancestors, and their wonderful deeds, as well as of my grandparents, uncles, aunts, and all my kindred to the third generation. I was no stranger to all the frolics of my father, from his childhood to the period of his marriage.

When I flew into a passion, the aged domestic Oliva never failed to say, "Just like the count! positively his excellency over again! When he was ten years old, nobody could manage him except Don Ermenigildo. How often did he come to us in search of him, and say to me, in confidence; 'Oliva, I am utterly at a loss what to do with this troublesome youngster.' And I replied; 'Be patient, Don Ermenigildo: he won't be always a youngster. One of these days he is to be sole heir: he will be our master. You know well that he will succeed to two immense patrimonies,—that of Marquis Cæsar, which is worth more than a hundred thousand sequins. Whew! a mere trifle! And then the palace on the square, and the castle, and the whole village, in which the ancient lords had the right of coining money and the *jura sanguis*.* In a word, they were princes. And then the inheritance of Bali Mercantonio. Ah, Bali is the right measure! Cheer up, Don Ermenigildo.' Well, he took things quietly, and now he's got a fat pension, a nice benefice worth one hundred and fifty crowns, board and lodging; whilst I, unlucky woman, here——pshaw!"

* The feudal right of barons, in the Middle Ages, of pronouncing sentence of death in their own courts,—*jura sanguinis*.

And then she turned to me, and, kissing my hand, said, with tears in her eyes; "Master Lionello, you will one day have all that; but may God preserve his excellency, the most illustrious count, your father, for a thousand years longer! I meant, by what I said, Do you see that portrait?—that's the Marquis Cæsar's: and that in the red dress, with a cross on the breast,—that's Bali Mercantonio's."

Margarita could not resist the temptation to edge in a word.

"My dear Oliva, all that is a trifle," she exclaimed: "a trifle to the bulk of his property at Venice. The little count's grand-uncle is full eighty years old, and unmarried. At his death the whole fortune will pour into the hands of the countess and Nello. That's just as clear as the sun. A grand palace on the canal, another near St. Paul's, and, on the mainland, estates, rivers, rice plantations, and studs. Momolo, the footman, told me that a pigeon couldn't fly over the whole of it in a day. Only think of that, Oliva,—the flight of a pigeon! And then the villa of Strata, and another of Mira, and imperial palaces! One of them has as many windows as there are days in the year, a whole army of statues on the roofs, in the balconies and vestibules, mirrors in which I could see myself from head to foot, and, bless me! sights of all kinds to make one's head turn,—of silver, of gold, of flambeaux, of stables for sixty horses, which you would take for churches, the Lord forgive me! And all that is to be Master Nello's! Oh, Master Nello will be so rich! He kissed his hand to me. He will remember Margarita, won't he? Poor Margarita, who carried him so often in her arms!"

Can you suppose that the pride of my young heart

would not be stimulated by all this adulation? Another fact is to be noted. The grand-daughters of Oliva, my father's nurse, of Nunziata, my grandmother's waiting-maid, of Bridget, the housekeeper, and other female domestics, were brought from the women's apartments to see me. These girls, at first, were scared at my approach, but their grandmothers and grand-aunts said to them; "Go kiss the little count's hand." At some I made ugly faces, pinched them, or gave them slaps; others, to whom I took a fancy, I caressed; with the youngest I romped and engaged in all kinds of plays. This continued till I was ten, eleven, twelve years old, —even after I had been put under a preceptor.

As to my mother, whenever the arch-priest or a religious came to pay her a visit, she never wearied in my praises, even before my face:—"Thank God, Lionello is amiable, open-hearted, and inclined to piety. He has not lost his baptismal innocence: he is as pure as an angel. In this house he runs no risk, he has intercourse with no one. His cousins sometimes come here, but Lionello is always with his teacher, or with the governess, who is a worthy, discreet, and shrewd woman,—a practical Catholic, too; and she speaks French and English."

My mother, as a great lady, rarely left her splendid apartments; and when she did occasionally quit them, the valets gave the signal, and order, propriety, and silence awaited her approach. She was totally ignorant of the dangers with which I was surrounded, of the fatal germs of every vice flung into my soul with the promise of a deplorable fruitfulness. Servants foster and strengthen the nascent passions in our breasts, especially vanity, pride, boastfulness, disdain,—without

speaking of baser propensities which multiply in the heart of childhood in the company of servants, who, exclusive of fulsome flattery, are, for the most part, a lying, dissolute, deceitful, tale-bearing, revengeful class.

The young noble grows up in the midst of these evil spirits, like the lion's whelp, among the scullions and dainties of the kitchen, where he loses his native nobleness, generosity, and worth. A youth reared in the society of women is subjected to an influence which stifles in his bosom, the vigorous and masculine virtues of a good citizen.

✓ In this female school I learned lessons of vanity, and all the indecencies, the shameful and criminal intrigues, which are to be found in great houses. I often met in the clothes-apartments, where I idled away much of my time, the female friends and relations of our domestics. They were family servants in the houses of our nobles; and when they visited ours there was an endless babble, gossiping, and slander.

"Why, Chicca, what have you been doing with yourself all this time?" said Oliva, Dorotea, and Munzuita. "It is an age since we saw you."

"Ah! it is no wonder. We have been plunged in a sea of troubles."

"Indeed! Why, what has happened? Has Donna Teresina had any more convulsions? Poor girl! It breaks one's heart to see one so sweet and modest, so afflicted. I fear very much that she will never be able to marry; and she so much in love with her Orazio!"

"The misfortune don't concern Teresina. A body may tell you every thing; you have a guard on your mouth; and we are old friends."

"Oh, as for that"——

"Well, last Thursday—yes—no—ah! stop! what a fool I am! I intended to say Saturday,—last Saturday, our lady went to take her usual ride with Donna Teresina, and Agnoletta, who, you know, is now in her sixteenth year."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Oliva: "it seems as if it was only yesterday that she was born. Many a time I took her in my arms, when you brought her here. She was a nice little girl."

"Now, Agnoletta wanted to get out of the carriage last, and Pepetto, as he helped her to alight, slipped a note into her hand; but the blockhead (couldn't he have looked for a better chance?) did it so awkwardly that the marchioness saw it all. But she didn't appear to notice it. However, as they were going up the second flight of stairs, she suddenly seized Agnoletta's hand, and jerked the note away from her. The poor girl almost fainted; she could scarcely breathe, and say, with a broken voice, 'Oh, mamma!' The marchioness went straight to her chamber, and came back to Agnoletta like a fury. 'Go to your room, miss.' She rings for Felicita. What else am I to tell you? Agnoletta runs to me, throws herself into my arms, and bursts into tears. Donna Teresina, who knew nothing about it, was terrified."

"And then what happened?"

"You shall hear. Pepetto received, in the presence of the marchioness, two terrible blows of a horsewhip, and a kick—you know where. Only think; he has five children, and they have now no support. So much for playing the fool. Ah, it is no laughing-matter to trifle with the nobles."

"But does anybody know who sent the note?"

"Why, that's plain enough. It was an officer, who"—

And then Chicca continued her tale of scandal through the whole evening. The other women contributed their respective shares in commentaries. They spoke of the Marchioness Bice, who had been caught behind a screen; of another, who, at the moment of taking her father's hand, threw a ball to her lover, containing a note; of another, who slipped love-letters between the leaves of her music-book, which her instructor gave to the Baron Lamberto. And thus I was initiated in all the schemes and intrigues of young ladies of noble families.

On another occasion, Dame Fortunata came to perform her part. After an avalanche of talk and tattle about the gentlemen, her masters, and about her fellow-servants, she reports the manœuvres of several young ladies of high rank, who, on vigils, holidays, and at balls, were remarked for their beauty, grace, and indiscretions. It was a minute description of personal failings, deceit and devices accomplished by the aid of seamstresses; or, a complete treatise on fashions, and secret arts of the toilet to fabricate charms or disguise deformities by the help of hoops, pads, and corsets.

"Now, let me tell you,—I am called a name which means fortunate; but I had better been named Dame *Unfortunate*. I am worried out of my life by one of the most whimsical ladies. She is caprice, oddity, personified; she don't give any one about the house time to breathe. And that poor Clarissa, (dear Lord! it gives me the horrors to think of it!) how cruelly they treat her! They called in an ortopaist,*—just imagine it. The marchioness has had an iron bedstead made, and

* Orthopaïdist, from the Greek *ορθος*, straight, and *παις*, child.

obliges the poor girl to stretch herself upon it. Then, with iron machines, the doctor fastens her tight, squeezes her feet and shoulders, and keeps her there as if she was nailed to a cross. It is a perfect torture to look at her. I am ordered to give her drink; for she cannot move a finger herself. And she looks at me so pitifully that it cuts me to the very heart. Every morning, I must bind her in a steel corset with rings, clasps, and bars; and there she is inside, as fast as a bolt slid in the staples!"

"Bless my soul! you don't tell me so! And will she be straight, after she has been thus cased and covered with iron?"

"Not very likely, in my opinion," said Fortunata. "It is just the plans of those doctors to make martyrs of the nobles, and extort money from them. But, after all—after all, old friend, between ourselves, what is bred in the bone is as hard to cure as it is to straighten the neck of a glass decanter."

"What abominable inventions!" exclaimed the aged Bridget. "The grandmother of our little count, with her big farthingales, was as straight as an arrow. Now-a-days they won't let you swathe infants; and what's the consequence? They are crooked. Our old folks, in former times, had more sense."

Often we had servants to visit ours, whose tongues, like vipers', poisoned every thing they breathed upon. What chronicles came out of these archives!—what commentaries, and exaggerations, and caricatures! And our great ladies persuade themselves that their waiting-women neither hear nor see! I should like to see them listening to their servants for a short half-hour: they would learn a good lesson, to their cost.

But how can we, raised in the midst of this turmoil of mean, bad passions, retain the sentiments of honorable and Christian men? The nobles of inferior condition, who have reared their children under their own eyes, do not risk so much in intrusting them to masters injudiciously chosen. But the higher nobles expose themselves to irreparable mischiefs. I will sound it in the ears of Italy and all Europe, that the cause of all my misfortunes may be traced to the women's apartments. If any escape from these dangers, and from destruction, it is by a miracle; if others are reclaimed at a later day, it is only after long and painful efforts. Parents ought not to jeopard, in this manner, the happiness of their children.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRECEPTOR.

WHEN I was ten years old, my parents determined to assign me a tutor. My father's friends importuned him not to hamper himself with priests. "Priests are a clownish, uncouth class of men, a sort of bears just out of their forest dens. What a ridiculous figure they would make in a splendid mansion, distinguished by its air of elegance and *haut ton*, its numerous circles of noble gentlemen, its joyous, brilliant, frequent assemblies, its magnificent balls and banquets! The presence of such a bore would infect his palace, cast a gloom on his fêtes, annoy his guests, in the city and in the country. No, no: he should not harbor such a thought.

Why not select a young Parisian, a graduate of the Polytechnic School? Under his tuition, Lionello would be fashioned into an intelligent and high-spirited gentleman, with easy and courtly manners."

These sage counsellors were Orientals, Areopagists, standard-bearers,—the very élite of the masonic lodges. To this proposition my mother, as a prudent and pious matron, was decidedly opposed. She declared that such a course would rob her of all peace of conscience. "Who knows," she argued, "the character of such a master, or his trustworthiness and morals? No, no: it will never suit. Lionello will be exposed to many dangers. Josephine's governess, her teachers in music and dancing, are unquestionably modest, reserved, respectable females,—but they are young. Our first consideration must be to guard against scandals. Leave then the arrangement to me. I have warm friends at Florence, Sienna, and Rome, who will interest themselves in the matter, and engage for us the services of a pious and accomplished priest, of gentlemanly mien and graceful manners. When you propose to invite a large party, especially of your friends and lady foreigners, the priest will dine in his own room, with the governess and Nello and Josephine. Take my advice, Achilles. For God's sake do not introduce into the family, so dangerous a system. You know what a worthless preceptor the Duchess Julia engaged for her son, and how dearly she had to pay for her mistake; and you have not forgotten, too, the troubles of the Marchioness Irene."

Finally she prevailed, and the priest came. He was a young man, twenty-eight years old,—tall, handsome, portly, with plump hands and a well-shaped leg. He

wore a splendid ring on his finger. My father said to him, in my presence; "Don Giulio, you understand, I do not wish you to appear in your cassock. Wear it at mass, of course; but at other times I will be pleased to see you dressed in a fine coat, with a black cravat edged with white, an open vest, silk stockings, and gold-buckle shoes. In a word, you will show yourself as a priest mingling in good society. Accept this trifle to meet your first expenses." And he slipped into his hand a rouleau of Napoleons.

Don Giulio was an excellent priest and scholar, well intentioned, and zealous for my improvement. But his pupil was volatile, overbearing, frivolous, affected, effeminate,—idle, lazy, spiritless, whenever he had to look at a book. Josephine's governess had taught me to read and write passably; for she was remarkable for her elegant penmanship. I began to speak English and French with her and Josephine, rather from practice than rule.

You can conceive the wearisome life of my tutor. The school-room was in a remote part of the palace; and we were almost entirely alone. A valet was in waiting in the ante-room. Stretched in an old leathern chair, he lounged the greater part of the day, sometimes spelling his way through Guerin Meschino or the legendary of the Virgins, sometimes chewing a crust of bread as a preparation for a drink. During the first months, the priest, after having said mass, before I got up, spent the entire morning with me until lunch. Then he conversed with my mother; whilst I beguiled the time in the servants' hall, in the coach-house, in the stables with the coachman and groom, and more frequently in the women's apartments. Don Giulio

gave me some knowledge of Latin nouns and verbs; he taught me a little sacred and profane history. He required me to recite at supper some fables of Pignotti and Clasio, some anacreontic odes of Viterolli, in a kind of competition with my sister,—who, to tell the truth, profited more by her lessons and recited them more gracefully.

Don Giulio in the course of time formed the acquaintance of a priest, a fellow-tutor in a noble family. We often met him in our walks, and a young poet, with whom my tutor, himself a votary of the muses, joined in agreeable conversation. Unused to the sports of boyhood, I was heartily tired of solitude. I accordingly spent most of my time in the room of old Silvestro, who had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes to tell me about my ancestors. He often spoke of the journey of Joseph II., who had stopped at our house.

“Ah, most illustrious count, you should have seen the palace at that time. Why, it was a royal palace. It was plain enough that the emperor congratulated himself on having chosen it in preference to others. In this part of the house lodged a big, fat general, a man as large as that [here he made a sweep with his hands in form of a circle]; and in this room were two Hungarian ordnance-officers, whom I served with wine. I think I see them now, coming in and putting their sabres there in the corner and hanging up their furred overcoats on pegs in the wardrobe.”

“And the emperor—tell me, did you see him?”

“Did I see him? Just as much as I see you before me. Wasn’t he a handsome man! so tall, and his hair so nicely curled about his ears and whitened with Cyprus powder. He wore scarlet breeches laced with

gold; a white coat with large flaps and a red posy worked on it. And the golden fleece which dangled from his neck as he got out of the carriage! It was as big as my finger; and I am sure it weighed fifty sequins. Your grandfather the count, the owner of this palace, had on, when he went down-stairs to receive the emperor, a wig higher than that of the portrait, with three bows, and curls hanging on his shoulders. Ah! those were the wigs! And then—oh, yes—he was finer dressed than the emperor.”

“Fudge!”

“Eh! Fudge, my fine little count? Let me tell you, your grandfather wore a splendid robe of gold brocade; and the buttons, as big as crown pieces, were glittering with diamonds. The coronet of her excellency the lady countess, your mother, is made of these precious stones, you know,—and the ear-rings, and the hair-pins, and the rose diamond; and all those gems were on the buttons. The buttons of his crimson velvet vest were pearls; pearls like hazel-nuts. And the buckles of his shoes! Filigreed gold, with a large brilliant as big as my finger-nail in each of the four corners. Now count: four in each buckle: that makes eight. Eight diamonds! They belonged to a snuff-box, which Francis I., husband of Maria Theresa, gave to your great-grandfather on his passage into Tuscany.” As he mentioned this name, Silvestro took off his cap and made a half-genuflection.

“In what room of the palace did the emperor lodge?”

“In the yellow chamber. As soon as your grandfather learned the emperor’s intention to stop here, he ordered that large purple bed, those great golden

gauze draperies, and the coverlet of the deepest vermillion with the Imperial arms embroidered on it. The pall of the Rosary Society is not so rich as that. Three emperors have slept in that bed: Joseph II.; then Napoleon; and, last of all, our emperor Francis I., four years ago."

"Oh, yes, I recollect: I was then five and a half years old. He petted me, and gave me a kiss."

"He gave me something better than that: he made me a present of five sequins."

"Who? the Emperor Joseph?"

"I will tell you all about it. I was not then exactly one of the servants. I was a poor foundling; and some charitable Christians gave me enough bread to save me from starving. On the arrival of the emperor, this palace was a regular sea-port: people were gathered here from all quarters, a going and a coming, without knowing where to find a bed. They slept even in the porch of the domestics. In all this confusion, Master Lorenzo, a good soul, happened to see me, and told me to turn the spit in the kitchen. I had to mind the quarters and hinds of beef, the shoats, and the turkeys. This was not a mouthful for his majesty. We had two French coachmen, Mr. de Tortale, Mr. Rambiscot. Fine gentlemen, they,—two Ganymedes: hem! They made the other waiters jump about; but they took good care to do nothing themselves. They always wore gloves,—Naples straw-colored gloves, to be sure! They did nothing but sing out, 'Didon, come here; Didon, go there.' 'The deuce! this cream is stale.' 'Hang it! that cream is too thin.' But the repasts your excellency, the repasts: weren't they fine,—delicious?"

"And the sequins?"

"Master Lorenzo—may he rest in peace!—gave me fine wages: twenty cents a day, and a crown after the departure of the emperor. Then he hired me as a scullion. At the death of Nanetto, I was made fourth waiter at table; because, you see, I was a handsome young fellow in my time; and your grandfather, when he rode to the city, often ordered me to attend him,—three miles to go. But what's that? I went over it at a stretch. Your grandfather rode with a chariot-and-six, with lackeys in front blowing the trumpet. Maccio, the stupid fellow, went with us sometimes; but he had to use whip and spur. But I—ah, I gave my horse the start, and then I was off like a hare."

"You must have arrived at the city puffing and out of breath."

"You think so? When I put on my green sugar-loaf hat, with the silver arms of his excellency in front, my tight coat with large flaps, and the sky-blue scarf, my muslin pantaloons and red shoes, I would have outrun a deer. Then, with a straw in my mouth to breathe through, and my silver-headed cane in my hand, I had plenty of fun in laughing at Maccio. When he arrived, his six horses were steaming and all covered with foam; whilst, for me, a shake, a bottle of wine, and I was all right. To tease my companions, I whirled, danced about, and cut a caper before them; and they cried out, 'Oh, very well: just wait till we are returning: then you'll see.'"

"Did my grandfather give you any thing?"

"Ah! the Lord bless him. After every ride he gave me a five-franc piece. But men have changed now-a-days: the old stock's gone. Napoleon abolished

all our good usages. But it wouldn't do to trifle with your grandfather. Look out, if he was nettled. He was very amiable—as sweet as a sugar-cake—generally; but saucy fellows he ordered to be bastinadoed. The police didn't dare show their faces near the railing of the villa. They passed by very modestly, and as far off as possible; and ill luck to them if they ventured to pry into the alleys of the park, or shoulder their muskets. No: arms reversed; that was the word—or let them look out. We had plenty of dare-devils in the palace: in fact, they were bandits. But here they were as safe as in a bronze fortress. All the workmen were fugitives from justice. One winter I counted more than sixty poor devils who had got into scrapes by pillaging vineyards, &c.”

“But wouldn't they do some injury to grandfather?”

“Not they,—no more than to their own father. And the archers were exactly the same. The first time they passed, after they had beaten some poor devil and broken his bones, the corporal stepped forward and began in the middle of the avenue to bow and humbly ask the favor of kissing the hand of his excellency.

“‘Let him enter,’ said the count. And then our man came up and paid his respects. The count rang for Fracasso; and when Fracasso appeared, he said, ‘Go, bring in those young men. Tell the cook to get ready for them some sausages, ham, Lodi cheese, bread, and wine.’ Fracasso jumped to give the orders. ‘Come, comrades, come and take a drink.’ After his lunch, the count went down to see these lads, and the archers bowed like lambs, and cried out, ‘Long life to your excellency!’ The master gave two sequins to the cor-

poral, and said, 'Here is something for you to get some brandy.'"

"But when these outlaws went into the city, did the archers seize them?"

"Not a bit of it: they knew better than that. The count gave them to understand clear enough that if they ever put their hands on his men he would make them give them up. He had around him plenty of fighters, pikemen, musketeers, who would get them free. The tocsin-bell of the castle was rung, the count's people rose in a body and attacked the police. All the bravos of Count Robert and Baron Hercules hurried up from different directions, and made a terrible uproar, Signor Nello. The chief and the captain of police got out of the way in a hurry, with the cry; 'Let every man save his own skin.' Ah! those were glorious times. Now gendarmes no longer pay any respect to the rights of the nobles."

"Well, a'n't that best?"

"Best, do you say? I beg your pardon, my little master: you are not a man yet, and don't see these things right. Best, do you say? You don't know how the simple name of the count made everybody tremble. People at a distance looked at the castle with fear and respect. If a man in a night-quarrel chanced to stab another, he had only to touch the ring of the portal, and he was safe. I once had to take care of a dozen of thieves in the coach-houses; and during the night they were sent up to the villa. There they were concealed in a huge iron vessel. I remember the case of Ceccone, the tavern-keeper. He looked like a bull. He killed his wife, and was caught in the act. The police were after him, and, as the chief was about to seize

him, Ceccone made a spring and escaped to the palace, crying out, 'Noble house!' and the gendarmes and their leader were obliged to return chapfallen to the court."

"But that was abominable injustice, to protect malefactors. How could my grandfather do so?"

"Your grandfather maintained his dignity; he wished it to be respected; he wished this before all things and above all things. He made justice respectable, but always by defending the weak against the strong; that is, some poor devils who had committed some fault rather through impulse and passion than through cold and calculating malice. And then, when he ascertained their crime, he often gave them up to justice. Do you know what kind of folks he refused to harbor?"

"Murderers, of course."

"No; but robbers. Oh! there was no quarter for robbers. One evening, when we were in the country, he did an odd thing. I cannot help laughing whenever I think of it. It was in October. The count was at the villa. He was fond of hunting, and a large number of gentlemen were out after hares. They had already killed twenty, and were returning with merry peals and windings of the horn. The huntsmen followed, each with two hares on his shoulders and two hounds in the leash. Suddenly, at an opening of the park, a curial rushed among them, and cried out, 'Save me, your excellency.' The count placed him in the midst of attendants, and made a sign to Trombone, one of his bravos. He flew across the park, and gave the order to his comrades to be on the alert.

"After breakfast, the count summoned the curial to

his presence, and questioned him about the cause of his difficulties. He saw that the fellow was dodging about in his answers, and suspected him at once of being a knave and a robber. The pitiful scamp made the most of his misfortune. He began to detail his thousand and one exploits. Once during the night he had routed the whole band of archers; he had made mincemeat of a bravo, and with a blow of his fist settled one of his companions who came to avenge him. In the morning there was no bounds to his boasting. He was not the man to tremble even before half a dozen of adversaries; he had arrested a soldier; he had pulled the steward's son off his horse, and daubed him with mud from head to foot; and a thousand other similar brags. The master was indignant, and now, looking on him as a cheat and an impostor, he resolved to give him a hard lesson. In the evening, therefore, whilst he was playing a game of ombre with the Viscountess Matilda, the Marquis Orlando, and the field-marshal's lady, a page brought a despatch. The curial was by, and looked keenly at the two large seals. The count opened and read the contents, stretched his eyes, pressed his lips, shook his head, put the despatch in his pocket, and continued the game. But he blundered terribly, and his partner, the viscountess, said to him; 'What is the matter, count? You are quite absent-minded.' 'Yes, a little;' and he went on with the cards, but with the grossest mistakes.

"'For goodness' sake,' she exclaimed, at last, 'do tell us what mystery is under all this.'

"'Well, my dear lady, how could it be otherwise? This letter has upset me entirely. Such an indignity! In my own house, too,—to a man like me! No, I'll never

submit to it.' Then he called the seneschal, and muttered, 'We will see.'

"'But tell me what has happened,' exclaimed the good lady, in her astonishment.

"'What has happened? The supreme court has sent me orders to surrender into its hands, our curial who is standing here. Mine is a free house, an inviolable asylum, an abode sacred to hospitality. If they are to get him, it shall be piecemeal, never entire.'

"'Ladies, let me beg you to withdraw to your rooms. Do not be alarmed at the firing which you will hear. We intend to make a stout defence; and this Francesco is so brave, so gallant, so used to this kind of affairs, that he is a host in himself.'

"The ladies asked, entreated, conjured the count, for God's sake and the sake of wife and children and family, not to plunge into this desperate enterprise.

"'This is not the time to think of wife and children. My honor is at stake, and at its bidding we must sacrifice every thing.'

"The poor curial shook as if he had the intermittent fever. He was pale, haggard, crest-fallen. 'I beg your excellency not to let me be the cause of this terrible work. Let the domestics hide me in the stable under a pile of straw or a bundle of hay: I don't care which.'

"'Come on!' cried the count: 'this is to be a desperate fight.'

"Just then the steward arrived.

"'How many guns have you in the armory?'

"'About fifty, your excellency,—besides falconets and other pieces of artillery, mounted arquebuses, basilisks, mortars, and small-arms, guns and pistols.'

"'Assemble immediately the park-keepers, the hunts-

men, the rural guard, and those cowardly knaves, Fracasso, Trombone, Corso, Grello, Drago, Sgozzone, the ribald Pipello, and the swaggering Peloro. Cheer up. Put them at the loop-holes. Send Spadacosta to scout about the extremities of the garden and drive off any one prowling there. Baccala will mount guard at the park-railing.'

"'Has your excellency any other commands?'

"'Give Francesco a blunderbuss. He will be posted at the front terrace.'

"'Fire away, Francesco: fire right at any one who approaches, even if it is the chief himself.'

"Then he cried to the page, 'Bring me my carbine.'

"The palace, my little count, looked like the fortress of Buda. The bravos hurried to and fro, up-stairs and down-stairs, armed themselves with pistols and guns, dragged along small pieces of ordnance, culverins, and all sorts of ugly cannon.

"The count had in secret given the countess the clew to all this mystification, and allowed her to communicate it to the other ladies. He had placed a band with the steward, who were to fire in front of the railing.

"'To arms! to arms! to your posts! Here's the enemy! here are the gendarmes! Fall upon them! cut them down!'

"At these cries, mingled with volleys, the curial felt a cold sweat running down his back. Scared to death, he whirled around. His knees trembled, his teeth chattered, his hair got on an end. He espied a small opening somewhere, and darted at it,—then a winding stairway, and up he flew, knocking his head against the wall at every turn. The stairway led to a kind of lumber-room, in which there was a medley of old iron, old coats,

old mats, which were used to cover the garden-beds in winter. He squatted under them the best he could.

"After these grand operations, the count dismissed his attendants, and went to describe this ridiculous adventure to the ladies. They laughed heartily at the recital. Ah! the count was the man to manage such things when he chose.

"Supper was rung, and the curial was among the missing. The servants called him, searched for him everywhere. They concluded he had got out of a window and escaped. About the middle of the next day I went to the lumber-room to get some twine. I heard something move. I pushed it with hand and foot, thinking it was a dog or cat. I heard a stifled groan: 'Who's there?' I said. 'It is I.' 'Who's that?' 'Francesco.' And little by little the poor devil crawled up, covered with dust and spiders' webs. Ah! it was rare sport for the stable-boys when they saw him.

"Well, my little count, you see your grandfather was good-humored. By this bit of fun he showed what he would do if he was in earnest.

"When you grow up, your excellency, don't forget to make people respect you."

Thanks to these fine lessons, my childish vanity increased daily, and in the narratives of old Andrea, it found fresh nourishment. After breakfast or dinner, when my tutor was playing billiards with my father and some friends, I left the hall, with Josephine, to ramble about the garden, play in the walks, cull flowers, climb the pear-trees, and get fruit.

More frequently, however, Josephine chatted with her instructress. Then I stole into the shrubbery, where Cristofano was fixing his cages, feeding the



thrushes with bread pellets and worms, filling their cisterns with fresh water, and arranging his bird-lime nets. Here I generally found Andrea, the old huntsman. Too old now to superintend the hounds, he came to assist the fowler and while away the hours with tales of remarkable incidents in his hunts with my grandfather. He told of the roe which, to escape the fangs of the whole pack in close pursuit, sprang down a precipice; of the stag which, bounding back on its course, in direct aim of the count, received the fatal load of his carbine; of hosts of smaller game, hares, foxes, partridges, slain by the same unerring weapon.

The old man was wont to brighten at the sight of me, and cry out; "Ah! look here, your excellency: I was the one who put the first load in the carbine of your father the count. He was then only a little taller than you. Your grandfather put him under my care to teach him how to shoot. Ah! wasn't he a roguish young gentleman? We had in the castle twelve couples of brach-hounds,—twenty-four to trail, start, and seize the game. That devil of a youngster (pardon the expression) hadn't his match. He beat up every spot on the mountain, until late in the evening. He was a capital shot: he made the hares tumble down gloriously; and the little count was never tired. A crust in his game-pouch and a flask of wine—that was enough for him. But at supper, ah! he ate like a real hunter."

"And how many did he kill?"

"Sometimes six, sometimes seven. We had pointers for woodcocks, and water-dogs for the duck and snipe of the rice-lands."

"Where are those rice-lands?"

"In the family property at Mantua. Dear me!

what riches, palaces, porticos, warehouses! And all that, your excellency, will one day be yours. It would be hard to find so wealthy a house as yours. Two hundred horses for the working of the rice-plantations, and plenty of others, to harness to the chariot, to drag the canal-boats, and serve the keepers. And the bags of sovereigns, sequins, doubloons, from the crops! All that will be in your hands."

"What did my grandfather do with so many sequins?"

"Do with them, sir count? Why, he spent them finely, and made others spend them. Look, now; at the Carnival he spent ten thousand sequins for entertainments, balls, concerts, decorations, theatres. The stay in the country during May and October cost enormous sums. Musicians came from a great distance with ladies and gentlemen, to recite the Merope of Scipio Maffei and the comedies of Goldoni. And the costumes of velvet and gold—weren't they superb? And then the gathering of noblemen who came to join in the hunt and banquet every day in the palace. In fine, your grandfather (the Lord rest his soul!) played a good deal. After supper he kept at faro till midnight. The valets of the visiting noblemen said to me, 'My master last night lost seven hundred sequins.' 'Mine, three hundred.' 'Mine won twelve hundred.' That was a mere nothing. I knew a count who was an excellent hunter, but a poor player. He came here to lose his patrimony. Having no more money to stake, and unable to wager his palace, which was entailed, in one night he gambled away the tiles, gutters, and finally the roof. What an idea! I have seen that roofless chateau with my own eyes; and the son of that same count, when he grew up, was compelled, in his

hopeless state, to enlist in the body-guard of Napoleon, the First Consul."*

After this long gossip, Andrea placed himself astride a bench opposite to Cristofano and played cards until evening. They taught me how to play; and at twelve I had by stealth some games with old Silvestro. Would to God I had never set my eyes on cards!

The other servants, coachmen, grooms, were ever prating about the wealth and greatness of my parents. This class of people can conceive no other source of happiness but riches and honors; and they consider the power to gratify one's tastes, to triumph in displays and rivalries, as the only enviable lot. A word about the good qualities or virtues of my ancestors, I never heard. Doubtless subject to the weaknesses of humanity and the vices of high estate, they were not devoid of generosity, loyalty, courage, and devotion to the public welfare. They patronized the arts, upheld justice, and labored to develop the resources of commerce and navigation. Orphans and widows were intrusted to their benevolence and piety. Orphans found in them other fathers; the poor, their support; churches, their adornments; priests, the aids of their ministry. They founded and maintained hospitals, asylums, retreats, for the destitute and miserable.

Servants never speak on such topics to their young masters; and whilst the father is absorbed in the consideration of his rank, of affairs public and private, his children are rarely benefited by virtuous counsels. Is it, then, a matter of surprise that the education of

*These details are historical. Prudence forbids the author, who has often seen this roofless edifice, to designate this fact, and unhappily many others, in a clearer light.

the scions of nobility is so deficient? Their souls, demoralized by this home instruction, this communion with servants, are debarred those manly exercises which public education gives, under the eye of wisdom, goodness, and experience.

Our halls are no longer decorated with the portraits of ancestors. Our modern reformers have banished them in contempt. The change is far more mischievous than the world thinks. To modernize our palaces, the portraits are exiled to the servants' rooms. Disposed in an honorable place, they might have kindled in my soul a noble emulation. I probably would never have given them a thought, if the domestics had not directed my attention to them to excite my vanity. But I was never led to behold in those venerable faces the fathers of my family, the founders and guardians of our opulence and nobility, the authors of all our glory, by the valor of arms, the wisdom of counsels, the justice of the magistracy, the dignity of the purple, the lustre of science, the piety of the priesthood, the liberality of alms-deeds, the eminence of Christian and political virtues. It is only when the portraits of our ancestors are distinguished by marks of respect that they inspire our bosoms with these lofty sentiments. Love of family is extinguished like love of country.

The only portraits which hung in the principal rooms were those of my father and mother, of Josephine and myself. They were miniatures on ivory, sketches in crayon and water-colors, set in ivory or gilt bronze frames. Some were suspended from the walls; others lay on centre-tables amidst a crowd of papers, smelling-bottles, and balls of worsted. So fashion decreed, and bade us undervalue ancestral greatness.

CHAPTER VI.

STUDIES.

THE daughters of noblemen are better educated than their sons. They live secluded under the constant supervision of their instructresses, and in frequent communion with their mothers. Thus, my sister Josephine, as she grew up, made daily progress in modesty, science, grace, and piety. I was placed, at a later day, under the care of a tutor, and, in my thoughtlessness, was little distinguished by application. The tutor was disheartened by my heedless and indolent disposition. However, having led me to the term of my grammatical studies, he succeeded in inspiring me with a love of poetry. I became fond of poetic works, and essayed a few couplets, then a strophe, then a sonnet, in fine an anacreontic ode.

Novel-reading was not then in fashion. My master was the avowed enemy of this light literature, and he hourly split my head with tirades against novelists, whom he denounced as escaped convicts from the galleys and chain-gangs, corrupters of good taste, visionaries, and blockheads, who rob poetry of its celestial brightness, and plunge it in the mire, in order to flood Italy with their Ermengardes, Ildeberges, Cunegondes, and Burgandofores, on their humdrum lyres. He read to me some limping lines, which ran like wind-broken horses, and, stamping on the floor, exclaimed,—

“Do you like such washy stuff as that? Stick to Dante, Ariosto, Tasso; temper their influence a little

with Petrarch and Politian; enliven your imagination with the odes of Chiabrera; strengthen it with Monti and Varano; embellish it with Parini and Pindemonti. These men will never die; but the jinglers of empty words are mere abortions,—still-born poetasters!”

The halcyon portion of my life was the two years which I devoted to the study of the poets, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and our great masters. All nature—water, air, fire, the earth itself—was, for me, instinct with life.

My mind was crowded with charming ideas, and my soul revelled in the sweetest reveries. My enchanted eyes saw Naiads in fountains and rivers; Oreads in the mountains; Dryads, and Hamadryads, in the woods and meadows. For me the moon was the goddess Cynthia, descending with silent steps to the solitary shades of the forest; the sun was Phœbus, preceded by the Hours, strewing with roses his flaming path. I often retired alone into the villa park, and there, with the *Bucolics* of Virgil, and the *Arcadia* of Sannazzaro, the *Filli di Siro* of Bonarelli, and the *Idylls* of Lesmene, I spent the hours so tranquilly, sweetly, innocently, in the dreams of my youth, that I found nothing to crave, nothing to envy. Oh, it was cruel to ravish me from those delightful occupations, and cast me into the arms of a false and fallacious philosophy! Don Giulio, to whom I am indebted for refined tastes in literary pursuits, was the imprudent cause of my wanderings. He should have prolonged the term of my harmless reveries, and not confronted me with a reality more illusory than my poetic fancies.

Like the scholars of his time, Don Giulio had studied the philosophy of Locke and Condillac,—a philosophy;

which, degenerate from its sublime nature and alien from the bosom of God, crawls the earth and immerses itself in mire.

The materialism with which it is defiled penetrates the soul, overpowers its grandest conceptions, and extinguishes its celestial fire. Philosophy is divine in its origin. Fallen, degraded, miserable, it clings to the pride of birth, like the ruined noble, who, in the midst of poverty and destitution, to which he has reduced himself by squandering his ancestral estates, still vaunts his ancient honors, and disdains inferior lineage. This truthless, loquacious, sensual philosophy is capable of inspiring the warm and generous heart of youth with indomitable pride.

German philosophy, with its cloudy abstractions, flings the soul into a mysterious sea of ultramundane idealism; the sensual philosophy of Locke and Condillac involves the soul in an idealism apparently firmer and more reliable, but more fatal than the other. These two systems, by opposite and divergent currents, sweep their victims equally to the abyss of nothing. They render man incapable of forming just conceptions of God and his own soul. The scepticism which springs from visionary abstractions or material ideas eradicates from the heart of the young man every fibre of the germ of faith, love, submission to authority, human and divine. At the present day, the world affects to laugh at Locke's philosophy, as a puerility; but its evil principles are still cherished. It has merely changed names. Sensualism is now spiritualism, which infuses a deadlier poison, as it leads the student to a theory which ends in pure pantheism. Thus, indeed, he passes from the philosophy of the brute to the philosophy of the demon.

who first whispered in man's ear, "You shall be as gods!"

Poor Don Giulio, unsuspecting of evil, deposited in my mind the pernicious germ of pride and incredulity. My nature was too ready to produce fruits from these doctrines, and I can recall distinctly the deductions which I drew from them. Link was united to link to form the entire chain of error to the end. My tutor was alarmed, and exclaimed,—

"It is not so: you are a sophist, and your conclusions are false."

I said nothing in reply; but my mind fostered the seed unwarily cast into it, and silently, rapidly, developed the mischief. This philosophy has produced and it will continue to produce continual illusion,—cruel deceptions in the applications of its principles; for, in lowering the mind to the level of the senses, it has the bold astuteness to inflate it with the ideas of its own excellence and make it the sole object of its votaries' homage and adoration. Young people revere this philosophy as a divine and imperishable revelation. Your efforts to divert them from this foolish idolatry serve only to render their devotion more obstinate, and convince them that you are silly, stupid, profane, sacrilegious. After I had read Monti's works, I became an enthusiastic admirer of the eminent philosophers who, since the days of Descartes, have continued until now to vitiate and destroy all principles,—religious, political, and natural. I regarded these men as the tutelary deities of the world. Though the world should be annihilated under the disastrous influence of these destructive doctrines, the names of Bacon, Montesquieu, Locke, Filangieri, Beccaria, Romagnosi, and a hundred others,

are sacred and inviolable;—woe to him who touches them! It is no longer God, still less Christ, who inspires and directs natural and political sciences. An atheistic philosophy has generated an atheistic legislation; and, by its action on nations, has produced successive conspiracies to undermine and subvert society.

What age shall be blest by the advent of a master-mind resolute to crush these homicidal idols and fling their dust to the winds of heaven? Napoleon arose and overturned the thrones of Europe. ~~But the throne~~ of modern philosophy cannot be overthrown but by the little stone which broke in pieces the feet of clay of Nabuchodonosor's colossal statue. I am a sceptic; but I curse, with all my soul and all the powers of my being, the philosophy which has made me what I am. It has insinuated itself, with the subtlety of the serpent, into every department, and left the track of its slime on all human institutions. History, criticism, philology, politics, political economy, criminal and civil jurisprudence, natural and exact sciences, all—all have been pierced by its fangs and tainted with its venom. Men breathe its contagion with the air, and drink it like water. I have heard men of belief, pious and religious, exclaim, "Credo, Domine: adjuva incredulitatem meam."*

I read no more; but, if remorse of conscience, which rankles in my breast, if misanthropy and despair, which overwhelm me at this hour, allow me a respite, a period of tranquillity, I will read only those ancient works which preceded the birth of Protestantism.

We find in those old legends and chronicles—nay,

* "I believe, O Lord: help thou my unbelief."

even in profane books—a religious inspiration which constrains us at every page to cry out, “There is faith.” ✓

The misfortunes of my youth are attributable to the philosophy of Locke, and the imprudence of my father. He had a fine library; but many of the works were selected, according to the taste of the last century, from the trumpery of the French philosophers. A young man's curiosity drew my attention to a number of volumes bound in morocco, edged with gilt reglets, and adorned with exquisite engravings. I opened the *Moral Tales of Marmontel*, and thrilled with delight as I read them. I then passed to the *Incas* and *Belisarius*,—books filled with corrupt and seductive sentiments. Whenever I could escape the vigilance of my master, I feasted on these works. The taste of youth perverted by this kind of reading becomes an insatiable hunger. To complete my ruin, I laid my hand on the romances of Voltaire, Rousseau's *Nouvelle Heloise*, Raynald's *America*. These extinguished the last spark of piety in my heart. I became so passionately fond of novels that, under the plea of headaches, I dispensed with my music and writing lessons, and even my exercises on horseback. My parents, struck with my calm and thoughtful air, serious face, composed behavior, silent and solitary habits, said to their friends,—

“Do you notice the change in Nello? He is no longer full of giddiness and freaks: he is becoming a man.”

But Josephine was alarmed at this sudden and unnatural alteration in my conduct. Our good sisters are endowed with a rare instinct, a power almost angelic to penetrate the very souls of their brothers. They read all mysteries in our eyes, features, complexion, motion of the lips, actions and demeanor; and,

from signs imperceptible by the ordinary observer, our dominant thoughts and passions. Josephine regarded me with a silent and troubled air. She looked into my bosom with candid and scrutinizing eye. She seemed driven by an uncontrollable impulse to seek my society; and, contrary to her habits, she sometimes stole away from the side of her mother or the tuition of her teacher to surprise me in my occupations. One day she espied me entering the garden. She got in advance of me, and, at the opening of a walk, came suddenly on me as I was engaged in reading one of Rousseau's works. I hurriedly shut the volume, which was small-sized, and put it, as if mechanically, in my pocket. But the tender and pious eye of that good sister had observed some confusion in my face, in spite of the affected smile with which I strove to hide it.

She said to me, with some agitation in her voice and manner, "Nello, what are you reading?" "A history, my dear," I drily replied. She fixed her eye upon me, whilst a tear quivered on the eyelash. She seized my hand and I felt her own trembling; then, as if to express a desire to take a little walk with me, she drew to the bottom of the shrubbery, and said,—

"Nello, something is the matter with you. You avoid me; and yet I love you so fondly! I mark a great change in you: your good heart betrays you. Dear Nello, you are hiding some secret from me, and you are wrong. Be on your guard against the temptations of the devil. I tell you frankly, I am not satisfied about the books you read. Formerly you showed them to me; now you secrete yourself when you intend to read. I suspect that you read a large portion of the night,—because lately, when I was returning with

mamma from the theatre, I saw a light still burning in your room. Have recourse to God, and seek the counsel of your confessor."

I assured her that she was mistaken, and I employed strong protestations to convince her. Josephine listened to me quietly, and then, with a sweet smile, put her hand in my pocket. I seized it rudely. She immediately withdrew it, fell on her knees, and, with clasped hands and a suppliant voice full of tenderness, said, "Nello, forgive me."

It was the affair of a moment.

I felt thunderstruck. Ah! why did a false shame seal my lips? I wept with Josephine; I tried to calm her; I promised to follow her advice. But my heart was already enslaved by my passions; my soul, intoxicated with illusions. Alas! the tree of knowledge of good and evil stood before me; the tempter and the occasion prompted me to pluck and eat.

Had my sister been aware that I found these books in my father's library, she would have apprized him of the fact and freed me from the danger and desire of reading them. A key might have saved me. How many fathers may charge on their own imprudence the ruin of their children! Irreligious and obscene books ought to be guarded by a triple lock. It is a slow poison, which eventually kills. A prudent father ought to give them to the public libraries. There, and only there, they may serve some good purpose,—like poisons in the hands of the druggist.*

* One of these victims was poor Giacomo Leopardi. He found books in his father's library which robbed him not only of faith, but of hope, the sweetest virtue which God has deposited in the human heart. When we open the writings of this unfortunate young man, we have

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNIVERSITY.

I HAD scarcely attained my sixteenth year, when my father, during a hunt, died of an aneurism, and I was left under the government of my mother. Friends and relations advised her to hasten my marriage. To this measure I was resolutely opposed. I considered it an act of folly to hamper myself with domestic embarrassments; and I made known my positive determination to pursue the course of studies, the ensuing November, at the University of Padua. This declaration distressed my mother and connexions. They were mortified at the thought of seeing me, the heir of a noble house, mingling with lawyers, doctors, and surgeons. But, as I was not to be dissuaded from my purpose, my mother furnished me with a handsome wardrobe, bedding, and rich furs for winter. For several months Josephine was preoccupied with the thought of making ample provision for a young man who was about to keep bachelor's hall.

not the courage to continue to the end. They stifle the very breath of life in the soul. I loved him. Born the same year, we were fellow-students, and, in early life, ardent disciples of the philosophy of Greece. My good angel saved me in time. Giacomo permitted himself to be misled by the demon of falsehood and by treacherous friends who cast him into the fathomless abyss of errors. But God was merciful to him. Giacomo confessed his sins and died repentant. Let Rianeiri and Gioberti cry out, Falsehood! Gioberti, by a sudden death, was called to the judgment-seat of the Almighty. His doom is sealed. Does he persist now in eulogizing an impenitent end?

She attended to every thing. She packed in certain little boxes six pairs of suspenders of red, yellow, and blue silks, six pairs of elastic garters; I don't know how many package of fine gloves, neck-ties, and light slippers of every taste and fashion. She added a dozen cakes of scented soap, a case of razors, and an assortment of scissors, tweezers, tooth-brushes, nail-files: so that I might have opened a perfumery-shop. I had cigar-cases, and, for my smoking-tobacco, little purses closed with silk cords and adorned with gold and silver fillets; pipes of all shapes and materials, from the meer-schaum to Sèvres porcelain.

She had carefully deposited all these articles in ebony or sandal-wood caskets, with divers inscriptions to denote the contents. Poor Josephine! she vainly lavished these marks of her devotion on a selfish and ungrateful brother. I blamed her for giving herself so much trouble; but her only answer was a winning smile, and a tear which bedewed the objects she was arranging. My mother wrote to one of her acquaintances at Padua to select elegant and comfortable apartments for me, and well aired, with a sunny exposure, in the centre of the city, and to procure a stable for two saddle-horses, and a coach-house for a tilbury and a two-wheeled *Paduan*.

At the hour of departure, my mother, my sister, and the female servants were bathed in tears; the old domestics, with the gamekeepers, came with sad faces from the villas and farms to bid me farewell and wish me a safe journey; my friends and relatives pressed my hand, kissed and embraced me. It was a memorable event. The excellent Don Giulio wished to accompany me, with the steward; but on my arrival at Padua,

after having presented my letters of introduction, made some formal visits, and felt myself somewhat at home, I dismissed the priest and steward, with affectionate letters for my mother and Josephine.

I very soon became acquainted with some of the most distinguished families of the city. Every evening I took a drive in my tilbury, or a ride on horseback, attended by a groom. When I alighted at the coffee-house Pedrocchi, I gave the animal in charge to the servant to take it back to the stable, and then chatted with the frequenters of the house till the opening of the theatre.

When the university course commenced, and I was brought into contact with the students, I discovered that Padua was a quiet city. The nobles and the citizens constitute in a measure a distinct city. They hold their respective assemblies; converse about their pleasures, affairs, promenades; go to church, and sedulously follow the customs and usages of their fathers.

The students follow other laws, establish other reunions, form their separate circles, have their own exclusive coffee-houses, soirées, entertainments, tastes. An alumnus who associates with the Paduan families, walks with the young nobles, joins in their concerts and dances and the amusements of a refined society, at once arrays against himself the whole body of reckless scholars. The least offensive measure against delinquents is to tell them that they smell of the nursery and the college,—that they are yet trembling under the pedagogue's ferule.

They style them *aristi*, valets of the crown, slaves of the court,—treat them as seminarians and monks. They insult these scholars with winks, grimaces, hems;

shun their society on all occasions, or, when they approach, raise a hand to impose silence, and utter the cry ;—

“Here’s the beacon! here’s the trumpet! Long life to spies!” And the crowd disperses like clouds from the face of the sun.

Young men endowed with good sense and moral courage disregard this conduct: they respect the liberty of their neighbors, and know how to make others respect theirs. But I was not the man to stand firmly before these bugbears. I imagined that I would be lost if I did not allow myself to be carried along by the current. I forsook, therefore, the society of the youths of my own condition, and I flung myself headlong into a band of the most profligate students. They soon scented my sequins, and eagerly attached themselves to me, like flies to a carcass.

They were prodigal of caresses, eulogies, flatteries. My allowance was ample. Sixty sequins were allotted for my table; thirty, for amusements. There was abundance to regale the parasites, who ever clung to me. It was I who had to pay for the breakfasts, cigars, cordials, and pies which the Venetians call *buzzolai*. I generally had five or six of this gentry at my dinner-table; and if unluckily there was room, there were always at hand spongers to occupy without ceremony the intervening spaces. They called for fresh supplies, and when they had gorged themselves they arose, and whispered to the waiter, as they passed out, “The count pays.” And thus, when I had invited only five or six, I was obliged to pay for ten, and received no thanks for my liberality. Many times when I entered the theatre I was surprised to hear the door-

keeper say, "Please to pay for five or six gentlemen who entered in your name." And I, from good nature or foolish pride, paid for the tickets with a smile on my lips. Then, as we left the theatre, these fellows gathered around me, and said, "Count, why haven't you invited us to dine with you at Bartoletto's? This morning he bought a basket of snipes, and the best Montebaldo truffles you ever ate." Of course, I invited them. They entered the kitchen, ordered at my expense a costly supper, three or four kinds of foreign wines; then came coffee, a bottle of rum; and then my guests rapidly quitted the restaurant.

Others said, "Count, what charming spring days we have! Suppose we make an excursion to-morrow to Mira, or, if you choose, to Dolo. Friends, don't fail to be on the banks of the Brenta to-morrow morning at six o'clock, to go on board the bark Telesforo. I will be manager: we pay a dollar a head: and we will feast like princes, and quaff the wine of Enganci, exquisitely flavored and colored with the golden hue of half a century."

The following day we were on board at the appointed hour, each one with a cigar in his mouth. Our bark might have been taken for a man of war which has just fired a broadside. The air was filled with uproarious and licentious conversation, offensive to persons the least refined; the attitudes, gestures, and entire deportment were excessively disgraceful, amid fiendish yells and blasphemies. At Mira or Dolo we were like a pack of hounds on the scent.

After an excellent and noisy breakfast, my rude comrades vanished one after another from the room, and left me alone to settle with the landlord, to pay not

only for the repast, but for broken plates, for bottles recklessly dashed through the windows, and for several pounds of sausages and Parmesan cheese, with a quantity of wine which they had disposed of on board. When I rejoined them, the rogues shouted, "Long life to the count! we owe you a crown a-piece: we will play for it at the billiard-table." Thus I stood scot for everybody.

If, however, my extravagance had gone no further than to pay for some dinners and frolics, I would not have exceeded my income; but my evil destiny, or rather my evil nature, lured me to the gambling-room. I was at first passionately fond of billiards, then of faro, basset, roulette, which is the most detestable of these hell-invented games. Some of the more advanced students in the course of law and medicine, professional knaves, swindlers, and pickpockets, chose me as their pigeon to pluck. They began by inducing me to play billiards. At first, I won not only money, but their extravagant eulogies. They declared me an incomparable hand; they vaunted my strokes, as eminently dexterous; they feigned despair, doubled the stakes, and, when they had cajoled me to this point, they proposed to triple the entire wager. Like a block-head, I accepted their proposition, and in ten minutes I was stripped of three times the amount of my winnings.

Squandering thus, every night, fifty, one hundred, two hundred livres, I soon found myself with an empty pocket. I was ashamed to ask at home for a fresh supply of money, and sold in succession my carriages, horses, and some pieces of jewelry. One night, after having lost the money which I obtained for my horses,

I staked and lost my store of shirts. Two-thirds of them were quite new, and untouched but by the hand of Josephine.

My sole stock of linen was in the hands of the laundress. I was deeply mortified at the result, as hitherto I had appeared in public with linen as unsullied as ermine. I wrote to Josephine a tissue of lies and stratagems. I pretended that the washerwomen of Padua had torn my shirts,—that the most of them were in ribbons, and that one day, whilst I was listening to a sermon, a thief stole the rest. I begged her therefore to send me an early supply. I added, with many lamentations, that the robber had carried off the valuable diamond ring which my father used to wear, my ruby and emerald pins, and even my gold repeater, and the rich watch-chain. The good Josephine, in less than a month, with the approbation of my mother, transmitted to me, by a courier, a complete wardrobe, a superb English barrel-watch, some pins set with brilliants and precious stones, and a well-filled purse of sequins. She begged me to accept all this as her New Year's present. She little dreamed that these gifts of affection would in a few days be swallowed up in the gulf of play and dissipation.*

My passion for gambling often reduced me to such straits that I would have shrunk from no proposition to procure money. During the first year of my university life, I twice lost at play, not only my furniture and

* We knew another Lionello, who, during his stay at the University of Turin, gambled away at billiards, in one year, three successive supplies of linen. His poor mother cheerfully granted them, under the persuasion that her son had been victimized by the laundresses of the Pilone and the Dora.

supply of linens, but my cloak, best coats, coverlets and sheets, furs and sables, and even my trunks and travelling-bags,—so that when I returned home during the vacation I was as poor and bare as a Capuchin. There I was compelled to fabricate all kinds of lying and improbable tales about robbers, thefts, swindling,—tales which alarmed and distressed my mother and sister, and induced them to give me another outfit.

I reposed very fair hopes in the overseers of our estates, and I determined to visit them at their houses. But my calculations were frustrated. These men feared my tutor and my mother; above all, they stood in great dread of the secretary, an old man of great shrewdness, minutiae, and mathematical exactitude, who, naturally suspicious, was never satisfied but with palpable proofs of a statement. The overseer of the large rice-plantation helped me most in my embarrassments. He secretly sold some bags of rice, and put the price in my hands,—a small purse of gold. The others gave me a few paltry sequins, and a thousand recommendations to be prudent:—

“Oh, for heaven’s sake, don’t ruin me, your excellency, by mentioning it to anybody! If Signor Anselmo were to hear of it, I should be a lost man!”

At home, I succeeded in purloining some gems and pieces of plate, which I converted into a passable sum of fair, good crowns. My fondling and caresses of my mother and sister were worth a thousand sequins. My success only threw straw on the fire. I returned to the gambling-table with a bolder spirit, and risked large sums on the races which took place in the course of Valle. I spent, wasted, squandered money with a lavish hand. I demurred at no challenge, and indulged

every desire at every cost. I shall not recount the tears of despair which I wrung from poor mothers, overwhelmed by the dishonor of their families; the ruin of their innocent daughters, whom I blasted by my criminal intrigues. The voice of their maledictions has gone up to heaven; the angels of God have heard that voice, and they now pursue me with fiery swords. To escape their vengeance, I have vainly traversed seas, and wandered to remotest lands. Like Cain, I cannot cast off the burden of remorse which crushes me to the earth!

In a short time, my money and the value of my effects were swallowed up; but, in proportion to my poverty, my passion for play and dissipation increased.

Ashamed to harass my mother and sister with fresh demands, I resolved to cast myself headlong into the last abyss,—to recur to rogues, pickpockets, Jews, and merciless usurers. I therefore had some communication with these wretches, who live by rapine and thievery; who are the blood-suckers and executioners of the luckless students who fall into their hands.

They often loaned me two hundred livres at ten per cent. a day, so that at the end of ten days I owed four hundred livres,—at the end of twenty, eight hundred. But these two hundred livres were lent me only as a deposit. Hence, I often pawned my very bed, contenting myself with a mattress and two coverlets. The rest of my movables I carried about me, that is, my razors, boots, and hat. The Jews, who already discovered in me a madcap, made inquiries about me of their fellow-Jews in my own country. They learned that I was the son of a wealthy family, and, accordingly, they loaned me money without stint. One day I had lost

fifty dollars, and I was bound to pay the amount in twenty-four hours, or be dishonored. I applied to a Jew, who accommodated me, after I had signed a note drawn up by a notary. The knave affected disinclination at first, and then allowed himself to be won. Then, as a great favor, he gave me one hundred dollars in cash, and nine hundred dollars in pins, buttons, rings, with an obligation drawn up in this form:—"One thousand dollars in current specie." Other sharpers, in collusion with the Jew, gathered officiously around me, and offered their services to dispose of these articles. My capital of nine hundred dollars was reduced to one hundred and eighty-two dollars; and, after paying twenty dollars commission, I found myself master of one hundred and sixty-two dollars.

At other times, under the form of loan, they palmed on me old pictures, pieces of damaged cotton, broken-winded horses, rickety carriages, and even skins of leather, from the sale of which worthless goods I did not get two per cent. ✓

At this epoch, some of the students formed a secret society. Composed at first of Germans, it was enlarged by the admission of Italian youths, whom a salaried bandit inveigled. They assembled at night in a secluded spot, and there, brandishing their daggers, they made horrible oaths and uttered frightful blasphemies. They fired their imaginations with scenes of assassination, of atrocious crimes, of murderers and their victims, pictured with burning words by certain German writers or engraved with singular talent and expression.

Among themselves they appropriated the name of *Savages*. They wore unshorn hair and unclipped nails; they rarely combed or washed themselves. Whiskers

and moustaches were forbidden; but they permitted the hair to grow wildly over the face. It was a rule not to mend or brush their clothes, nor clean their boots. In their nocturnal retreat, seated around an old oak table and seen by the dim light of a lamp, they might have been taken for a herd of ferocious beasts.

The students of anatomy brought under their cloaks limbs of the corpses which they had been dissecting in the amphitheatre. They placed on a red cloth, in the middle of the table, the eyes of a youth sixteen or seventeen years old. They came forward to look at these lifeless organs.

The dull black pupils stared from the whitish coating and the bloody fragment of flesh near the optic nerve: they seemed to reflect disdainfully the features of these barbarians. One of the fiercest of the band arose and said, "I curse these soft and languishing eyes, which probably have wept in compassion over the grave of a brother, a sister, or a friend; which perhaps shone with the light of a chaste and noble affection." And then he pierced them with his poniard.

More frequently the object of their savage amusement was the heart of a young man who had died in the flower of his age. They ground their teeth in rage as they gazed upon it. Then the hardiest of the band gnawed and passed it to his companions, who, each in turn, devoured a morsel of the quivering flesh. Like tigers and hyenas, they licked their fingers imbrued with blood. At another time, it was a flask of blood, filled at the hospital, which these miscreants handed around like a goblet of wine.

They even supped on raw flesh and blood. One of their number went to a slaughter-house, when the

butchers were killing a beef, and bought a piece of meat, and a bottle of the hot blood, under the pretext of cooking beefsteaks. With this crude and revolting food, the guests gorged themselves.

Italians read with horror, in the journals of this epoch, the following incident. One of these cannibals, having after midnight crept from this den, was found dead under a porch in Padua. There was a mystery about his death. Had he received a violent blow on the head, or been garroted; had he died of indigestion, or congestion of the brain, produced by this horrible repast? The last hypothesis is the most probable.

His corpse is carried to the cemetery and subjected to a post-mortem examination.

The stomach was found clogged and paralyzed with raw flesh and blood. The surgeons and physicians were horrified at the discovery. The police investigated the matter zealously, and succeeded in tracking these brutal conspirators to their lair and detecting their frightful rules, their appalling oaths, their diabolical books and infamous engravings.

Here were some of the subjects of these engravings:

Aristodemus embowelling his daughter and examining, lamp in hand, her palpitating entrails; Medea presenting to her husband the roasted limbs of her children; a hyena at night tearing corpses from the graves; a panther devouring an Arab who had straggled from his caravan; a band of Caledonian savages in the depths of a forest, gathered round a fire, roasting a prisoner, before the eyes of his wife, and offering her the legs and arms of her murdered husband to eat.

The room in which these young men met was a

filthy receptacle. The ground was a kind of compost; the ceiling was blackened with smoke; the walls begrimed with clots of blood, shreds of flesh, skin, and fat, which the feasters after their orgies had spattered on them. The entrance opened on a small lane, where there was a sewer. Into this sewer were flung the bones, hearts, eyes, and limbs of the bodies which had been dissected. The police found in it entire corpses.

Hapless mothers, who brought such monsters into the world, the disgrace of nature and the sad evidence of man's perverted heart, you owe to the doctrines of Weishaupt the ruin of your hopes and the misery of your lives. These, however, are but the preludes of German communism. They are consequences deduced from the doctrines of Weitling, George Herwegh, Beker, Kolhmeyer, William Marr, who inculcated this principle on the minds of their young countrymen:—"Man, to aggrandize himself, must become a savage with the lion of the wilderness."

I am aware that I ought to apologize to my lady readers, whose sensibilities are shocked by these details. But I appear as the teacher of my race, the monitor and guardian of the young, in divulging to them the danger of impious and revolutionary associations. Many so woefully beguiled were sons of good and honest parents, the objects of deep affection and solicitude. But if the child is not disciplined in the ways of religion, what safeguards has he in his adult age against his passions, the temptations with which he is assailed, the snares which are spread around him? This sect of *Savages* was composed of fanatics and madmen, rather than absolute criminals.

I knew one who, entrapped by human respect, per-

severed through weakness, but who was a rank coward when he found himself alone in his own room.

He kept a lamp burning all night by his side, and placed a crucifix under his pillow, lest the devil should strangle him in his sleep.

Estimate the capabilities of these wretches to corrupt the young.*

One of this gang retailed to me their amusements, and essayed every means to lure me to their den. But I was disgusted with their grossness and brutality. They construed my refusal as the disdain of the noble, and resolved to hold me to a strict responsibility. Their insults served only to put me more on my guard. At the theatre or in the coffee-houses, they flouted me with bitter gibes and prompted others to join them: but I had good sense enough to disregard them.

I had, on a certain evening, gone to a private gambling establishment, to play at roulette, a forbidden game, which previously had cost me very dear. After several unlucky throws, at which I always doubled the stakes, I was on the brink of ruin. In despair, I put down my last ten sequins and won three hundred. I gathered up the winnings in my purse and turned my steps homeward, humming an air on the way. I had entered an alley in the rear of the cathedral, when suddenly I felt my arms pinned behind, and a voice whispering in my

* Was this a political association? We are unable to say; but we do say that it resembles political associations in its form and character, and that the members of such clubs are the fiercest foes of government in a revolutionary outbreak. A man who was no stranger to their operations said, "Ah, the police fears them." A terrible consideration, indeed! This fact inspires them with audacity, and constitutes their strength. Rulers ought to exercise greater vigilance and firmness.

ear, "Your money." I generally carried in my hand a hunting-whip, whose steel handle, covered with leather, sheathed a blade capable of giving a mortal blow to the strongest assailant. I was armed, too, with pistols; but my weapons were unavailing, for my giant enemy held me as in a vice. I tremblingly said to him, "Free my arms, and I will give you my purse." But his hand followed mine into my pocket, and he possessed himself of my spoils. He said to me, "Beware of ever disclosing this to any one. Swear that you will not." I swore according to his dictation: he loosened his hold and disappeared.

I congratulated myself on my escape. I lost my money, indeed, but I was sound in limb. I resigned myself easily to my fate, and gave the credit of this adventure to the *Savages*. The following night, on my return to my lodgings, a man in a mask confronted me and said, through his teeth, "Here is your purse. I had need of thirty-five sequins to meet a loss at play. To save my honor, I was compelled to rob you last evening." I stood amazed, and, holding the purse still in my hand, I said, "If, sir, you need more, help yourself." He replied, "You are too generous to a robber. I wanted thirty-five cursed sequins, and I got them. It is enough. But I will make them good to you." He left me.

A few days after, I was involved in an unlucky affair. I had aggrieved two brothers, of robust spirit and frame, who had sworn to be avenged.

It was at night. I was seized in an alley and hurried toward the Valle Meadow. I was totally unable to free myself from the gripe of those stout arms, or cry aloud for help, as they had gagged me. I gave myself up.

as a doomed man. Suddenly a voice was heard; "Off with you, you scoundrels, or I'll be the death of you!" At the same moment, one of my assailants was stretched senseless on the ground by the blow of a heavy stick; and the other, who had not escaped the same chastisement, recovering from the onslaught, betook himself to flight. My deliverer pursued him like a vulture. Meanwhile I freed myself from the gag, and ran to thank for this opportune rescue the man whom by his voice I recognized as the person who had taken and restored my purse.

This was not the only occasion in which I owed him my life: as my folly and temerity plunged me time after time into the greatest dangers.

This extraordinary man, in expiation of the wrong which he had done me, or rather of the guilty act which he had committed in my regard, resolved, it seems, to watch and guard me. The young man came from a large market-town of the Polesine. Tall and stalwart in body, kind and generous of heart, ardent and intrepid in spirit, he had, like me, been seduced by bad company; and now, silent and musing, he lived apart from all society. My spendthrift and ignoble course afflicted him deeply. He became my devoted protector: followed me, unconscious of his presence, from the theatre and coffee-house, ready to peril his life for mine.

One night I was attacked by three of the *Savages* with whom I had been engaged a short time previously in an animated dispute. These bandits suddenly attacked me on the banks of the Brenta, and threw me into the stream. I was drowning, when my savior reached the spot, plunged into the water, and brought me to the

shore. He held me feet upwards for a moment, then placed me on his shoulders, carried me to my lodgings, and, having laid me on my bed, went for a physician. But for his providential succors, I should often have perished,—the victim of my follies. One night I was assailed by a butcher whose jealousy I had excited. He was about to plunge a large knife into my back, when my guardian, ever on the alert, arrested his arm, tripped and disarmed him. And, to drive all thoughts from his head, of employing other weapons, he dealt him, with the knotty stick which he always carried, a blow on the leg and another on the right arm. My adversary, quite willing to dispense with any additional chastisement, was unable to rise for some time and move homewards.

This dissipated life filled me at times with bitter remorse. I struggled to banish the thoughts which preyed upon my heart; but my very struggles aggravated my wretchedness and tortured me with mortal agonies.

Sometimes I bewailed my lot, I wept, I tore out my hair in despair. When the post brought me a letter from my mother, I turned pale at the sight of it, as if the characters traced by her hand were so many witnesses and accusers of my disorders. The letters of my sister, breathing the very spirit of piety, sweetness, and love, crushed me: I was afraid to touch, lest I might defile them. I trembled in every limb when I opened and read them.

Impelled by these emotions, I sometimes took refuge in a church; but there new tortures awaited me. I dared not lift my eyes to the altar but with bowed head and a burning sense of my profligacy. I promised to amend my life. But, alas! remorse is not

repentance. Why did I not arise and lay down the burden of conscience at the confessional?

The priest would have encouraged me, divine grace have fortified my resolutions. Here is the difference between the simple Christian and the philosopher. The former falls from time to time; but he humbles himself, seeks mercy and strength in the virtue of the Sacraments: the latter is self-reliant, and, therefore, impotent for good, and miserable in evil. Still, to be just to myself, I must state that, in spite of my excesses, I never wholly discarded the high and hereditary sentiments of an ancient race, and the distinctive qualities of a good education, which belong to the true nobleman. The world now-a-days disowns this truth; it affects to reduce society to a vulgar level. It is more repugnant to the scion of a noble house, than to a man of abject birth, to abase his mind and heart by dissolute habits. Vice is more accessible by the latter: it is his next-door neighbor. And therefore the debasement of the noble is deeper,—in fulfilment of the adage: “Corruptio optimi pessima.”

In the midst of my disorders, I had not divested myself of the courtesies and polished demeanor of the high-toned gentleman. At times I even conformed to the dignity and generosity of my class. There was at the university a large number of students born of noble but decayed families. These youths had conceived the magnanimous design of restoring the ancient renown of their lineage, and they devoted themselves to study with the fairest prospect of success. They subjected themselves to many hardships and privations. The spectacle of their virtuous struggles excited my compassion, and I was proud and happy to succor them in

their embarrassments. Thus I won the affection of nearly all my fellow-students.

I chanced one evening to free a poor girl from the insults of two rascals. I used my riding-whip liberally at their expense, and made them quickly decamp. The friendless female wept and trembled excessively. I inquired about her state and circumstances. She told me that she was without work, notwithstanding her efforts to procure it, and thus was unable to prepare a little soup for her aged father;—that she had gone out to ask alms of some charitable person, when she had the misfortune to meet with these worthless fellows, who insulted her. I accompanied her home, and found her old and infirm father lying on a bed, shabby, but extremely clean. Around the walls of this little room were hung several old pictures of the saints, and on the top of a closet stood a statue of our *Lady of Seven Dolors*, under a glass case. A small lamp burned before it and lighted the apartment.

Near the window I noticed a chair, and a work-table bordered with a ledge, a little cushion to which females pin their work, a tambour with small pendant weights for netting, a supply of embroidery-needles, and, opposite, a tapestry-frame.

On the other side, next the wall, was the young girl's bed, bearing, like every thing else in the house, the marks of poverty, but also of perfect cleanliness.

As we entered the room, the old man spoke:—

“You are soon back, Giustina. Does our Lord deign to help us? But who is that with you?”

“Don't be uneasy, my dear father: it is a good gentleman who wishes to ascertain if my father is really old, weak, and blind.”

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I then approached him, and put a dollar in his hand. He immediately seized mine, and strove to kiss me. I was moved even to tears. To calm my emotion, I said to the young girl,—

“Giustina, (since this is your name,) when you have no work, come to such a street, No. 30, second story.”

I left the house with a happy heart. This happened in December; and, in spite of my vicious life, I continued during the whole year to protect the virtue and innocence of Giustina.

On another occasion, when my heart was alive to worthier sentiments, I was sauntering almost alone in the beautiful church of St. Anthony, and admiring the wonders of art which make this basilic one of the noblest monuments of Upper Italy.

I was standing before the main altar, a little to one side, in order to study the effect of the sculptures with which Donatello, Sansovino, and other great masters elaborated the shrine with such artistic talent and piety. Whilst I was absorbed in my contemplations, my eye fell on a young female kneeling on the first step, at the foot of a column, near the statue of the saint. She was praying and weeping, and so overcome by her feelings that she seemed about to swoon in the presence of her saintly protector. Her maiden countenance wore the impress of a profound and lively sorrow; her soul shone from her eyes in the ardor of her supplications. They expressed, in rapid succession, hope, confidence, fear, and anguish. Her forehead was bedewed with perspiration, and her limbs shook with the agitation of her mind.

Her appearance warranted the belief that she was not of a menial condition. She wore a white muslin

dress, a red and blue shawl, and held in her hand a white handkerchief, with which she wiped her face and eyes. We were alone in the church. Without pausing to reflect on my action, and seemingly unable to resist the impulse, I approached her gently, and said, in a low voice,—

“Young lady, can I be of any service to you?”

The poor girl started with a convulsive movement; she paled and blushed in the same moment. She rose from her knees, and, with downcast eyes, replied,—

“Oh, sir, may St. Anthony touch your heart! I want nothing for myself, but ask only the loan of twenty sequins, to save my mother’s life!”

“How is that?”

“I have lost my father, sir. He was a professor of medicine at the university, and supported himself and family with the emoluments of his office and consulting-fees. A few years since, he fell a victim to his studious habits. My mother’s pension is moderate, but sufficient for our wants. But my brother, who is stationed at a garrison in Dalmatia, and who for some time past has been sick, costs us a great deal. To help him in his present embarrassments, my mother and I, work night and day. But my poor mother, owing to her exertions, is confined to her bed for the last two months. Our rooms cost us ten sequins a month. We have been unable to pay the first two quarters’ rent, and now one month of the third quarter is already past. The proprietor is a close and unfeeling man: he has tortured my mother with a thousand reproaches and threats. Distressed at the sight of her dejection and prostrate condition, I went to see him, and entreated him to grant us a little delay. His only reply was abusive language.

To-day he sent an officer, and declares that he will turn us out and distrain our furniture, if we do not settle with him to-morrow in full."

"Ah! the scoundrel!" I exclaimed. "By St. Anthony, that shall not be! Show me to your house, my dear young lady, and at twelve o'clock to-night you shall have the twenty sequins."

She left the church, and pointed out her residence.

At midnight I carried her not twenty but thirty sequins. The good mother declined taking more than twenty; but I insisted, and said,—

"It is better to guard against fresh anxieties for the ten ensuing months."

I cannot express the grateful sentiments of my two protégés. Then I was able to appreciate the true delights of money well spent, according to the designs of Providence; whilst the perversion of its gifts serves only to multiply our wants, inflame our passions, and involve us in deeper miseries.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POLICE PRISON.

IN the third year of my law-studies, one of the most celebrated *danseuses* of Italy arrived (for my misfortune) at Padua. She raised around her a storm of envy, jealousy, and the wildest passions. She became, indeed, in a measure, the exclusive object of the thoughts and attentions of all classes of society. Alas! what paltry

pursuits can prepossess the heart when it is estranged from God, its true and only end!

Pagan society in ancient times, with all its sensualism, was less devoted than ours to mere personal charms. It was reserved for an age which vaunts its civilization, its superior judgment of the good and the beautiful, to grow enamored of the ignoblest members of the body, of the foot which is often sullied with mire.

And men love it, dote upon it, idolize it so madly, that the foot of the dancer may be regarded as a celestial object, as the liveliest expression of love. To the foot they offer their affections, sighs, homage, incense, adoration,—worthy divinity of a carnal heart, which thus venerates its pagan origin; extravagant worship, drawn from the mysteries of Eleusis and consecrated by the follies of pantheism.

It is not wonderful that a spirit so wanton as mine should, like Holofernes, be enslaved by external attractions. I was captivated by the elegant sandals of the dancer, her graceful attitudes, elastic movements, rapid evolutions, sylph-like step which scarcely tipped the floor, pirouettes with the left foot horizontally extended under a short skirt, whilst the bust was charmingly outlined, and the wavy arms upheld a flowery wreath. This is the ravishing scene which enchains the heart, blinds the mind, intoxicates the senses, inflames concupiscence, dissipates fortunes, destroys peace, sullies honor, tarnishes renown, enfeebles strength, perverts good sense, abases the loftiest spirit, and urges men to homicide and self-murder. The homage paid to the dancer's foot has become a religion, more cruel and bloody than the worship of Saturn, Moloch, Siva, and

Mithra, who require human victims to be slaughtered on their altars. It gluts itself with the lamentations of wives and mothers, with the blood of duels and suicides. Five or six *danseuses*, in the space of a few years, have sacrificed more victims than the most sanguinary assassin of Young Italy.

At this hour I comment calmly and justly on my errors; but at that epoch, I surpassed all her partisans in my frantic admiration of the danseuse of Padua. I do not speak of the rivalries among the students, the disputes at the coffee-houses, the wagering of fabulous sums to have the front seat in the theatre. One day I gave twenty dollars for the honor of personating the shoemaker's journeyman and carrying her sandals into her perfumed boudoir. I gave nearly as much to her hair-dresser for the privilege of carrying his combs, bands, pomades, and curling-tongs. I thus assisted at her toilette, and handed him the flowers and diamonds to adorn her tresses. I seized on a stray hair which remained in the comb, kissed and preserved it as a most precious relic. I paid a round sum to her mantua-maker for a small cord attached to her morning gown. I enclosed it in a golden reliquary, and wore it round my neck. If the danseuse chanced, in walking across the stage, to touch me with the hoop of her skirt, I passionately kissed the coat which had been honored by the contact. Shall I acknowledge it? Once, after the performance, I flung myself on the floor to kiss the very spot on which she stood. Thus did I abase the nobility of my birth beneath this divinity of the shoe. Reader, you smile with pity, and I blush for shame. I was then a young man, free and uncontrolled; and I made myself the slave of a thousand follies and caprices.

I learned that the slipper of a danseuse is costlier than the diamond. Heroes of Italy, expel from your country the stranger and his dancing nymphs, and then you may think of coping with the armies of Croatia.

The woman who fascinated the students of Padua was an enemy to mortal combats. Her triumphs were the sighs, despair, follies, of her adorers; her crowns were woven not with laurel-leaves, but with roses; her trophies were formed not from swords and helmets, but odes, sonnets, and madrigals. I composed many of these poetic trifles, and, as soon as they issued from the press, scattered them about the streets and in the boxes of the theatre. Above all, I was careful to throw them on the stage, that the feet of the goddess might impress on them a sacred character, as the winged Pegasus with a stamp of his foot produced the fountain Hippocrene.

The Carnival was drawing to a close, and the dancer had an engagement to fulfil at Triest. Thither I determined to precede her. As the Austrian police do not discriminate in favor of enchantresses and their attendants, I was anxious to elude all suspicion in regard to my own person. I accordingly procured the passport of a certain *Venolli*, of the province of Adria, and, passing the pen through the two *l*'s, I set out under the name of *Venotti*. There was sufficient resemblance between us in height and color of hair. At Venice I took passage in the Lloyd steamer, and, after a pleasant voyage, reached Triest. I put up at an unpretending hotel, and there awaited with impatience the arrival of the light-footed danseuse. Every morning and evening, I bent my steps to the harbor, and there for hours, I stood motionless, with eyes fixed upon the deep sea, scanning the horizon with my telescope, like merchants

who watch for the return of their ships from Odessa or the Indies. The sight of every sail which loomed in the distance thrilled my heart with hope; and every column of smoke which arose from the bosom of the waves made me cry out, "There she is at last!"

When any vessel entered the port and cast anchor, I examined it with my glass, noticing each individual who passed into the boat; and if there were a lady in the company, I eyed her until she put her foot on the pier. But ten, twelve, fifteen days went by since the Carnival, and no dancer appeared. I was bursting with rage and senseless love, whilst the object of my worship was gayly whiling the hours on the promenades of Venice and laughing at the simplicity of the students of Padua.

Meanwhile, night after night, I played at billiards with some of the cleverest clerks of Triest. During the day they were confined at their desks or busied with mercantile operations; but from supper-time till a very late hour of the night, they sought a compensation in all kinds of pleasures. After a few evenings I was beggared. But the gambler is not troubled with false shame. Under divers pretexts, I asked the loan of money of different individuals. I readily obtained all that I asked. The young men of Triest are exceedingly kind, amiable, open-hearted, and honorable. True to their commercial instincts, they regard as their essential virtue, the strictest exactitude,—as the greatest crime, the breach of a man's word. I had stipulated only for a short term; and the days glided by rapidly, without my overcoming my hesitation to apprise my mother of my foolish expedition and embarrassments. My sufferings were intense. I bewailed my

miserable plight; paced my room like a crazy man. The landlord had learned from the police that I was a gambler, and indulged me with no long credit. Every third day, I had to settle my bill.

The appointed day to meet my engagements arrived, and I was overwhelmed with confusion. There was no escape. The young gentlemen who had loaned me money called in, one after another. Their polite and dignified conduct aggravated my shame and distress. I begged them to excuse my want of punctuality, as, owing to some miscarriage, my bills of exchange had not arrived. They begged me not to give myself any trouble about it: they knew that these mishaps were not unfrequent, and they had perfect confidence in my honor.

Two lines of frank acknowledgment to my mother would have relieved me from this painful predicament; but I could not prevail on myself to do it. Foolish pride, like an iron bit, held me in check. In the silence of night, I formed excellent resolutions; but when the day appeared, and I sat down to write, I spent hours in devising absurd and criminal plans to impose on my mother. One evening, I was stretched on the sofa, a prey to poignant thoughts, when I heard a knock at the door. A man entered, dressed in black, and accosted me with freezing civility:—"I am, sir, a commissary of the Government. Be good enough to accompany me."

These words flashed a sinister light on the gulf which I saw beneath my feet. Pale, trembling, covered with a cold sweat, which streamed from every pore, I stammered out, "Where do you take me?" "To the office of the police," was his reply. "Take your hat, lock

your door and give the key to the landlord." I left the room, and at the bottom of the stairs I saw two of the commissary's subordinates, who let us go ahead. I deposited the keys; and we proceeded, followed by the two guards. I walked like a man bereft of reason. During my stay at the university, I had often been caught in desperate straits; but I braved all perils with singular audacity. Now I was as timid and powerless as a child. We reached the station and passed through the front door. The officer stopped before a large hall, and said to a burly man dressed in breeches and a white vest, with a large cravat which imbedded his chin, "Prosdocimo, have an eye to him." The other answered, "Of course: don't I know these lads?" The commissary took his departure, and I stood fixed to the spot, looking around with a bewildered eye at the massive walls which enclosed me. They were pierced here and there with narrow windows, through which strayed the light of a lamp in the outer court and showed, in bold relief, the strong iron bars. In a corner was a large fire, around which flitted unsightly forms of men, who put fagots under a pot hanging from a lame and rickety trevet.

The gruff voice of the stout man awoke me at length from my torpor. He turned toward the fire, and said, growlingly, "Meneghetto, No. 6." A young man, heavy and thick-set, stepped out. He wore green breeches, a velvet sack, and sash of red silk. He took down from a hook a bunch of large keys, lit a candle, and, starting ahead, said, "Come, master: let us be packing." Terror-stricken, I seized his hand, and said, "Where are we going, sir?" The turnkey looked at me hard, squeezed my hand kindly, and touched, no

doubt, with pity at the sight of my youth, gentlemanly air, and deadly paleness, replied, "Cheer up, youngster: it is only for to-night: to-morrow, I expect, they'll let you out."

"But am I not in prison?" I exclaimed, with quivering voice.

"In prison? No. What put that in your head? The convict-prison is not here. This is only a house of correction."

"Do you intend to beat me?"

"Beat you? Oh, no. We never beat folks here."

He led me into a small, low, black, dismal corridor; and then through several doors, each fastened with three heavy padlocks, a massive bar, and a bolt. When he got to No. 6, the under-turnkey inserted the key into the lock, shot back three bolts, one after the other, opened the door, and introduced me into my cell.

I was almost suffocated by the foul and mephitic air, which seemed to be exhaled from a sink. The walls at intervals were shelved with boards, which were covered with sacking and rags. Several men, whose heads were bound with handkerchiefs, were lying on these mats.

As soon as the light appeared, they all started up. Some sat upright; others rested on their elbows. I had scarcely crossed the threshold, when a screeching voice addressed me:—"Ha! ha! here is a night-bird. My poor baby, the bed is rather hard here; but we'll sing you to sleep, in place of mamma."

"Silence, you scoundrel!" sternly cried the jailer.

"Hem! hem! silence there, you fellows! Here is the prince of posies! Bravo! what a handsome stripling! what a bridegroom face!"

The jailer pointed out my berth, and his assistant threw over me a gray cover. In a few moments I was left in profound darkness. I trembled and perspired in every limb. My teeth chattered as if I had an intermittent fever. My head was on fire. I heard around me mutterings, grinding of teeth, remarks of my companions, and, above all, the harsh accents of the man who had greeted me on my arrival:—

“You there, can’t you give us your name? Come, do us that honor!”

I made no answer, but turned convulsively on my bed.

The other continued: “Just see now! there’s insolence for you; the gentleman won’t condescend to speak to fine fellows like us. Very well! to-morrow’s coming.”

“Hush your blab, and respect the first sorrows of the prisoner.”

These words were uttered with a solemn voice. The buffoon sneeringly rejoined:—

“Shut your mouths, my darlings: grandpapa, you see, wants no joking to-night.”

“Let us go to sleep, master bully,” exclaimed a worthy inn-keeper of Pusteria, annoyed by this clatter.

“Oh, certainly!” said the buffoon; “certainly, my prison-dove; certainly, my pet, my precious one: I won’t say another word! Good-night.”

What a horrible night for me! It seemed as if my head would split, and my heart leap from my bosom. My palate was burning with thirst, my tongue parched, my respiration rasping through my teeth like a file. My bones were broken by the rude couch on which I lay, and my body devoured by the filthy insects which maddened me.

After prolonged agonies, the dawn at length ap-

peared, and I began to scan the interior of this den. My God! What a hideous spectacle! My companions still slept; some pale and wasted, some bony and muscular. From the covering protruded their feet, cased in old shoes, worn to pieces, or mouldy with damp. Some had buried themselves in the bedclothes, and one, who had partly thrown them off, exposed a ragged shirt, foul and stained with wine. I looked with disgust on those heads bound with tattered handkerchiefs, or covered with filthy night-caps, through which the hair bristled with shaggy tufts, or hung in masses moistened with sweat.

One of them, on awaking, stretched himself, yawned, and cracked his bones; another, seated on his bed, wet his bleared eyelids with spittle. A third, but half awake, grunting like a hog, munched a crust of bread and a slice of bacon.

I began to think I was in a dream; but my aching bones convinced me that I beheld a reality in this horrid cess-pool of human miseries.

O loving and anxious mother! bathed in perfumes and couched on silk, art thou thinking of Nello, thy unhappy child? Sweet sister! pure, innocent Josephine! dost thou see thy brother, plunged in filth and ignominy, and stretched on a pallet fit for a galley-slave?

Had I been shut up alone in my cell, I would have felt less miserable. The wretch who is lost to all honesty and shame loves the congenial villains with whom he can disport, curse, blaspheme, and sin without restraint. But the man who has not reached this depth of misery recoils from the vile gang into which he is thrown, and prefers to their society the tower-dungeon, the cistern, the sepulchre!

In a short time, all the inmates of the room were awake; and then their mingling voices swelled into a noisy tempest. They rounded their "good-morning" with imprecations, told their dreams, swore against the bugs, cursed the churlishness and brutality of the jailers, spies, and policemen. They loudly protested their innocence. "Ah!" they cried, "if the emperor was here, we would make those puppy-tyrants dance: we are innocent." "Yes, innocent as babes," chimed in a voice of a sallow and withered man, with an enormous mouth, and a flat nose ending in a raspberry snout,—*"yes, innocent as babes."* And he puffed his cheeks, scratched his forehead, sank his head between his shoulders, and thrust out his quivering tongue, like a snake.

"You ugly buffoon!" said a Tuscan; "at whom are you making faces? Thunderation! I don't know what keeps me from——"

"Ho! ho! fire! fire! Bring a bucket of water! quick! Our Tuscan's all in a blaze!"

This was the very joker who had saluted me when I entered the room. His pallet was opposite to mine. I could scarcely breathe, or prevail upon myself to rise, when this mischievous devil leaped from his boards, frisked about the room, faced me at length, and, setting his arms akimbo, saluted me with a horrible grimace.

He raised one foot, shut one eye and squinted with the other, juttied out his chin and noisily smacked his lips, clattered with his feet, and, rapidly advancing to my side, lifted the cover, in which I had wrapped myself to the eyes.

I was boiling with rage. Seeing my indignation, he

bounded back, and cried out, "Whew! what a chicken! what an angelic phiz! Hey! here's a star fallen from the skies into the midst of devils!" And he continued to wriggle his ugly face at me. But just at this moment, a huge fellow sprung from his bed, seized my torturer by the arm, and sent him spinning round the room. "Not another word out of you," he bawled, "or I'll smash that handsome snout of yours!" Then, turning to me, he said, with a civil and friendly air, "Get up, young man, and don't mind him." I seized his hand, thanked him, and followed his advice. I wore a superfine cloth coat, lined with black silk, elegantly braided, and adorned with arabesque buttons, a blue velvet vest, olive merino breeches, superb boots of English leather, and a large satin cravat pendant over a very fine linen shirt. When the prisoners noticed my genteel dress, some laughed in their sleeve, some pitied me, some manifested their contempt. But my friendly giant gave them a stern look, as much as to say, "Take care what you are about; remember he is under my care." This man proved in his own person the necessity of social government, and held sway over these turbulent prisoners. He was a Roman by birth, but for several years had been a thriving goldsmith at Venice. Unluckily, he had been engaged in some smuggling transactions, and thus subjected himself to the penalties of the law. His unstained honor, gentlemanly manners, frank and determined character, and facile kindness, which had involved him in present difficulties, gave him an influence over these bandits which no one dared to contest or thought to escape.

And yet Triest, the mart of the East and of the Austrian

empire, had gathered there the arrantest knaves and most determined swindlers. Thirty-five prisons, besides ours, confined a large number of commercial brokers, keepers of gambling-houses, rope-dancers, adventurers, sharpers, jugglers, forgers, itinerant exhibitors of dogs and monkeys, the most adroit rascals, pickpockets, receivers of stolen goods, pretended paralytics and subjects of catalepsy and epilepsy. It was, in fact, the receptacle of the sworn enemies of law and honor. But the prime gem of this beautiful mosaic was, unquestionably, the famous Momoletto Zinzin, who had twice thrust himself upon me with his impudent grimaces. He was a juggler who figured in the thoroughfares. His joints and bones were as loosely hung and elastic as a kitten's. He rolled his body into a lump and trundled it, in the twinkling of an eye, from one end of the room to the other. He scampered on all-fours, and darted between a man's legs with the agility of a mouse. At other times, when the prisoners were lying down, or seated on their beds, he suddenly jumped into the middle of the room, threw his legs into the air, and with his right foot made the most ridiculous bows to each individual. Then, jerking himself out, and falling heavily to the floor, he feigned all kinds of pains, and uttered the most comic complaints. These pranks invariably produced shouts of laughter. His nearest neighbor covered him with a pile of bedclothes, but he soon crept through an opening, and, squatting on his haunches, mimicked a cat washing her whiskers or watching a mouse-hole. He performed the part of a monkey to such perfection that no one could keep a grave face.

Sometimes he made crumb balls and pitched eight or

ten into the air at the same time, caught them as they fell, and then showered them rapidly like a jet of water. But his great feat was counterfeiting a mocking-bird. By the aid of a straw stem, he cheated the ear with the varied modulations of the nightingale, the cry of the thrush, the whistle of the quail, the round, abrupt notes of the blackbird and pinnock, the twittering of the ortolan, the warbling of the chaffinch. The melody of the whole feathery tribe was at his command.

He was a perfect Noah's ark. He mewed like a cat; barked, yelped, and growled like a dog; grunted like a hog; brayed like an ass. Often at night, you might fancy that legions of cats were prowling in the prison. Under the beds and in every corner were heard the snarling of dogs, the wailing of pēwets, the screeches and hoots of owls. He was a ventriloquist who played many antics. Now we heard ourselves called outside of the cell; now we caught the moans of a wounded man, the cries of a lost child for its mother, the quick challenge of a sentinel, "Who goes there?" He was, in fact, one of the cleverest rogues.

The other prisoners were not equally unconcerned at their fate. They had wives and children and respectable parents. Their business was interrupted; their law-suits were suspended; and in some cases convictions hanging over their heads. At certain hours we remarked the frequent visits of a young, gentle, and modest-looking female. She was the wife of a tailor charged with swindling; and she seemed deeply mortified to see her husband in prison, and herself in the company of felons. She spoke to him through the window, and brought him some dainties, fresh fruits, or a few tarts nicely made. To procure him these dainties,

she was obliged to work all day and a good portion of the night. Her brightened face told the delight of her heart in thus being able to allay the misfortune of her husband.

Other women, wan and wasted with hunger, and covered with rags, came with their children to weep over their unhappy lot. We gave them some of our bread. It was a cruel spectacle to the wretched prisoners, who by their crimes had plunged their families in disgrace and misery.

And Lionello! Lionello, the great aristo of the university, the handsome Adonis of the theatre and coffee-houses, the child of fortune, the scion of a noble race, delicately nurtured at home, signally honored in the world, is now in prison for a grievous misdemeanor, despised, scorned, debased to the level of the refuse of society. This thought rankled in my heart night and day. It was a poignant, deep, deadly remorse, which cut me to the heart and crushed me to the earth. I was engrossed with one idea,—to conceal my name and family by every device. It is unquestionable that Government generally introduces spies among the prisoners to ferret their secrets; and by this means it often succeeds in foiling the most skilfully planned villainies. It is equally certain that revolutionary societies have, unhappily, their spies and proselytes in these dens. Many of this gentry tried to entrap me with their artifices; but I baffled their efforts, and pretended not to understand their proceedings.

I was not equally successful at the police court. Summoned by the prefect to avow my condition, I determined to sustain myself with falsehoods. But I soon found my master, and was driven to the wall. The

prefect declared that I was a student of Padua; that the name of Venotti was not registered in the province of Adria; that I had falsified my passport,—an offence which rendered me liable to the galleys. I vainly protested my innocence, and adhered to my assumed name. He told me he would send me to Venice and Padua, and thus ascertain the truth.

On our passage from Triest to Venice, by the way of Palmanora, I came to the conclusion that my falsehoods would be discovered and myself dishonored. I therefore planned an escape from the hands of the agent, and tried to avail myself of divers pleas to effect my purpose in the hedges, cornfields, or underwood of the forest. But the keen and merciless commissary held me tight in his talons. Hopeless of escape, I resolved to destroy my life. We stopped at an inn, and I asked for a glass of wine. It was my intention to crush the glass between my teeth, and swallow the fragments. But the officer had his eye on me, and, at the first sound of the breaking glass, he struck me with his fist on the nape of the neck, and obliged me to disgorge at once, glass, wine, and mouthfuls of blood. The only result of my attempt was a fever which preyed upon me during the rest of the journey. Truth compels me to acknowledge that the commissary treated me with the utmost civility. He did not reproach or bind me. When we took lodgings for the night, he ordered his bed to be placed next to mine, and appointed a man to watch over me. In the carriage he often offered me oranges and other refreshments. Did he know my family? I think not; but this idea embittered all his acts of kindness and generosity.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. SERVULO.

AT Venice my fever was aggravated to an inflammation of the brain, which rendered me frantic. I screamed and howled; I threw myself from my bed, struck, and kicked, and bit, like a mad dog, everybody who approached me. It was found necessary to put the strait-jacket on me. Four lusty assistants of the hospital seized me and thrust my arms into the fatal garment; one cased my legs with an iron girth, and then shackled my feet; another fastened the jacket behind my back, and rendered me powerless. They then placed me in a gondola, and transported me to the little island of St. Servolo.

This lunatic-hospital is under the care of the Brothers of St. John of God. It is an admirable work, in view of the eminent charity which it designs, of the sublime devotion which it pays to suffering humanity.

How infinitely superior to all the institutions of Protestantism and an infidel philosophy, to the fairest theories of human science.

These good monks apply the true remedy, that charity which exalts and ennobles suffering, by uniting it to the voluntary sufferings of Christ. I shall ever regard these men with sentiments of deep love and respect.

Whenever I passed through a city through which they had been called to exercise their beneficent ministry, Lyons, Florence, Naples, Rome, Milan, I never

failed to visit them. I entered St. Servolo fierce as a tiger; I left it meek as a lamb. Would to God that my passions had been extinguished with my fever; or that they had been purified into a celestial flame, to consume all evil in my heart and dispose it to virtue! When the frenzy subsided, I enjoyed some days of tranquillity. Thanks to the tender care of the good fathers, I gradually regained my bodily strength and the use of my reason. I loved to watch the nice and skilful manipulations of the pharmaceutics. Some of the brotherhood were excellent physicians and surgeons.

A portion of this vast and magnificent edifice was set apart for the more unmanageable patients. They were confined in separate cells, well lighted and ventilated, but strongly guarded by iron bars in the windows which fronted the sea. At the bottom of the windows opening on the corridor was inserted in the wall a turn, through which food was conveyed to the inmates. Here these unfortunate creatures could appease their hunger when they felt disposed to eat. The interior of the cells presented a distressing spectacle. Some were fastened hand and foot to their beds with cotton bandages. They writhed and curved their backs, yelled, foamed at the mouth, ground their teeth, bellowed like mad bulls. Others were plunged in cold baths, or placed under icy douches; but great precaution was taken not to overchill the head and heart.

Some of those who were less restrained, gnawed their shirts, bedclothes, and every article on which they could lay their hands. Others stood in the middle of the room, like statues, erect and motionless, for hours, with their arms crossed on their breast and their eyes

fixed in a vacant stare. One day a keeper said to me, "Do you see that man? He is perfectly still; and yet, if you entered his cell, he would tear you in pieces with his teeth and nails."

I was deeply moved with compassion, and I said to the lunatic, "You would not hurt me, would you?" As I spoke, I passed my hand partially through the bars. He approached me, and pressed my fingers affectionately. Tears trickled from my eyes, and I said to myself, "What is the power of love!" Perhaps if he had been on the first attack of his malady intrusted not to servants, but to these excellent religious, he might have been soothed and calmed by their kindness. In fact, the key to their successful treatment is love and gentleness.

Some doubled their fists and brandished their arms, blasphemed and vented their rage in oaths and curses. Others lay supine on the ground, or sat with their heads bent to their knees. One refused to eat; another howled furiously; another clutched the iron bars as if he expected to wrench them from their fastenings. Thus man, the noblest creature of God, is bereft of his reason, and transformed into an animal fiercer than the most savage beasts of the forest. Only a divine charity can approach these masterless hearts and tame them into submission. And this charity, more than maternal, is exercised in Catholic hospitals by celibates, who consecrate their bodies and souls to God, who devote their youth and all their faculties to the relief of their suffering brethren.

The empire which they obtain is the victory of gentle looks, kind words, bland manners, the charm of religious modesty. This charity fires the hearts of many

physicians in the world, who rival the cenobites of St. John in their devotedness to the unfortunate, and merit the confidence, the applause, of society and religion.

In a lunatic-asylum there are harmless freaks which claim our pity, because they betray the loss of man's noblest privilege; nevertheless, in spite of ourselves, they excite mirth by their drollery and fantasticalness.

In crossing the yard of these crazy people, I often witnessed actions characterized by wisdom and folly. Thus, one day two of the patients met near me, and exchanged looks of mutual astonishment. The following dialogue passed between them:—

“What! you here?”

“Ah! you know me? You know, then, that I am Napoleon.”

“To be sure I do. I saw you at Moscow. I was the man who first set fire to the Kremlin.”

At these words the pseudo-Napoleon cast an indignant look on his companion, shook his head, and continued his walk; the other smiled, rubbed his hands with great glee, and marched off in an opposite direction. A madman stopped me one day, and, seizing my arm, whispered into my ear, with the most confidential air, “You are crazy.” I do not think any one ever told me in my whole life so sound a truth or in so frank a manner. Another fancied himself to be a doctor, and tried to feel everybody's pulse that he met. He said to me, on a certain occasion, with the most serious face, “My friend, the razor-system has drawn from the veins of men as much blood as would suffice to turn all the mills and feed all the workshops of Paris and London for a month.”

A lunatic called himself the brother of the sun, and

in the hottest weather stood motionless for hours in the open air with uncovered head, whilst the sweat poured down his limbs. All the time he seemed delighted, as if he were enjoying the most refreshing shade.

One morning I was accosted by a young man with a prominent stomach and bloated cheeks. On the side of his face he was deeply scarred. He planted himself directly in my way, and said,—

“What are you looking at? This scar is not a woman’s scratch; it is not the sign of a love-duel; but it is a sabre-cut which I received during the Crusades in single combat with the Sultan of Babylon.”

“Ah! indeed?” I replied: “you are a great Paladin, then?”

“What! you don’t know me? I am Tancred. The great Godfrey de Bouillon loved me more than Rinaldo, who emasculated his courage in the enchanted gardens of Armida. Oh! what a shame! Friend, call my squire; bid him saddle my war-horse. I will mount and ride even to the ends of the world to rescue this degenerate warrior from his insensate love.”

He left me, humming the words,—

“Meanwhile Hermenia, ’mid the forest shades.”

He had been a respectable actor, a gay and amiable companion, a man of generous temper. One day, after having drunk deeply, he mounted a table, and, flourishing a glass, began to make a speech. He fell, and cut his cheek with the broken glass. From that moment he became quite deranged, sang Tasso’s poems, and called himself by turns Rinaldo, Bohemond, or Baldwin.

The ordinary fancy of these madmen is to consider themselves metamorphosed. One imagines that he is

changed into a guitar, and with his left hand he plays on the right placed on his bosom as chords. Another regards himself as a cat, and mews; another a frog, and hops and jerks his limbs, as if he were swimming in a pond; another is ever fighting with flies. This one is a soldier; that a king, and all whom he meets are squires, chamberlains, aid-de-camps, body-guards, pages, secretaries. And he flies in a passion when they do not bow before him and salute him with the title "Sire" or "Your majesty."

But the queerest of these madmen was a little fellow with olive complexion, solemn face, robust limbs, and bandy legs. He fancied himself the most daring and skilful navigator that ever traversed the Southern seas. I do not know whether he had ever been a sailor, or had merely read many histories of voyages and maritime discoveries. He certainly spoke with as much pertinence of all the islands of Polynesia and Oceanica, as if he had marine charts before him. He described accurately the harbors, bays, promontories, cliffs at the mouths of rivers, safe anchorages, and even hidden reefs.

He pictured the manners of the savages of New Guinea, New Zealand, Tahiti, Bladac, and the Sandwich archipelago with such exactness that you might imagine yourself suddenly wafted to those distant regions. You saw distinctly their costumes, figures, color, stature. You saw their features,—the nose flat or upturned; the lips thick and prominent, or thin and compressed; the hair long and silky, or short and smooth, or combed and dressed in divers fashions. You saw too their complexions,—white, reddish, yellow, copper, black; their faces protuberant or sunken, round

or elongated; their skins tattooed or painted, covered with lines, circles, roundlets and small stars on the face, breast, arms, and entire body.

He gave us a clear idea of these savages,—in part of a quiet, pacific temper, in part harsh, cruel, sanguinary. Here they bring fruits and come in their canoes to the sides of the foreign ship; there they fly from the strangers, discharge their arrows at a distance, or fight hand to hand with their maces. Some are intelligent, others stupid. Some steal every thing on which they can lay their hands; others stand amazed at all they see; they laugh, jump, clâp their hands. In a word, our visionary was a second Cook, a La Perouse, a Dumont d'Urville. When he was in good humor, the crowd gathered around him and listened with delight to his minute and accurate narratives. I was astonished at his prodigious recollection of names, places, and usages. He was evidently only half crazed. The mania existed in his imagination.

One day I met him alone, and accosted him with a cheerful air:—

“Well, captain, what news?”

“Don't you see?” he replied. “We are doubling Cape Horn. Call the boatswain, and let him order the helmsman to veer ship six points. You booby! that's only three points: I told you to lay her off six. Mate, pay out the log, and let us see at what rate we are going. Very well! And you, my lads on the forecastle, draw a point in your stay-sails. So. Now about with the mainsail and the bonnets.”

“Captain, we are making two and a half knots.”

“That's doing very well. You youngers want to fly like swallows; but an old salt takes things coolly. We

are now sailing on a calm sea. It was not so in February, 1820. We were on board the *Urania*, commanded by the invincible Freycinet. We were doubling Cape Horn, when a dead wind struck us right in the teeth and cast us on the Falkland Islands. But, alas! we suffered shipwreck where we hoped for safety."

"Ah, indeed, captain? You sailed with Freycinet in the *Urania*, and made the voyage round the globe?"

"To be sure I did; and, besides, I was a non-commissioned officer on board. On my return to France after this expedition, I embarked in the *Conchilia* with the adventurous Duperry, companion of the famous Dumont d'Urville and Lesson. But I will not rest satisfied till I discover the axis of the antarctic pole."

"It must be enormous. But it is likely to take fire from the rapidity of its rotations. You ought not to go too near it: it might burn you."

"Oh, no! The ice of those seas keeps it cool."

"Well, if that's the case, you can, when you reach that latitude and cast anchor, skate to the very axis of the globe."

"You are right. There is no other way to reach it; and I intend to do so."

"But, captain, tell me a moment: how came you to be shipwrecked in the *Urania*?"

"I will tell you; but it is horrible to think of. You must know that we sailed from Toulon the 17th September. We passed the Straits of Gibraltar the 5th October, and on the 6th December we cast anchor at Rio Janeiro. Freycinet stopped there a while to survey

the country; for ours was a voyage of scientific observation. On quitting Brazil, we sailed for the Cape of Good Hope; spent a few days at the islands of Maurice and Bourbon; then we steered direct for New Holland. The *Urania*, my dear fellow, was like a naiad, breasting the waves with a light and graceful motion. In the Bay of the Sea-Dogs of Dampier, these animals played around her like the Tritons round Galatea. Thence we made the island of Timor, where we recruited. The inhabitants are blackamoors, woolly-headed and finely formed. There we found also Chinese and Malays trading with the Portuguese and Dutch. The Timorians exchange salutations, not by embracing, but by pinching each others' nose.* They practise tattooing, and in their habits resemble the other tribes of Oceanica.

"We now directed our course to the Moluccas, and the western cape of Guinea, along the neighboring islands Rawak, Waigion, Boni, and Rabarei, taking note of the climate, metals, plants, and people of these forests. The *Urania* sailed the 9th June, 1819, for the Admiralty Islands, the Archipelago of the Carolinas, even to the Mariana Islands. Hence we parted to enter on the broad waters of the Pacific, and stopped at the beautiful island of Hawaii. King Tamea-mea was dead, and his subjects were warmly disputing about a successor; but Freycinet calmed the tempest by an eloquent discourse, and persuaded them to proclaim Rio-río King of the Hawaiians.

* Doubtless the members of *Italian unity*, discovered at Naples in 1830, borrowed this practice from the Timorians. For they, too, take one another by the nose in exchanging salutations, and give a tap on the cheek as a mark of recognition.

"The interpreter, Rive, a Gascon and former cabin-boy, who pretended to be a physician in the island, accompanied us in our visit to the queen-mother Kabou-manou. Arago took her portrait and the portraits of five other queens. Oh, my dear fellow, you can form no idea of the beauty of this royal class! The lightest of these five queens weighed four hundred pounds. Picture to yourself five sea-cows, five elephants, squatting on mats, with enormous paunches, ashy complexions, huge, wide, flat noses, lips that looked like two sausages, and faces to boot, smeared with vari-colored paint; and tell me if Correggio or Albani could have produced such odalisques. I shall not recount our voyage to Mawi, nor, on our departure for the Sandwich Islands, a second voyage to Jackson. From this place the *Urania* was crossing the South Sea, when she was struck by an adverse wind and cast on the Falkland Islands. We tried to enter French Bay. It was the 14th February, 1820. The sea was calm, and a light breeze swelled our sails and urged us ahead. But just as we were entering the mouth of the bay, the ship's bottom struck on the ridge of a coral-reef. 'To the pumps!' was the universal cry; and each one worked with a will. But the pumps couldn't clear the ship of one-tenth of the water which poured into her.

"The poor *Urania* fell on her beam-ends and settled. It was night. We waited for the first streaks of dawn to get aboard our boats, into which we stowed the powder and biscuit which we were able to save from the wreck. Providence came to our aid. We espied a sea-calf, and killed it. It weighed more than two thousand pounds.

"On this desert island we obtained from fishing and hunting. We found beeves and wild horses grazing in the other resources. An immense whale had among the shoals. In spite of his gigantic size, the torrents of water he spouted from his nostrils, and the fierce lashings of his tail-fin, he could not extricate himself. We fired at him twenty times, but the balls of our guns glanced from his back as from a rock. One of the boldest of the crew leaped upon the monster's back, and began with an axe to cut, to dig into this mountain of flesh. He made a large opening, grappled with a harpoon, and fastened the whale to a rock. But at high tide the whale floundered so violently that he parted the rope, and got an offing. But he was exhausted by the attacks made upon him and cast expiring on shore by the waves. We extracted from him plenty of flesh and oil.

"It was the month of April, and the rigorous winter of the antarctic regions had begun. Our doom seemed fixed. At length, however, an American whaler approached the bay. Freycinet had signals made, which were perceived. The vessel anchored near our colony, and carried us back to Rio Janeiro. We left, the 17th of April, and reached that port about mid-June. Freycinet bought a fine ship, on which we embarked, and landed at Havre, after a safe passage, and a cruise of three years and two months."

I had scarcely quitted my navigator, when I heard loud and fierce cries as of persons engaged in deadly broil:—"Help! help! Hold him! Murder!"

I asked of an infirmarian who was passing, what was the meaning of this uproar.

"Nothing at all," he replied. "It is the mad folks that are making that outcry as if they were fighting an enemy. They are alone, and there would be no more danger if they were all together."

This incident reminded him of the marvellous discovery of an atrocious crime, whilst he was attending the insane-hospital of Verona.

"An assassin was heedlessly carrying past the hospital a bag in which he had put the mutilated limbs of his victim, to be thrown into the Adige. The murderer was seized with a panic, as he heard the cries of two madmen:—'Look out! Stop him! stop him!' He dropped the bag, and fled as fast as he could run, as if the whole body of police was at his heels.

"At daybreak, some pious women, who were going to mass, in passing that street, found the bag. What was their horror, when they saw a human head, arms, and legs, covered with blood!

"The police, apprized of the fact, began to investigate the matter. Strange to say, a button, torn from the assassin's coat, where he let the bag fall from his hand, betrayed him.

"The spies had been busy for several days, but always returned to the police-office mortified at their fruitless efforts, like dogs unable to stir the game. One of them, renowned for his expertness, declared that it was the most impenetrable mystery he ever knew. In reply to some reproaches of the prefect, he protested his zeal and activity. Just as he is leaving the room, the prefect notices that a button is missing from his coat. He calls him back, and rings his bell. An officer appears, and he bids him summon two carbineers.

"He tells the spy that he wishes him to accompany

these men and hunt out two bandits in the gardens of the Spanish bastion. When the carbineers enter, he says, 'Seize that man, and bring him here.'

"The assassin pales and trembles. The prefect orders him to approach, takes the button and the shred of stuff attached to it, and on examination finds it to suit exactly, in form, color, and place, the button which he had lost.

"The assassin acknowledged his crime. He stated that his victim was a man returning from the fair with a few hundred crowns. His father, to whom he communicated the news, assisted him in the murder. They had cut him up, and put the limbs in a bag, to be flung into the Adige.

"They were both hung. The son showed signs of repentance, and asked pardon of God; the father died obdurate and impenitent in his crime."

The infirmarian added:—

"Be assured the eye of Providence is ever open on crime. Sooner or later God will divulge it. He penetrates consciences; he scrutinizes hearts; he waits for the conversion of the sinner; but he never fails to punish iniquity."

The fire of my heart was now somewhat subdued, and I began to reflect seriously on my position. On the one hand, I felt a lively remorse for the disorders which had debased and subjected me to so many humiliations for the sake of a miserable dancer. On the other hand, I was overcome with shame at the idea of falling again, after my recovery from sickness, into the hands of the police. I was struck with the bright evidences of humanity, courtesy, complaisance, in these good religious. Their superior was a learned and affable



old man. I came to the conclusion that I would be an arrant fool not to avail myself of this favorable opportunity to rise from the depths of misery into which I had been plunged. The means were at my disposal. I had to be but true to myself.

Reassured by these reflections, I seized the moment when the superior was alone to accost him. I expressed my desire to confide to him my troubles, to ask his aid and counsel. The good father welcomed me with touching kindness. He begged me to open my heart to him frankly, and rely on his will to serve me to the best of his power. He acceded to my wish to consider my revelations as confidential; and then I recounted to him my early life, and all my subsequent disorders and misfortunes. I told him, moreover, that I had at Venice a noble and rich grand-uncle, by whom I was greatly beloved.

The excellent religious was deeply moved at the recital of my wanderings, and by the idea of the danger I had incurred of bringing disgrace on my name and family. He was lost in thought for a few moments: and then, with a look of paternal tenderness, he told me that he would undertake to settle matters with the police, meet the legal costs, and cancel my debts. Reanimated by the hopes which he inspired, I vowed to rise to a loftier position, worthy of a Christian and a nobleman.

In the space of two days, the monk had made every arrangement with my uncle. At midnight I was rowed in a gondola to his palace.

I disclosed to him the entire amount of my debts and loans. At once the money was deposited with a banker. As they were strangers to my name, I took

care to have a handsome gratuity remitted to the warden and the jailer of No. 6. I ordered also for my fellow-prisoners an entertainment for Easter, of capons, viands, tarts, Grecian wine, and comfits.

But I imposed the obligation on Zanetto of performing, one hour after dinner, his finest tricks,—*the wheel, siren, &c.* I obtained from my uncle the liberation of my protector, the goldsmith.

After this escape from all my difficulties, I bade my kinsman farewell.

Apprehensive that the police, aware of my name, had informed the rector of Padua of my misconduct, I determined to return by way of Mestre, Treviso, Bassano, and Vicenza, leaving Padua to my right. But, on my arrival at Rovigo, a most painful idea completely occupied and disturbed my mind. With what face could I revisit my home? How could I support the upbraiding looks of my mother, if she had learned that I had been thrown into prison as a cheat and associated with malefactors and brigands?

How could I dare to impress my lips on the pure and chaste brow of my sister Josephine? How could I venture to show myself to my friends, visit my relatives, or walk the streets of the city? And—this was the most insupportable thought—how could I confront my own servants? They might say, “Here is our master, Count Lionello, who has escaped from the galleys under a monk’s habit.” I was so tortured with these thoughts that I had not the courage to go home. I wrote to my mother, and told her that the air of Padua was injurious to my health; that, unable to visit her until I had completed my legal studies, I had made up my mind to repair to Bologna. From that city I promised to write

to her, and begged her, meanwhile, to send me a draft. I soon acted on my resolution. At Bologna I took a suite of rooms at the Hotel St. Donatus, and began to frequent the society of the students and enjoy the charms of this city, which is one of the most agreeable places of sojourn in all Italy. The air is pure. The faces of the people are cheerful, their manners courteous, their hearts affectionate, their minds facile, their character open and vivacious. A person might with unwearied spirits frequent their reunions, refresh himself in the coffee-houses or confectionery-establishments, promenade under the porticos of the Pavilion, ascend the hills, and visit the charming villas of the suburbs.

But, unhappily for me, serpents were lurking under the flowers. In the assemblies and places of amusement, crafty seducers were to be met, whose deadly malice none could escape unprotected by the shield of faith. They had so many expedients at command, they planned their enterprises with such extraordinary concert, that they succeeded, at length, in inveigling the boldest and most intrepid students who had some knowledge of university life and distrust of these tempters.

It must, however, be admitted that the revolutionary poison was infused only into vitiated hearts. Pure and candid souls escape their pernicious influence. They conceive quicker presentiments of evil; they feel a livelier horror of these workers of iniquity. The reading of Voltaire's works, and a treacherous philosophy, had seduced my mind: the unrestrained indulgence of my passions completed my ruin. I no longer saw the truth; or, if I saw it, I was devoid of courage to embrace it.

A young man of the Romagna, gloomy in disposition, and utterly corrupt in heart, was the first to plan my destruction. He had heard that I was rich, presumptuous, rash; and he pursued me with unabated zeal until he had ensnared me. He began by lavishing delicate attentions and flatteries upon me, by inflating me with magnificent promises.

He regarded me as a man of noble soul, generous heart, exalted understanding! I was capable of the grandest enterprises! Italy loved me as a son, and hailed me as her deliverer! She showed me her bosom gashed by tyrants, her arms manacled, her livid feet shackled as a slave's!

I was the man, in union with men of my character, to effect her salvation!

CHAPTER X.

THE VENDITE AND THE SECRET PROPAGANDIST OF CARBONARISM.

THE more I reflect on the means adopted by the revolutionary party in 1829 to organize a general conspiracy, the deeper is my amazement, in spite of my Carbonarian principles, at the blindness of European Governments. The signs of the approaching crisis were evident, the intrigues of the conspirators manifest, their measures bold and sanguine. But rulers regarded us as an indolent cook watches the cat nosing about a dish. The cat waits till the eyes of the cook are for a moment withdrawn, then pounces upon the savory bit, and flies away with its prey.

At Bologna, many, blind to the ominous times, allowed themselves to be seduced by the charm of novelty. Most of the professors of the university were men distinguished by their scientific attainments, signal prudence, solid judgment, and unshaken loyalty. But some of their number openly encouraged insubordination and revolt. They, in turn, entertained the students at their houses, walked with them under the porticos of the university, and said, in a low voice, "Italy is tired of slavery; she has fallen from her ancient greatness; her princes and nobles hold her abased in the mire; her hopes are centred only in the youths of the country." When the conduct and language of any professor were repeated to the police, the officers shrugged their shoulders, and said:—

"Great geniuses have always their crotchets. Let them croak a while, provided they do nothing to give us trouble."

And they laughed at the oddities of these learned Utopians.

In nearly all the universities of Italy, conspiracy was taught, covertly and openly. These schools of mischief intercommunicated their plots, resources, artifices. They were woven into a woof by the revolutionary shuttle.*

The aged Duke of Modena kept spies in all the universities, capitals, and courts of Europe. He was ever on the alert; he stimulated princes, and apprized them

* Italy, in regard to her professors and the doctrines which they taught, was happier than France and Germany. But slight causes produce immense mischief. In some universities, the conspirators were more guarded, through fear of the Government; but they worked the more banefully in secret. Judge of the seed by the fruit brought forth in 1848.

of current events. He knew the most secret intriguers, men who were in the service of rulers to watch their movements, master their secrets, worm into their confidence, avert or frustrate their projects.

And rulers gave themselves as little trouble about this state of things as they would about the affairs of Congo and Monomatapa. But it is surpassingly marvellous that the Duke of Modena, so sharp-sighted to his neighbors' condition, was so blind to his own, that he did not perceive the same perverse spirit at work in his own city and palace,—at his very chamber-door.

He salaried, and honored with his confidence, the very men whom he denounced to others. Secret societies have divers degrees of mystery. You may follow them to the third or fourth degree; but beyond this you behold an impenetrable labyrinth.

Princes, and the police, often select in high society the principal agents to perform, in secret, low offices. Were I to say that the *high light* of the Carbonari was neither count, marquis, colonel, nor general, I probably would not be believed. Were I to add that this functionary is a shoemaker, a jeweller, or a hatter, people would exclaim, "Humbug!" And nevertheless, was it not a band of low-born knaves who upset the throne of Louis Philippe, though it was sustained by a garrison of one hundred thousand soldiers, by well-appointed artillery-corps, by abundant munitions of war and impregnable ramparts, by a sharp-sighted police, and ministers who were masters of political science?

Thus the princes of Italy, in 1829 and 1830, sported around the monster which was soon to devour them.

Towards the end of 1830, Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, esteemed as a model loyalist a man whose name

stood prominently on my list among the most audacious Carbonari. The following February, she saw him at the head of the insurgents, and, as she was entering her carriage with her lady of honor, she eyed him disdainfully, and said, "He is another Judas." To this sarcasm the traitor replied by wishing her a pleasant journey.

Conspirators were plotting in the court of the Duke of Tuscany; but with more timidity, reserve, and prudence. They lay concealed at first, awaiting outbreaks at Rome and in Lombardy.

Charles Felix, King of Sardinia, was in delicate health. For ten years, he had steadily refused to pardon the rebels of 1821. But, at this very moment, traitors were weaving revolt around his bed, and so well had they prepared the warp, that General Cavassanti, commander of the royal carbineers, could not succeed in unravelling it. Had not the conspirators of Modena, Parma, and the Romagna anticipated by a few days the appointed time of insurrection, Piedmont, without pity for its dying monarch, would have been in open rebellion.*

One evening in June, I was present at a supper-party, on the Saragossa road, with a lawyer, two professors of the university, and a number of young men. When we were at the dessert, and the wine had begun to stir our

* General Cavassanti was a man of chivalric spirit, signal courage, and unstained loyalty. He had a son at the College of Turin. He knew that the conspirators intended to strike the first blow by an attack on the institution, seize the students and hold them as hostages for their fathers, who were members of the nobility, ministers of the crown, generals, and senators. He went to the superior, and said to him, "To-night, men have been seen prowling around the college and examining the basement-windows of the infirmary. One of them observed, 'We can scale the wall and enter

blood, the subject of Italy was introduced, and her present condition discussed, with a freedom of opinion and with proposals of redress which would have appalled the most courageous monarch. Among other things, the following remark was made:—

“As long as kings despise us on one hand and fear us on the other, we have rare sport with them.”

“Come, come,” said the lawyer, “you must not let the wine of Scandiano, which is ordinarily the light of truth, involve you in these contradictions of contempt and fear. These sentiments are utterly at variance.”

“You are a lawyer,” rejoined the first speaker, “and you have a right to abhor contradictions. You are very positive on this point; and doubtless it is the wine of Scandiano which enlightens the eye of a man like you, who know how to ally faith and perjury, honor and dastardliness, the devil and the saints. Still I maintain that we thrive on the contradictions of princes and governments.”

“Please explain your theory.”

“Theory? We deal with facts. Do you want proof? Listen, and see if I assert any thing but the truth. For several years we have written and proclaimed that opinions are free, that appliances for the advancement of ~~liberty~~ cannot be misdemeanors, that opinion rules the world, that enough has been said to deafen princes and ministers. If a prince discovers a conspiracy, he

by this story.’ I advise you to bar your windows well. I am unwilling to withdraw my son, and thus create alarm in families and injure the college. I put my trust in God’s providence.” He returned next day, and said, “If the revolt does not break out to-night, the victory is ours.” On the morrow, the revolt was suppressed, and this generous father proved that he made paternal affection subordinate to love of country.

is more embarrassed by the discovery than by the explosion against himself. On one side, he feels the necessity of acting with decision and violence; on the other, he fears, from every quarter, the tirades of the press denouncing him as a Nero, Caligula, Tiberius,—executioner, and monster of the worst dye.*

“He dreads, moreover, other Governments, which amuse themselves at his predicament, and criticize the measures of his ministers. In fine, if the prince has no sympathy with the rebels, he receives a despatch from a higher European Power, in which pleas are entered, and appeals made to his generosity, magnanimity, invincible power. His moderation is extolled to the skies, his eminent wisdom glorified, his paternal tenderness invoked. Surely, that amiable heart cannot shed the blood of his beloved subjects!†

* Francis IV., Duke of Modena, had reason to know this in the person of *Ciro Menotti*, who betrayed his master, from whom he had received so many favors. He was seized in his own house, with more than forty other conspirators; and, whilst the duke was promising him pardon provided he pledged his word to amend his life, he basely fired at his benefactor. His house was stormed, himself made prisoner and condemned to death. All Italy may recollect the maledictions poured on the head of this great and generous prince. Others were not so deaf to the cries of the conspirators. The *Echo of Mount Blanc* said, “It is beyond question, that France and Austria decreed to destroy, in Switzerland, this threatening focus of conspiracy, but their courage failed at the vociferations of the radical press.” (15th March, 1852.)

† This was the general system of European policy since 1830,—a system especially upheld by Louis Philippe, and more than ever, at the present day, by a powerful minister of one of the greatest nations of Europe. We cite, as a commentary on this fact, the words of a distinguished statesman:—“A fatal system prevails at our epoch. Men invoke humanity, excuse error, praise rebellious designs, scarcely blame an overt act of treason against legitimate

“Meanwhile the judges prosecute the offenders, make investigations, interrogate witnesses, multiply sittings, weigh aggravating circumstances, examine weapons and writings, come at length to the sentence which dooms a man to lose his head.”

“His head!” exclaimed a young man. “We have but one; and, if that is taken off, good-bye to our pleasant suppers on the Saragossa road.”

The professor replied,—

“It is quite plain that you are a mere novice. The judges, of course, do their duty. ‘Whereas, the article of the penal code declares so and so; Whereas, the depositions have been heard, the indictment proved, and the guilt of the prisoner admitted by himself, he is condemned to the penalty of death.’

“Good people shudder as they read this sentence affixed to the door of the tribunal, the columns of the palace, the corners of the streets; but, if they read on, they will find these words:—‘His majesty, our gracious sovereign, listening rather to the promptings of his natural clemency than to the rigorous demands of justice, has deigned to commute the penalty of death into twenty years’ hard labor.’”

“I breathe again!” exclaimed a young man, who

Governments. This system is destructive of all principles of justice, and more deadly in its applications than if extended to other crimes comparatively less atrocious than those which society formerly pronounced felony and high treason. The assassin, the robber, the forger, are direct and dangerous enemies of individuals; but political offenders are pernicious enemies of all society. It is marvellous that men, devoid of consideration for the wrongs of individual citizens, should, with every evidence of pity, surround, shield, protect, the disturbers of order and the public peace, the traitors who assail the rights of an entire nation,” &c.—SOLARO, D. M. *Memorandum*.

was perspiring from terror. "But twenty years in the galleys! whew!"

"Come, now, my dear sir, don't you know the nature of these years of clemency?"

"I know one thing: each year is made up of twelve months."

"Years of twelve months may be reckoned for the wretched; but for rebels they scarcely equal six. We do not count the nights; and thus the months are each reduced to fifteen days. Convicts in the galley have always the equinoctial season,—twelve hours night, twelve hours day."

"That is to say, their months are only fifteen days long."

"Yes; but that is not all. You must subtract some other small items. A royal prince is born, and that values a three years' abatement of the prisoner's term. A marriage is celebrated at court, and that deducts one or two years more. Then a revolt breaks out, and, lo! the Government shuts up shop and decamps. The brethren arrive, open the prison-door, break the fetters of these guiltless victims, and deliver the martyrs of liberty. They put weapons in their hands, and these freemen swear roundly that never will they permit a despot to cage them again."

"I hope," said the lawyer to him, "never to taste the delights of a prison. But if this is to be my doom, I shall remember the lesson which you give: I shall count the equinoxes, births, and marriages: in the interim, I will wait on the altar and in the sacristy; I shall always find a saint to help me."

The professor continued to develop his idea in regard to the complex sentiment of fear and contempt which

Governments feel for conspirators. Notwithstanding his assumption to produce effect, he said, with much truth and good sense, "We know that the police are cognizant of most of our secrets, schemes, and enterprises; but they hold us in contempt. Were it not so, they would not permit us to continue our work. We acknowledge that there are traitors among us, who communicate to princes some of our mysteries which they cannot penetrate; but these princes are very well aware that we are no strangers to the interior of their palaces, council-chambers, and even their *escri-toires*. His majesty, nevertheless, carries the key constantly in his pocket, and seems no way disturbed."

The lawyer observed that the conspirators often have in their hands draughts of the most important letters and despatches before they reach the envoys and ministers to whom they are addressed. The society has a key to all ciphers, conventional signs, devices, and mysterious practices. But the most incomprehensible mystery is the ignorance and inability of Governments to check us.

Before the outbreak of the Italian Revolution in 1831, the *Vendite* (this was the name given to the chiefs at the head-quarters of the Carbonari) were in successful operation. Their jurisdiction extended from the extremities of Calabria to the boundary of the Alps; and notwithstanding their abortive attempts in 1821, which peopled the prisons of Spielberg, the *Vendite* had revived. The fire smouldered under the ashes, ready to break forth in destructive flames. The Germans were on the alert; but the Carbonari were prepared for the assault. The society encountered difficulties in obtaining passports by which its members might cross

the frontiers and enter Lombardy. But they availed themselves of a thousand pretexts to accomplish their purpose and win distinguished proselytes to their nefarious schemes.

The bull of Leo XII. against secret associations had been widely bruited, and exercised stronger influence over the public mind than is generally believed. Young men, who, according to Weishaupt, are the ordinary aliment of the revolutionary sects, had to overcome not only their fear of human justice, but their horror of excommunication. The universities, however, were the abundant fisheries of the agitators. In some cities the young men were more on their guard; and in Lombardy and Venetia recruits were sought less among youths than among men of mature age.

Among students, they endeavored to entice the most inexperienced. Governments seem little disposed to understand—greatly to our advantage—that the numerous schools in every state promote our designs, and that each university is an open market to the Vendite of Carbonarism. On the other hand, the multiplication of universities is manifestly attributable to the alteration in the principles of international law, as variable as forms of government. Formerly the only basis of studies was the Roman and the Canon law. The Italian, the Spaniard, the German, could pursue his studies with as much facility in the celebrated University of Paris, as in that of Padua, Bologna, or Salamanca.

Protestantism has corrupted throughout Europe the fundamental principles of all rights, natural, political, Christian; it has dug away the common foundation of laws; it has concentrated in the heart all the blood of

a nation ; it has severed every vein in the great body of Catholic legislation. Hence the most diminutive state clamors for a constitution.

Where shall we seek the cause of this disastrous rupture ? In the system of Weishaupt and his disciples—the multiplication of universities. You need not go beyond these rendezvous to obtain proselytes. The university tempts every laborer to make his sons doctors. The university is the manufacturer of lawyers, physicians, engineers, who settle like a swarm of insects on the public treasury. Many, unable to glut their desires, seek in conspiracies the realization of their loftiest projects and wildest ambition. Monarchs are content to live apart with their respective laws, educational systems, ecclesiastical jurisdictions, moneys, manufactories, and commerce circumscribed by the frontiers, thanks to the universal monopoly prevailing in each country. But they are blind to the correlative fact that the revolutionary party avails itself of this national aggregation, of this concentration, to establish a society which threatens to absorb the independence, to destroy the political existence, of all nations.

The party is clear-sighted to this issue, and applies the doctrines of the universities to the accomplishment of its projects. Weishaupt is always the grand master in these kind of operations. Some of his disciples, in my hearing, have discussed the feasibility of turning against the state, weapons sharpened at the university for our benefit. One day, when we were assembled, on receiving news of the political disturbances of 1831, and were examining the obstacles with which rulers might check them, the president, an old man of great experience and craftiness, said to us briefly, "Gentlemen, do you know

the most effectual obstacle they can throw in our way? It is simply to close the colleges of Paris for ten years."

Several of the company evinced their astonishment at this singular idea. He told them that they studied this subject like unfledged politicians.

"Were ministers," he continued, "to shut up the colleges, they would at once suppress our recruiting establishments, and arrest the annual deluge of doctors, who are our most efficient aids, as ardent propagators of our doctrines and inciters to revolt among the people. Suppose that for the space of ten years, collegiate faculties discontinued the making of lawyers and doctors. What would be the result? The dullest members of the profession would get a large number of clients and patients, and, like well-fed dogs, would cease to bark.

✓ "Princes are perfectly aware of this fact; and, after the troubles of 1821, they attempted to apply a remedy. But we made such an outcry that they were compelled to reorganize the universities on the ancient footing. Had they been able to regain their thrones, during our revolutionary movements in 1831, they doubtless would have double-locked the doors of the universities. And then? we would have clamored stoutly, and the doors would have been reopened."

We had at first received these bold theories of the old Carbonaro with some astonishment and incredulity; but we subsequently adopted them with a unanimous voice. The Carbonari, and the members of societies fully initiated in their mysteries, are more familiar than state Governments with the proper measures and means to arrest their operations. They are eminently aware that their surest stay is a system of fear and non-inter-vention.

These considerations did not strike me during my sojourn at Bologna. When I began to reflect, it was too late to correct my error. I had not the moral courage to retrace my steps and re-enter the path of virtue and honor. I allowed myself to be carried away by the reveries of imagination. Like a blind man I advanced in the downward course of vice. I moved heedlessly in the gathering throng of bad companions. The artifices of my *initiator* (this term, in the language of the Carbonari, designates the man who enlists new associates) succeeded at length in closing around me the nets of the Romagnese Vendita, whose chief at this epoch was at Cesena.

Some sentiments of filial and fraternal love lingered in my bosom. They urged me to re-visit my mother and embrace Josephine. But the adventure at Triest, and the shame of returning home covered with dishonor, combated these desires of my heart. The wily Carbonaro triumphed in his designs upon me. He threw a veil over my eyes, and induced me to take that fatal resolution which has proved the principle of all my other disorders, and of all the disasters of my life. I wrote to my mother, and told her that I would spend my vacation in travelling, because I had not perfectly recovered from the malady which I had contracted at Padua; and the physicians had advised me to take some relaxation. I begged her to furnish me with necessary funds.

Fifteen days afterward, Don Giulio, in company with the major-domo, arrived at Bologna. He brought me a handsome travelling-equipage, with abundant supplies of linen and other useful articles. Don Giulio offered his services as a travelling-companion. But I had no

idea of embarrassing myself with a mentor, and, therefore, succeeded in ridding myself of his presence. Provided with a handsome sum of money, and letters of credit on Forli, Pesaro, and Ancona, I feigned an intention to set out alone. I soon found a companion. The *initiator* was waiting for me at an inn, a mile from Bologna. He got into the carriage, and we drove to Imola. There we dined, and met a body of friends who had been looking for our arrival, partly sworn Carbonari, partly candidates.

At that very period, I noticed how multiplied and closely interwoven are the links of that chain which unites, in all cities, the members of secret societies.

We had been scarcely a quarter of an hour at Imola, when two young men came in to join us, then a third, then other couples, who followed at less intervals. They embraced us, and, in a particular manner, shook hands, squeezed the thumb with the palm, and pressed the wrist twice. Thanks to my master's instructions, I knew the meaning of these mysterious rites. As yet, however, I was only a catechumen, and, consequently, a stranger to their jargon. They communicated news to one another, of foreign countries. They uttered their hopes and fears, projects and resolutions. They spoke of the courage of some, of the cowardice and weakness of others, of the change of magistrates, and recent orders of the captains.

New members of the association were baptized with new names. Thus, my *initiator's* name, Peter, was exchanged for Alcibiades; Lorenzo, one of the party, was called Cleon; Joseph, another, was styled Aristides; and Louis, a third, was known as Demetrius. Among my companions I counted two noblemen, three citizens, a

merchant, a carpenter, a police-officer, a tax-gatherer, and a servant of the hotel, who, whilst he was setting the table, conversed on a perfect equality with the rest. His name was Cecchino, but among his brethren he was called Titus. He was the cleverest knave of the third squadron of the first section. He had the nose of a bloodhound to scent travellers who stopped at the hotel. The slightest peculiarity, caught at a glance, in the look, smile, manner of handling a knife, drinking, or asking a question, disclosed to him a brother. He threw out at random a conventional word, and, if the other caught the ball at the bound, he raised the mask and saluted him with the ordinary terms, "Unto death." Then they exchanged news.

That night we met the same reception at Forli; but on the following day, when we arrived at Cesena, Alcibiades left me, to visit the grand *Trafiliere*, who was in direct correspondence with the *Trafilieri* of Italy. These men hold high positions among the Carbonari. They are next in grade to the supreme chiefs, from whom they receive immediate orders, and with whom they communicate on the most important business. Thus, the *Trafiliere* of Bologna notifies the *Trafiliere* of Forli, Pesaro, and Ancona of the arrival of a brother, of interests committed to his care, of the means to advance them, of current events; and, if necessary, counsels and aids them.

The Carbonarist *Vendita* is divided into *Trafile*, and each of these has its *Trafiliere*. Under him are secondary chiefs, who are the executive officers in their respective sections. The *Trafile* are subdivided into *Sections*, sections into squadrons. In every city there is a regulator, who is styled the *High light*. He communicates with the *Trafiliere*, but he is not acquainted

with the chiefs of the other *Trafile*. The *High light* is commander of the captains of squadrons; each of which regularly numbers ten Carbonari.

This number has been since increased to fourteen members, and sometimes more. When I was enrolled, ours was composed of only five associates. They were strangers to the other chiefs of squadrons, and to their fellow-members.

The chief of a squadron did not know others of his own grade, but only the chief of his section; and all of this last class knew their *High light*. This fact will explain the bootless labors of the police of Turin and Genoa in 1831 and 1833. They could not trace the threads of the conspiracy, which broke in their hands; and had they not unluckily possessed themselves of a *Trafilere's* secret list, they would not have succeeded in winding up the skein of our operations.

Besides the *High light*, the association selects, from the cleverest of its members, men for the office of enticers, or enrollers. These adepts mingle in society, and obtrude into every place, to lure and entrap new proselytes. They enter the universities, lyceums, academies, military schools, custom-houses, ship-yards, warehouses, shops, barracks, factories of workmen, and even villages and hamlets. When they have gained a recruit, they pass him to the *Masters*, whose duty it is to instruct the neophytes and give them some knowledge of the rites and usages of the society; of the feints, precautions, subterfuges, and means they must employ to elude the vigilance of the legal authorities; of the jargon, signs, and all the secrets which constitute the mysteries of the first circle,—for we are far above the puerile emblems of free-masonry.

Our secret societies, at the present day, are fashioned on the type of the Illuminati. They rise in concentric departments, one above the other, and communicate their mysteries to the brethren in gradual proportion. The last and highest is accessible only to the privileged few, who envelop themselves in profound darkness, to escape the eye of rulers. The effects of such an organization are necessarily terrible in a revolution.*

Alcibiades, who had enrolled and conducted me to the threshold of the temple, returned to the hotel, after his interview with the Grand Trafliere, and told me that I was received, and that my baptism would, at three o'clock, take place at the house of the High light. He had to seek godfathers for me, as also *Coverers*, internal and external. The godfathers stand on each side of the catechumen, as witnesses of the oaths which he takes; the coverers are vedettes, or advanced sentinels, ever at their post to watch and report the hostile movements of the police.

The *external Coverers* keep guard at the end of the street; the *internal*, at the bottom of the stairs, because the lodges have ordinarily several issues to escape in case of surprise. Small doors opening on a stairway are often made in the wall behind the large frames of pictures representing a saint, an historical event, a landscape. When the frame is replaced, no one would dream that it covers a secret passage.

We left the hotel in fine spirits. It was my first visit; and I walked along with eyes roving in

* By the horrors with which Switzerland, Italy, and Germany were deluged in 1848 and 1849; by those which affrighted France in December, 1852, rulers could ascertain the infernal spirit which animates secret societies.

every direction. As is usual in cities thronged with strangers, the crowd gave me a passing look, and then moved on to attend to their own business. Alcibiades, after a short walk, took us to a coffee-house, where we found the brethren. We passed from group to group, exchanging salutations, with kind and agreeable chat. Alcibiades touched me on the arm, and made a sign to two of the fraternity; and, drawing me aside, said to us, "Three hours after midnight, at the house of Calphurnius, (he was the High light,)—you will be sponsors." He addressed a third, "We want coverers at three o'clock."

On my return, at dinner-time, to the hotel, I found the table set for several guests in the room which we had engaged. They were awaiting our arrival, and reading in a low voice, to while away the time, the news of Ravenna, where, a few days before, a police-agent had been slain by a gun-shot.

The wound was mortal, and the man fell to the ground. Immediately the brethren gathered in confusion around him, to give the assassin an opportunity to escape by mingling with the crowd. The cry rose, "Who is it?—It is such a one.—No. It is somebody else.—Good God! What a state of things! At mid-day, on the public square, a poor father of a family, a loyal subject, a faithful officer, is struck down, not by the dagger's point, but by a ball! This is the work of those assassins of the secret societies!" "Hush!" exclaimed one of ours, with feigned compassion; "hush! Those fellows are within hearing; they may take it into their heads to attack us, honest and inoffensive folks. They are capable of any thing. Heaven help us! They have their eye upon us. As we come from

the evening exercises at St. Vitalis or St. Apollinaris, we may get the stroke of a dagger for our pains. Let us move off. This is no safe place for us."

Meanwhile, the carbineers, with a picket of the cardinal legate's guard, run to the spot. "Stand back, my good people: make room for the officers of justice."

They raise the wounded man and carry him to a neighboring room, where he soon expires. But our brave Icilius, who had loaded the gun too heavily, was wounded in the breast by the recoil, and vomited blood. A surgeon is called in. We were much alarmed. The police had its suspicions, and kept an eye on him.*

It was a pleasant dinner-party. The guests complimented me with many libations on my arrival and new consecration. They made frequent allusion to the advancement of our society and the future prosperity of Italy. In the evening, we met at the coffee-house, played a while at billiards, and partook of some refreshments. The several chiefs of squadrons repaired to Calphurnius's house. I followed them, somewhat later, with two assistants, or sponsors, and two master-coverers, who conducted me to the place of meeting and presented me as a candidate to the Vendita.

The High light made me a short address, to stimulate my faith, zeal, courage, and perseverance in the society. He assured me that he built large hopes on

* These suspicions were well grounded, as the trial and conviction of the prisoner demonstrated. It is not amiss to state here that the author has been taken to task by some citizens of Ravenna, because he asserted that the murder took place in daylight, whilst, in fact, it occurred at one o'clock in the morning. The poor man had heard the event mentioned years since; and these gentlemen, from the mistake in regard to a few hours, argue that the Jew of Verona and Lionello are only tissues of calumnies!

my accession. I could render subservient to generous and glorious enterprises, the nobility of my birth, the loftiness of my sentiments, and the wealth of my family. The eye of the Vendita would be ever upon me; and, though it now looked upon the prostration of Italy, it would one day see me, in union with other noble champions, restore to our country the crown and sceptre of the queen of nations.

At the end of his remarks, the two assistants led me into the middle of the hall, bandaged my eyes, and placed their right hands on my shoulders. The High light baptized me by pouring some water on my face. The Secretary of the Vendita then read to me the fundamental laws of the society, and said to me,—

“Giulio, (for it is with this name the society baptizes thee,) dost thou promise faithful observance of these laws?”

I answered, “I do.”

“Dost thou promise obedience to the orders given to thee in the name of the society, blind, prompt, steadfast, constant?”

“I do.”

“Dost thou promise to keep the secret inviolate until death?”

“I do.”

“Dost thou promise to hold as thy enemies, all enemies of the society? to hate them with thy whole soul, with all thy heart and with all thy strength?”

“I do.”

“Thou must now take the oath.”

They then removed the bandage from my eyes, and drew aside a curtain of red velvet. Behind was a recess like a closet, in which stood a kind of altar, and

two lighted candles at the sides of a pedestal. In this was stuck a triangular dagger, on one blade of which was engraved the motto, *Fraternity*; on the second, *Death to traitors*; on the third, *Death to tyrants*. The High light took it up, showed me the second motto, and spoke:—

“Place the palm of your hand on the point of the dagger, and repeat after me. I swear to keep faithfully the promises which I have made. If I prove false, may this poniard cleave my heart. From this very moment I authorize any member of the society to slay me if he find me recreant; as I, in like circumstances, will spare no traitor.”

I took the oath. The curtain was redrawn. The High light kissed me on the forehead; the others clasped my right hand in theirs, and, placing the left on my shoulder, kissed me on the mouth.*

CHAPTER XI.

THE OATH.

THE horrible oaths which I took after the baptism of the Carbonari, give the import of those kisses which were impressed on my forehead and lips by the High light and the two master-assistants. This rite typified the nature and form of secret societies. All my asso-

* These are no longer mysteries. These practices were brought to light, not only in the prosecution of the members of the “Italian Unity” at Naples in 1850, but in all the journals of France, by the trial and confessions of the communists of the Mountain in 1852.

ciates had pledged themselves by the same oaths to murder false brethren; and yet all these men had given me a kiss, the holiest emblem of friendship and love. This is the love of secret societies,—deadlier than the hatred of barbarians. It is a mockery; for how can I pretend to love a man sincerely, into whose heart I will to-morrow, without personal grievance to redress, plunge a dagger at the simple behest of an unknown tribunal which has doomed him to die? And—crueler thought!—the friend of my soul, who requites my love, must stand prepared to assassinate me at the first command which he receives.

And yet there are men in the world so besotted as to enter without dread these infernal societies; to enslave themselves by blind obedience to a tyrant whom they do not know; to hold themselves in readiness to perpetrate the foulest enormities which at any moment may be exacted of them; to expose themselves, in fine, to receive a mortal blow from the host who entertains them at his table, and the companion who shares their bed. There are young men who denounce, as hard, degrading, insupportable, the authority of a father, the chidings of a mother, the legitimate government of a state. And, nevertheless, with inexplicable inconsistency, they submit to a vile, stupid, infamous bondage, under the iron yoke of unseen chiefs, implacable inquisitors,* ruthless and sanguinary assassins.†

* Witness the thirteenth article of the *Italian Unity*:—"Before affiliating a candidate, there must be a rigorous examination of his past life, family, and friends. After he has been admitted, the inquisitors must keep a watchful eye upon him."

† In the *Italian Unity*, assassins are called the *executive committee*. In July, 1849, the supreme council determined to establish a *stabbing committee*.

The adepts who occupy the highest position in the society are called *Invisibles*. They wrap themselves in profoundest mystery, as perfect strangers to the initiated, and still more to the candidates or novices. It thus often happens that, without being suspected, they mingle with their brethren in hotels, sit side by side with them at table and at the theatre, discharge public duties as colleagues. The inquisitors are darker than night, subtler than the devil, shrewder than weasels, more sharp-sighted than lynxes. They are ubiquitous. Nothing escapes their eyes and ears. They note, scrutinize, report, ponder, every event and circumstance. And what folly it is to affirm that there is freedom in these secret societies, which exercising an authority more terrible than that of the ancient Vehmlic Courts of Westphalia, surround, beleaguer, and everywhere condemn you! The brother who gives you a kiss to-day may give you a stab to-morrow.

This is the character of their friendship and fraternity, in spite of their disclaimers and charges of falsehood. No one has enjoyed ampler opportunities than myself to ascertain this fact. And this remark is applicable not only to the Carbonari, but to the members of every secret society, even the most recent; which is crueller and more treacherous than its predecessors. I have tested the value of their friendship, and I illustrate my assertion by the following example:—

A few years since, there lived in a city of Central Italy two young men, united by the friendliness of a virtuous neighborhood and the bonds of relationship. In their studies and diversions they were inseparable companions. They were intimate as brothers. At

length they left home to pursue their legal studies at the university. They lodged at the same hotel and occupied the same chamber. They frequented the same society and used one another's wardrobe. Theirs, indeed, was a beau-ideal friendship. One of them was of noble birth, but of reduced fortunes, and, consequently, had to economize his allowance. The other was the son of a rich merchant, who did not stint his expenses. The latter insisted on being sole paymaster, with a delicate generosity which evinced the sincerest friendship.

The nobleman, Albert's father, died deeply involved, and left his widow unable to meet his obligations. She wrote to her son that her poverty compelled her to call him home. When Marino heard the news, he said to his friend, "Albert, I will never suffer you to return until you have finished your course. Write to your mother, and tell her that I will bear your expenses and provide for your wants."

To meet this additional charge without informing his parents, Marino denied himself many of those pleasures and comforts which most young men enjoy.

Soon after he had taken his degree as Bachelor of Law, Albert fell into the hands of a propagandist of the Carbonari. He was so surrounded with artifices and lures, that he became an ardent promoter of the society, and finally drew into its snares his unfortunate friend Marino.

Albert's temper was proud, enthusiastic, fearless to excess; his imagination, lively and restless; his mind ductile; his will, resolute and sometimes headstrong. The character of Marino was open, generous, candid. He was irascible, yet easily appeased; compassionate to the unfortunate, liberal and courteous to his friends,

complaisant in his words, noble in his deportment. Albert, sharing Marino's chamber and purse, devoted himself with great ardor to his studies, and received his diploma.

He returned home with his benefactor and friend, whose kindness alleviated many domestic trials.

But the Carbonarist Vendita, keenly perceptive of talents in its associates, was sensible that Albert could render it important services; and therefore employed him as an agent in most perilous enterprises. As it was found necessary to discuss secret measures with members of the association in different provinces, the mission was intrusted to Albert. He was furnished with a large sum of money, and a forged passport. He got into the public coach, and set out as a young gentleman making a tour. Owing to imprudences which he had committed in his passage through certain places, or to the suspicions of the police, which he had aroused before his journey, he was arrested at an unexpected moment. He had just arrived in a city, and, as a rich nobleman, entered the best hotel, with the intention of spending there a few days in order to discharge the duties assigned him.

The Governor of the province, eminent for his penetration and adroitness, regarded him with an unfavorable eye. He went to the hotel, and, taking the waiter aside, said to him,—

“Do you want to earn ten francs? Get me that stranger's pocket-book for a few minutes.”

“That's impossible, your excellency; for he keeps it always in his coat-pocket.”

“If that is all, there is little difficulty. Does he not take coffee after dinner?”

"Yes, your excellency."

"Very well: when you hand him his coffee to-day, contrive by some awkwardness to spill a little on his sleeve. He will scold and call you a blockhead. You must appear very sorry, run for his morning-gown, and beg him to change his coat. You will say, 'Please, sir, give it to me to dry; I will bring it back to you in five minutes.' He will think only of the accident, and you will bring me the coat in an adjoining room."

The plan was carried out. Albert, in his anger, forgot all about his pocket-book. The cunning waiter put it into the hands of the Governor. He glanced at the addresses of several letters written to Carbonari at Rome, Naples, and elsewhere. He noted it down, and replaced the book. Albert put on his coat without further thought, and took his departure next day. The Governor posted three mounted carbineers a few miles from the city, to stop the carriage and demand Albert's passport. They examined it, and, telling him it was not satisfactory, required him to return to the city and report to the police. He had to yield, in spite of complaints and objections. The police searched him closely, and found on him other papers which compromised him seriously. They put him in prison.

On the following day, the Governor, with the commissaries, and solicitor of the crown, subjected the prisoner to a long examination, but could not extract a word from him. On the morrow, the Governor paid him a second visit, and used his utmost efforts to prevail on him to denounce his fellow-conspirators. Not a word of reply was uttered by Albert. He stood motionless, with downcast eye and haggard cheek, with compressed lips, clenched hands, and arms folded on his

breast. For three days and nights he remained obstinately silent, rejecting food and drink, and fixed in his purpose to die of hunger. The Governor perceived the prisoner's exhaustion, and the likelihood of his burying his secret with him in the grave. He sent for an apothecary, and directed him to administer several cups of chocolate to Albert, whose resistance was overcome by two of the guards. Twice during the day this officer paid the unhappy young man a polite visit, but could not obtain a word from him. For several days he persisted in his obstinate silence. At length the authorities intercepted a letter from his mother, who complained that he had abandoned her in the midst of the greatest misery, in which, but for the provident kindness of his friend Marino, herself and his sister would have perished of hunger. She stated that a debt of fifty crowns had fallen due several months since, and that she would be compelled in the course of a fortnight to sell all her furniture, as she had not the courage to speak to Marino on the subject.

The Governor went to the prison, and read this letter to Albert, who could not suppress his feelings, nor the expressions of liveliest sorrow.

The Governor then drew a purse from his pocket, and said to the prisoner, "Albert, here are two hundred crowns for your mother. Write a word to her; I will transmit your letter and the money by post." The young man was subdued. He secretly denounced his accomplices, and, a short time afterward, regained his liberty.

On his return to his country, he swore he had been faithful to his trust, and lived comfortably in the practice of his professional duties.

He continued to enjoy the friendship of Marino, who,

in the space of a few months, was to marry a lady of great beauty and wealth, to whom he was passionately attached. But he was marked out for vengeance by the Carbonari, either because they doubted his fidelity; or because he had actually repented of his engagements and broken his connection with the society. They selected the murderer and *coverers* to co-operate with him; they appointed the day for the *operation*, (to use the language of the *Vendita*.) One of the coverers gave Albert the mandate of the High light, who charged him, on such a night, *to kill that villanous traitor Marino*. These are the amiable epithets the society employs. Albert was thunderstruck, and asked if there was no possibility of escape.

"No," said the coverer: "his doom is fixed. There will be two of us at the end of the street, two at the corner of the court, three in the small square. Marino, usually unaccompanied, comes home about eleven o'clock at night. Give him a stab in the throat and another in the heart. Leave the poniard sticking in the wound, and, whilst he is endeavoring to extract it, you will have an opportunity to make your escape. If necessary, we will run up as if by chance.

✓ "Here is the false beard you will wear after the deed is done. Use a black velvet sack, and slip on plaid pantaloons. To-morrow night, you understand, —without fail."*

* These dark and merciless judgments are still executed, in defiance of the most vigorous Governments. The *Courrier de Vienne* of the 24th March states that the Paris police had obtained possession of a writing of the following import:—"Secret committee of the Chapel of St. Denis, 8th February, 1852, 11 P.M. Present, all the members of the tribunal. Citizen D., clerk, reads the writ of indictment against

Albert cursed the hour in which he had been born. Marino, toward dusk, went out to take his usual walk. He noticed his friend's thoughtfulness and melancholy. "What is the matter, my dear Albert? Is there any thing that troubles you? Are you in want of money? Speak to me openly: you know my love for you."

"You need not remind me of your friendship," replied Albert. "I have had too many proofs of it, and I thank you sincerely. But to-day I am suffering from a headache, which is, very likely, owing to the gloomy weather."

Then Marino began to speak of his betrothed, and of the happiness which this long-desired marriage would give him,—a happiness which he would share with his friend Albert. It was growing late, and Marino was eager to see the object of his affection. When they reached the door, Marino pressed his friend's hand affectionately, and said to him, "Continue to love me, my dear Albert. To-morrow I hope to find your head free and your heart joyous."

Reader, have you the courage to follow me further in my narrative? As for me, I feel the pen tremble in my hand; for I see the bloody shade of a friend, who recalls one by one the favors which he heaped on me, and asks, with a hollow but steady voice, "Did you basely slay me because I saved your life at Lisbon?" And he fixes his eye on the murderous hand

Jacquet. The prosecuting officer argues the case and claims sentence of death against the accused. The jury comes into the court-room at midnight. The foreman returns a verdict of guilty; the president of the tribunal pronounces sentence. *'In the name of the democratic and social republic, the court condemns Jacquet to the penalty of death. Citizen V. S. F. will execute the sentence.'*"

which I strive to hide in my bosom, plucks it out, and holds it up reeking in the sunlight. Young men who have read these words, tell me if friendship can exist in these secret societies; tell me if the kiss of its members can be loyal, when, as they press it on your lips, they are ready to plunge a stiletto into your breast.*

The unfortunate Marino fell upon the threshold. His groans drew the attention of a grocer in the neighborhood. This man raised him up, called for help, gently drew the dagger from his side, and, aided by persons who ran to the spot at the alarm which he gave, carried the victim to his home and placed him in the arms of his mother.

The poor young man begged for a priest, and called continually on the name of Jesus. Feeling his strength declining, he said to his distressed and sobbing mother,—

“Mother, farewell: I am going to leave you. Try to console Albert and my good Victoria. Aid my friend in his wants, and treat him as a son. I forgive

* So outrageous is the cruelty of these secret societies, that the members massacre in cold blood not only their friends, but their brothers and the very authors of their existence. The *Courrier de la Drone* of the 25th February, 1852, gives us a horrible proof of this assertion. It informs its readers that at Valence, the night of the 7th December, Benjamin Richer, twenty-six years old, after his mother had prepared and carried to his room a potion and retired to rest, rose from his bed, provided himself with a kitchen-knife, entered his mother's chamber and stabbed her nine times. The unfortunate woman, who survived a short time, testified to the officers of justice that her own son had perpetrated this heinous crime. The murderer boldly confessed that he had killed her because, like a coward and traitor, she had hindered him from going to fight with the red brethren of the Mountain. What inconceivable atrocity! And yet there are young men in Italy who join these societies!

my murderer with all my heart, as I hope myself to be forgiven. Mother, mother, I am dying—Jesus”—And he expired.

The coverers enabled Albert to make good his retreat. They rejoined and accompanied him to the house of one of them, where he changed his clothes amid the applauses of these human tigers. Some went with him immediately to the coffee-house; others hastened as eavesdroppers to their posts in the public square and theatre. The next morning, as soon as the murder transpired, they spread the report that an assassin lately come from Leghorn had been seen prowling about the house of Marino for several days past, and following him at a distance.

It was, no doubt, the work of an enemy,—some jealous person, perhaps. The young man was guilty, it may be, of some imprudence: who knows? We are surrounded by so many villains. The police ought to be more on the watch. No honest man is any longer safe. It is a desperate state of things! Poor young man! he was so good!

Thus the associates give the public mind a wrong scent, and impress it with the idea that their victim had been struck down by the hand of a stranger.

I knew in Rome several of these wretches, who, in obedience to their Trafles, had committed murders in the Romagna and the Marches. I learned from them, in minutest detail, the system of false reports and fabricated news which they practised to baffle the scrutiny of the police. What struck me with most astonishment was the brutal spirit of these men.

They boasted to one another about their crimes, and jested about their bloody deeds, without dis-

quietude or seeming apprehension of a similar fate for themselves. For they too, at any moment, may be denounced as traitors, and, from the hands of their best friends, receive the blow which they inflicted on their victim.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST GRADES.

I WAS now Giulio the Carbonaro. I remained some time at Cesena, to learn the symbols, devices, secret craft, of the society. I had many personal advantages which opened to me a fair prospect of success. The grand masters of the Vendita, who are the subtlest explorers of the recesses of the human heart, were not blind to my availability as an auxiliary, in the gifts of birth, and fortune, and education, in my natural vivacity, prepossessing manners, adventurous character,—with the additional recommendation of a tall and graceful figure and agreeable features. They decided to overleap the intermediate probation of the *Initiated* and promote me to the highest grades. Their object was to call my abilities at once into service, and qualify me to co-operate in the conspiracies which were forming on every side; which were, eighteen months later, to terrify, by their explosion, kings and dukes, and establish a popular Government from the Alps to the Abruzzi.

This rapid elevation to the pinnacle of the Carbonarist hierarchy will, no doubt, excite a general curiosity

and lively desire to know the new mysteries which I learned in the dark haunts of conspiracy; the measures which secret societies employ to execute their designs; the weapons with which they achieve success; the counsels on which they rely; in fine, the positive end which they seek in their most intimate and secret thoughts.

This desire of penetrating the mysteries of Carbonarism might, it seems to me, have been excited, a few years since, in the liveliest degree, not only in the inferior classes of society, but in men of eminent abilities, who, aware of the general tendencies of secret associations, were strangers to the final issues to which they tend. But, were I to answer all these questions, were I to attempt to satisfy this curiosity and desire of the world, my labors would not carry me beyond the year 1847. But during a space of ten years, France, Germany, and Switzerland have been inundated by a deluge of public confessions, complete revelations of all secret societies, from Carbonarism to socialism and universal communism.

All these societies, which owe their birth to the Illuminism of Weishaupt, have the very aims of this insolent foe of God, of mankind and their rulers. The final end of Carbonarism is that of *Young Italy*, *Swiss Radicalism*, the *Sacred Alliance* of Germany, and the *Mountain* in France.

Their iniquity has been disclosed, in its gigantic proportions. It was unmasked to the public eye in 1847, and rendered patent in the application of its detestable principles throughout all Europe in 1848. What, then, is the true and final oath of Carbonarism?

It is: "First—To destroy on earth, Jesus Christ and

his Church,—the very name of God,—by deifying man under the complex idea of the people.

“Second. To destroy all authority, under every name, be it of emperor, king, senate, statute, or law.

“Third. To destroy all bonds of nationality, country, family, property.

“Fourth. In fine, to dispose man to idolize his being, to constitute himself master of all creation, a solitary animal, truculent and avid of blood, like serpents, tigers, and lions of the forest.*

“This is the constituent essence of human felicity.

“The man of society is a monster, perverted by an original fault. He must be brought back to a state of nature, to attain the happiness to which he aspires. But, as the idea of God fills him with terror, he must annihilate God, and, as a deity, occupy his place. If he wishes to perfect his Godlike nature, he must identify himself with the soul of the world, which the vulgar call the demon or the angel of the abyss, but which the Egyptian sages symbolized in their Grand Typhon. Consequently, this demonolatry, this worship of the demon, is the apogee of human perfectibility, exalted in

* We have an illustration of these doctrines in the horrors committed in France by the socialists and communists, December, 1852, in twenty-five departments,—scenes of arson, robberies, homicides, sacrileges, and unheard-of crimes. After the *Coup d'État* of the 2d December, the oath of the *Reds of the Mountain* was discovered. It is like that of the *Carbonari*, *Young Italy*, *German Alliance*, &c. These are the words they pronounce over the dagger's point:—“I swear, by this steel, the symbol of honor, to arm, combat and confound all despotism, religious, political, social,—to war against it everywhere, unceasingly, now and ever.” (*Univers*, 2d February, 1852.) Despotism, in the mouths of men who acknowledge no law, divine or human, is synonymous with authority;—a fact which proves beyond question that they swear to destroy all that is lawful and sacred on earth.

a hypostatic union with the negative and contradictory idea of the God of heaven, the jealous and eternal enemy of human progress."

Carbonarism, Young Italy, and all other secret societies whose membership and grades I have received, affect this last and sublimest mystery. Their rites are different, their ordeals more or less criminal; but their end is the same,—denial of God, and union of human with diabolic nature.

Reader, you grow pale, tremble, shudder with horror. Perhaps, too, you prostrate yourself before God in adoration, and thank your Creator and Redeemer, who has preserved you from this abyss of prevarications.

Brother, you have asked me to reveal the mystery of evil, and I have fulfilled your wishes only in words. For you could not endure the spectacle of those dark assemblies, nor assist at those hideous rites, nor listen to those absurd and execrable blasphemies. I say absurd designedly; for can any thing be more absurd than the act of a human being made after the image and likeness of God, who disowns, abjures, abdicates his nobility, to form an alliance with the devil?

It is true, he grovels in his vices; but it is the height of madness, which excites pity rather than contempt, to defile the beauty of his soul and assume the foul deformity of Satan. Christians! you are wont to say that the conversion of a perfect adept is measurably impossible. Can we deny it? He conceives a formal hatred against God; he denies his Maker, and identifies himself with the angel of perdition. We have, nevertheless, accessions of terror. At times, a flash of light rives the mass of darkness which wraps us at the bottom of the abyss. But that light appalls: it gives no consolation;

it awakes no hope, and plunges the soul in despair. Oh, God! Do I not know it? do I not see it? I feel the horrors which envelop me; but I have neither strength nor will to escape my destiny.

A malediction is crushing me to the earth. It is the blood of Christ, which was shed to save me. I have flung it from my soul; and now it persecutes and anathematizes me!

But as yet I have addressed only pure and timid souls, who read these pages with affright. A large class, reliant on their wisdom and experience, will smile at these tragic records, and regard them as the fruits of remorse, the effects of devouring melancholy, perhaps the exaggeration of a diseased imagination. Let them say and think what they please: I recite what I know. They need only peruse the continued revelations which the socialists and communists make in their writings. Fourier, Considerant, Proudhon, Desmoulins, Marr, Weithtling, Babeuf, and their colleagues, to pass over the oaths which they took in their secret societies, publish the following principles:—

“It is time to reform the world. Away with God, kings, governments, laws, nobles, citizens! Only the man of the people must live, reign, and rule as God. Death to the proprietors of fields, houses, and money! Glory to the assassin! Crime is the only virtue; the only crime, the worship of God and love of men. The blood of two millions and a half of slaughtered Jesuits is necessary to regenerate mankind. Banish God from earth, and man will be blessed.”*

To perfect their system, secret societies, it seems to

* We read lately, with horror, in the “*République Universelle*,” “Religion is a social malady, which cannot be cured too soon.”

me, need but one thing; and that is, not to adore the devil, but persuade him to adore his worshippers. But Satan, with all his pride, believes in God and trembles, *Credit et contremiscit*; whilst the sons of Weishaupt believe and despise God. Joseph Ferrari exclaims at Lugano, "Who is God, and what claim has he on us?" Proudhon writes at Paris, in open day, "God is essential evil."* This is the *ne plus ultra* of blasphemy; this is the language of horrible wickedness, which the world has not heard since the sovereign goodness of God called it into being. Had not the blood of Jesus Christ stifled this rampant blasphemy, the universe would have been precipitated into original nothingness. God, as the supreme good, is infinite mercy. For the sake of his elect, he tolerates these blasphemies, which are exhaled from the spiracles of hell, the mouths of the chiefs of secret societies.

A third class of readers may perchance glance at these pages,—associates of Carbonarism and Young Italy, who have never comprehended or supposed the possibility of these horrible abominations. They will conceive it to be their honest duty to contradict my allegations. But they must remember that there are many grades in these associations; that comparatively few members, after a long probation and important services, attain the highest office. Some become High lights,

* This socialist sees and avows the truth. He publishes boldly. He has not the courage to escape from the abyss whose horrors he acknowledges. In some manuscript notes of a small journal of the Count de Maistre, we find the key of this mystery. Perhaps we will give it to the public one of these days. It is the *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*; and Lionello is a proof of it, from the beginning to the end of his memoirs.

Enrollers, Censors, Examiners, and even Masters; others are the executive members, managers, manœuvrers. They write, travel, put their hand to the work and set the machine in motion,—the machine of conspiracies, seditions, local disturbances. Some, again, serve as the storming party, the forlorn hope which rushes headlong into inevitable perils. Others are *justiciaries*; others are the bloody arm or assassins of the society.

These last are divided into several classes, according to the importance of the sentence which they have to execute. But a large number seldom go beyond the initiatory step. They are called *standfasts*,—great talkers, men of little talent or courage. But, on the other hand, they aid the society with their money, or give it position by their rank. Their habits cut them off from visiting society, and qualify them for the revolutionary party.

The grand masters, who are the very heart and soul of these combinations, are few; and they communicate only to a small number of loyal adepts in the *Trafle* their supreme mysteries and execrable oaths. There are thousands of Carbonari who do not know these personages, who respect them under the name of the *invisibles*, and submit to them with blind obedience.*

* Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic, prohibited secret societies under the severest penalties, and he had the most dangerous members of these societies seized and deported to Cayenne. Nevertheless, at that very time, Masonic lodges were reorganized in Paris. Prince Lucien Murat was elected grand master. The opening ceremony was performed with exceeding pomp; the élite of Parisian society assisted at it. The assembly listened with eager curiosity to the initiatory discourse, and Masonry was promoted an academy of philanthropic sciences,—a society designed to ameliorate the world, *without mingling in politics*.

I shall never forget an incident in my visit to London, as a secret deputy of the Vendita. I noted in Paris the mystery in which the highest functionaries of Carbonarism envelop themselves, their profound dissimulation under a specious exterior, their refined craft under an air of simplicity and complaisance. Ten Fouchets, with their entire police cohorts, could never get within a thousand leagues of them. At London, one of the great *Suns* made so strange an impression on me the first time I saw him, that I could not help laughing in his face.

I was commissioned to deliver him a very important note, which was enclosed in a small tube. The tube was so cleverly covered, that the most experienced eye might fancy it only an ordinary stick of sealing-wax. The note was written in cipher. The address of this great personage had been conveyed to me under the vamp of a shoe. I copied it on a slip of yellow paper, and directed a cabman to drive me to one of the oldest quarters in London. I got out of the carriage at a corner, and threaded my way through crooked and muddy streets. I passed through a wide and obscure

But perhaps the assembly did not reflect that *Masonry is secretly united to Illuminism, inspired by its code and governed by its laws, destructive of all authority, divine and human.* The famous Knigge, the right arm of Weishaupt, began to affiliate to Illuminism, in the great congress of 1783, at Wilhemsbad, all the Masonic lodges of Germany, Switzerland, England, Italy, and finally all those of France.

Exteriorly, Masonry continued to hold its public assemblies,—to publish its discourses in the newspapers of Paris; but in secret it was planning actively the French Revolution. *Masonry, says Knigge, studies to reign before the public eye with pomp and splendor: we study to act in silence and secrecy.* The first is the cat's velvety paw; the second is her claws.

avenue into a small yard, surrounded by very tall houses, which nearly shut out the heavens. Behind a door rose a stairway, and at the bottom was seated a cobbler, who acted as porter. I addressed him in English, and asked him politely on what story Mr. Edwards lived.

The fellow first drew out to full length his wax-ends, and hammered the shoe on which he was working, to secure the stitch, and then, without honoring me with a look, answered, laconically,—

“Third story, No. 2. Ring the bell.”

I went up eight dark and narrow stairs, until I reached a green door, and read on a brass plate the name, “Mr. Edwards.” I rang the bell, and heard it tinkling at a considerable distance. Then came a foot-step, a little dry cough, a creaking of the key in the lock, and the sound of a voice.

“Who’s there? What do you want?”

“*To death,*” I replied.

~~The door opened;~~ and, alas! there stood an old, sallow, toothless dame.

“Good-day, sir. Do you wish to see the master?”

“Yes: I wish to see Mr. Edwards.”

“Please to walk in and follow me.”

She turned the key in the lock, bolted the door, and then went before me to show the way, with a shambling gait and a shaking head. The entry led to a handsome parlor. In the middle of the room stood a walnut table; eight or ten chairs were ranged along the walls, and an old sideboard occupied the space between two windows. Portraits of Pitt, Nelson, and Spenser hung around. The two adjoining rooms were filled from the ceiling to the floor with the crowded

shelves of a library. The dusty books were bound in Cordova leather, and their titles marked with a pen, most likely, if I could judge from the old-fashioned lettering, by some notary of the times of Cromwell.

"Well," said I to myself, "this Archimandrite of the Carbonari may be considered the very Pacomius and Hilarion of secret societies." Perpetua left me, to announce my visit; and, during her absence, I surveyed with astonishment the different objects; the window-curtains tanned by the smoke, the cages of a canary and a Polynesian parrot, which, as if to honor my arrival, were singing and chattering in rivalry. A few minutes after, the old woman returned, and, with a sugary smile on her lips, requested me to walk into the next chamber. It was no better furnished than the others. At one extremity I saw a bench covered with stout registers, rolls of paper, waste sheets, and scraps. A small-sized man was buried in an arm-chair covered with reddish Bulgarian leather. ~~He was a little, rickety~~ hunchback, ~~with very long arms and hands,~~ like oar-blades. His head was big and bald, with a few white hairs about the temples. He made me a low bow. I accosted him, stated the object of the mission intrusted to me by the Vendita of Italy, and presented him a small roll of wax, which contained the letter. He looked at me with a faint smile on his thin, pale lips, lit a candle, and, with admirable tact, broke the wax and drew out the missive.

He spoke with facility all the languages of Europe, especially German, Italian, Spanish, French, and the Slavonian dialects. He read the cipher without the least difficulty, burned the letter in my presence, and, turning toward me as I sat near him, said, in good

Italian, "Giulio, you are, though young, a brave and doughty brother: I am delighted that the Vendita selected you for this noble office. Our Italian brethren ask me how they should act in present circumstances. Tell them not to be too hasty. Your Southern blood and warm imagination impel you faster than discretion warrants. You must wait for the explosion of the bomb in France, and then you must second the movement. Charles X. and his brilliant aristocracy, which escaped the shipwreck of '89, will, in a few months, bound into the air like an elastic ball."

"How is that possible?" I asked. "At this very moment Marshal Bourmont is besieging and destroying Algiers. This victory will inure to the credit of Charles X. and establish him more firmly on the throne."

"Give yourself no trouble on that score," replied my wily Pacomius. "Charles X. is more closely besieged by our brethren than Algiers by the army of Bourmont. He will soon be upset. Louis Philippe of Orleans will supplant him and reign in his stead."

"But Louis Philippe is an unprincipled knave. If he seizes the crown of France, he will never relax his hold."

"Bah!" exclaimed the hunchback: "we succeeded in discrowning Napoleon, who had written on his imperial diadem, 'Touch not, at your peril.' And shall we be afraid of this pitiful Philippe? If he is a fool, we will send him into the air more speedily than Charles X. But bid our brethren in Italy be on the alert. France will begin the revolution; Poland will follow, and then Belgium. Be quiet, and let them act. Early in 1831 you may apply the match to the

mine. Let there be a perfect understanding between you. Have an eye on Naples and Turin: otherwise you will lose Central Italy and be overwhelmed by a deluge of Germans."

"We will not fail to do so," I answered. "We have stationed experienced pilots at the helm, and manned the batteries with gallant fellows."

"That's very good; capital! But, remember, you have an unsteady compass to manage. The magnetic needle varies rapidly with every change in the electric currents. Unless you stand firmly at the pole, the helm will be shivered on the rocks."

The long-armed hunchback spoke like a prophet. The grand masters of secret societies are invisible; as perfectly so, the ancients would say, as the monster which lies concealed at the bottom of springs to poison their waters, whilst men are unable to trace the venom to its source. The police are completely at fault. How, indeed, can they unearth from their holes those foxes who muffle themselves with false appearances, and act at will the honest citizen, the hypocrite, the practical man? Among others I knew a man in Italy who passed for an excellent Catholic. When he spent the summer in the country, he frequented the society of the parish priest, took the liveliest interest in the catechetical instruction of the children, and never failed hearing high mass. Show me any thing equal to that.

My hunchback was gifted with great intelligence and marvellous penetration. He could group circumstances the most remote and dissimilar, so as to render them subservient to his purpose. He was, indeed, an incarnate fiend, with a hellish heart; ex-

hibiting the calmest exterior and most amiable deportment, gentleness on his lips, modesty in his eyes, goodness in his face. He had visited all the Vendite of Italy, France, and Germany; administered the most horrible oaths to the different chiefs; and, finally, withdrew to London, to hide in his lair all the plans, projects, and order of future operations of the society. He deputed me to proceed from London to Warsaw; and, in his instructions, he marked out my duties with such point and precision that I ran no risk of making a mistake. Men of this class are able to revolutionize the world, and cast it headlong into the abyss.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PRACTICES OF CARBONARISM.

THE reader, no doubt, is curious to know the rites and observances of Carbonarism. The world has laughed enough at the child's play of Masonry. The age has passed, of squares, triangles, levels, rollers, lodges, secret libraries, mysterious chambers: We do things more openly now.

Public lecture-rooms replace secret libraries. Drinking-establishments, smoking-apartments, coffee-houses, restaurants, answer in place of mysterious chambers. Villas, paper and cotton factories, are open anywhere to our state juntos. We have general maxims to govern us. Do you know where we study the malign spirit of Weishaupt in full? Do not laugh at my answer. In the Jacobinism of Barruel.

Of course we tell the world he is a liar, an impostor, a dreamer; but among ourselves, we believe no one has so perfectly developed the doctrines and mysteries of Weishaupt. We throw aside his homilies, exclamations, and long perorations, in which he evinces his horror at the sight of the world's future calamities; we are rejoiced to find a synopsis so complete and concise of the works of our master. Now we have the ascetico-mystic commentaries of Mazzini; but it was not so in my time.

The Carbonari, and the associates of Young Italy, are no longer possessors of these eternal records, notes, dissertations of Zwach and Massenhruzen, the Cato and Ajax of our legislator Weishaupt. Nevertheless, the Trafiliere have some small memoranda about the candidates. They enter in a book the baptismal and family names of members, with their number in the order; and in another book their assumed names, with the number answering to the muster-roll. These registers are kept concealed in different places, that the police may be unable to compare the real and fictitious names. From time to time the officers of justice have seized these books separately, without any damaging result, because singly they can give no available information.

We labor unremittingly to accomplish two objects: first, to excite local commotions in our own provinces, and general revolutions in all the States of Italy; secondly, to embarrass Governments with political perplexities, so as to call off their attention from our machinations. We not unfrequently succeed, because, by crafty and hypocritical management, we continue to obtain state appointments and offices of the most im-

portant and delicate nature. We are familiar with the system of using every mask, assuming every character and position, feigning demonstrations of ardent and impassioned zeal. There are foxes among us who know how to rise with parallel preferment in the grades of the society and the dignities of the state, and in the functions and honors of the senate, army, courts, administration, and even of the police.

An enterprise which we have most at heart is the downfall of religion and the Church. We combat them incessantly, and devise new modes to excite in the breasts of princes suspicion of the bishops, clergy, and Pope. We throw obstructions in the way of missions, under the plea that, at a season when the public mind requires repose, these religious exercises agitate the people. Heaven avert such a visitation! A spark may kindle an immense conflagration. No, no; let the pastors explain the gospel: that is enough. These missions might suit the Middle Ages: they are periodic torrents which rush over the land and leave it drier than before. We communicate these ideas to ministers, or bigoted courtiers, or virtuous persons. We fill their ears with reports of the scrupulosity of devotees, variances between man and wife, secret scandals; we have a fund of asceticism to put to flight confessors of nuns.

But our most strenuous efforts are directed against the Jesuits, those eternal enemies of ours, whom we have sworn never to admit under any name into our societies.* The Italian States which refuse to tolerate

* In the organic articles of the secret society formed at Naples, in 1849, under the name of *Italian Unity*, we read these words in the 13th section:—"Ex-Jesuits are to be excluded, as well as robbers, forgers, felons." In what fine society they put the sons of St. Ignatius!

them are loudly declared happy, prosperous, full of civilization and life. It was rumored in 1833 that a sovereign had determined to recall them to his dominions. One of our heroes did us admirable service on that occasion. During the night, he, with charcoal, wrote in large characters on the walls in the principal streets: "No Jesuits; or——" The stratagem was eminently successful. The Government read in these words a threatened conspiracy, some infernal mischief, and I know not what besides. That settled the question about the reverend fathers.

As to the countries which allowed the Jesuits to enter and establish schools and colleges, we spoke and wrote astounding charges of ignorance, superstition, intrigues, rascality, hatreds, aversions, such as we would not have uttered against the Albanians or Croats. So great was our dread of the sons of St. Ignatius, as the enemies of liberty, that as soon as they had opened a college in any city, we appointed a secret committee, and directed it to keep a vigilant eye on the fathers, and return to the central committee a minute report of every act and movement. It was the duty of this committee to employ all means to dissuade parents from sending their children to Jesuit institutions; and, if this were unsuccessful, to waylay the students as they were going to the university or returning home, and corrupt their morals. I recollect an answer of Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, to one of my friends, who complained of the little benefit which the Piedmontese had derived from the teaching of the Jesuits. "These religious," said the monarch, "exert themselves to the utmost; but I am well assured that the secret societies are playing

the part of the serpent of the Apocalypse against the youth of Savoy, Sardinia, and Piedmont.”*

It was a just observation. We spread a thousand snares to entrap the young, and we took very good care of them when they were once in our power. Yet we have enrolled but few of them among the Carbonari and Young Italy. Fearful that the Jesuitical leaven may ferment anew, we are careful to guard against treachery, by corrupting them thoroughly. We have not, however, been successful. The truths of Christianity are so deeply rooted in their souls, that several, overcome by remorse, have abandoned us, and been secretly reconciled to the Church. Oh, God! against one of these youths I committed a horrible crime, which shall be mentioned in the sequel,—a crime which is the unbearable torment of an odious existence. Oh, my friend! I swear to you that I did not know my victim, when I sacrificed you to my fury!

* Charles Albert said one day to the rector of the College of Nobles, “Would you believe it? Scarcely had I opened the College of Aosta, than the Carbonari, unappalled by the glaciers of the Col du Bonhomme, and of Prarayer, which are barriers of the good city, established there a committee to embarrass the labors of your zeal, especially among the young. It is true that Aosta is a city celebrated for its ancient monuments; but was not the College of Melan, in Fossingy, formerly a Chartreuse monastery in a secluded valley, favored immediately with a Carbonarist committee, posted at Bonneville, with sentinels at the hamlet of Yaringe? The central committee is close by, at Geneva. What desperate malice!” But the good King Charles Albert did not perceive meanwhile the secret committees established in his own palace and laboring assiduously to accomplish his ruin.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SEPULCHRE OF GALLA PLACIDIA.

THE sepulchre of Galla Placidia, daughter of Theodosius the Great, and mother of Valentinian III., is one of the most beautiful monuments of Ravenna. This city is celebrated for the antiquity and magnificence of its basilicas, which, in brilliant testimony of Italian piety, date from the first ages of the liberty of the Church. Thus, the basilica of St. Agatha was erected in 417; of St. John the Evangelist, in 424; of St. John the Baptist, the master-work of Baduarius Patricius, in 438; of St. Apollinaris, outside the walls of the city, reared by Julianus Argentarius, in 534. A simple glance at the last magnificent temple fills you with astonishment. What can equal its wonderful columns, precious court, alabaster urns, exquisitely-sculptured ambons, elegant marble arcades, its apsis incrusted with mosaics on a golden ground, its lofty and majestic altar surmounted by a baldachin, with marble canopy, and columns of priceless value?

Nevertheless, this splendid temple is surpassed by the patriarchal church of the Ursini, and, above all, by the basilica of St. Vitalis. The latter is an octagonal structure, built by Argentarius, and consecrated by St. Maximin, Archbishop, in 547. The spectator admires the porphyry and cippolin pillars; the niches and tribunes faced with Grecian marbles, enclosing tablets of red Egyptian; the walls, cornices, pedestals, checkered with yellow, greenish, and violet agates, with red, white,

and quince-colored alabaster, with mottled brocatel, and coral breccia, and a hundred other rare and costly marbles. But these are all eclipsed by a superb column which seems to have been quarried from a mountain of emeralds, jaspers, agates, garnets, sardonyx, and amethysts, amassed in the most brilliant and charming confusion.

I do not speak of other famous monuments,—of the great Abbey of the Camaldolese, a most beautiful specimen of architecture, in the sixteenth century; of the mausoleum of Theodoric, which exhibits barbarian genius exalted by Cassiodorus to the height of Roman greatness. Admitting the grandeur of the Egyptian mausoleums, I do not think the world presents so vast and massive a rotunda, covered with so ponderous a marble cupola, as that of the Ostrogoth king. From what mountain was this giant mass torn? What vessels transported it across the Adriatic to the banks of Ravenna? What architect was able to raise in mid-air this enormous dome, and with it gracefully cope those arches mortised in the key-circle of the mighty vault? When will modern art realize in its progress so sublime a structure?

The tomb of Dante stands in a chapel adjoining the church of St. Francis. Like the flame of Vesta, it is destined to rekindle the sacred fire of patriotism in the hearts of Italians. But Italians refuse to approach the altar, because primitive faith, liberty, justice, probity, temperance, nourish that flame in its brightest glow. They prefer to inflame their souls with the fires that burn in the breast of Mazzini. It is no longer that gentle flame which excites noble ideas and generous sentiments; but the torch of the furies, flung into the

fair lands of Italy, to kindle a ravaging fire, the fire of Satan; which blackens, obscures, consumes laws and rights of the people; threatens to involve in a common ruin heaven and earth, man and God; seeks to convert the world into a hell.

I have, in view of the sepulchre of Galla Placidia, been led to speak of other monuments of Ravenna, in order to escape for a while from the remorse which corrodes me; for in that sepulchre I committed a horrible sacrilege. This grand mausoleum stands alone in the gardens attached to the basilic of St. Vitalis. It inspires a sentiment of respect and veneration, attributable less to its material beauty than to its antiquity. An altar built of the rarest marble, and surmounted by a cross, first meets the eye; and in the rear, on a lowly base, rests the splendid urn of Oriental alabaster which contains the ashes of the Empress, awaiting the day of resurrection.

The edifice is cruciform. On the right is the tomb of Honorius; on the left, that of the Emperor Constans, husband of Galla Placidia, and father of Valentinian III. The most elegant mosaics adorn that hallowed spot. The feeble light which glimmers through the edifice, and the perpetual silence which reigns in every part, fill the soul with a religious terror.

But what is sacred in the eyes of the impious Carbonari? They desecrate religion as they trample under foot every principle of faith, justice, and law.

It was an hour after midnight. A prey to saddest thoughts, I passed in silence, with a companion, near the palace Rasponi, and, wending through several streets, at length arrived at the church of St. Vitalis. The slanting beams of the moon cast a broad shadow from the

building. I advanced into the range of cloisters and reached an ancient atrium surrounded by an obscure forest of columns. My companion tapped at a door. It was opened by a man muffled in a cloak, and we entered the temple of the mausoleum.

In the middle of the altar-platform stood a night-lamp, which shed through the crimson glass, on the marble walls, a hue of blood. In divers attitudes, and in profound silence, a number of individuals occupied benches along these walls and the arches of the Emperors Honorius and Constans. They raised their heads as I entered, and looked fixedly at me. A man who stood at the gospel side approached, and pointed to an empty stall. He then counted the company, and said,—

“Twenty-two. The number is complete.”

The measures of the Italian Carbonari were so widespread, so judiciously conceived and arranged, that they needed but a masterly stroke to achieve success. Envoys from the different committees of the Italian states had repaired, in succession, to Ravenna, disguised as travellers, merchants, painters, and were now about to assemble in general council. Two were from Venice, two from Lombardy, two from Piedmont, two from Tuscany, two from Sicily, four from the central committee, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, and an Englishman. These foreigners spoke our language perfectly.

The first deputy from Naples was a diminutive Calabrian, of lean and muscular figure, with an olive complexion, animated physiognomy, and eyes that sparkled with a ferocious spirit. He was elected orator of the congress; and, at a sign from the herald, he arose, advanced to the altar, and ascended the steps. The light gleamed on his entire person, and shaped him with an

ominous and infernal aspect. He looked around him, pressed his hat upon his head, twice passed his hand over his face, slightly bowed, and began:—

“Brothers, at this solemn hour of night, in the unbroken silence which surrounds us, in this lonely and firm-set temple which defies the assault of ages, near the execrated remains of mediæval tyrants and their detested ashes which witness our compact, I raise my voice with the inspired accents of liberty. Italy, throughout her bounds, is slumbering; but we are sentinels at her side. The night is coming, it is at hand, when our slothful country shall sleep her last sleep in chains. She shall awake and burst her bonds, once more ascend her throne, and proudly wear the imperial crown of nations.

“Monarchs, too, are sleeping on their gilded couches, dreaming of new chains and shackles to enthrall the nations. Let them sleep on; let them dream their dream. Our eyes are open; we are at our posts. We behold their sleep with joy, and we fear not that their ministers will arouse them; for they also are stupefied like their masters, and when they awake they shall see these despots prostrate on the earth in penury and nakedness, crawling to some hut to shelter their miseries,—craving a crust of bread to appease their hunger. The ministers of Charles X. were thus stirred from their lethargy, last July, in France; and the sovereign and the princes of Italy, like them, will one day open their eyes.

“Brothers, every thing has been pondered, settled, prepared for the crisis. Louis Philippe is goading Flanders and Brabant into revolt against the King of Holland. He has flung a firebrand into Warsaw, and

is now preparing mines in Switzerland, whose blasts will shake the empire of Vienna to its base, and rend from its sovereign, Hungary, Bohemia, Lombardy, and Venetia. But, meanwhile, what are we to do with our tyrants? If the blow be not driven home, they will escape our grasp and thunder upon us with the cannon of Austria. We must not compare our position with that of France. Philippe has offered the sweets of liberty to the French. Charles X. may find an asylum in a foreign land, but he will never recover his lost throne.

“Italy is divided into mere principalities. The people are not animated with a love of liberty, and, to speak my candid sentiments, they never will be. Men will combine, indeed, to disturb the state; but they are a class, not the nation. Shall I propose to you a plan to seduce the popular heart? Tear out of it the image of Christ; rob it of priests and monks; clamor, denounce, write, seize on the asylums of childhood; snatch education from the hands of the clergy; control the schools; and patronize the universities. We have not, as yet, gained over the merchants. We must allure, corrupt them with the promise of unmeasured gold. The Italian peasants regard us with a jaundiced eye, because the priests have poisoned their minds against us; and yet among our tillers of the soil are found the very sinews of the nation. In the larger villages we have allies in the physician, apothecary, law-students. We must employ them actively. The country-people are easily bought; but too often they abandon us when our purse is empty. They fly at the hook if it be baited; if not, they are shy of it. We must, therefore, win their affections and gain them over by persuasion.

“Brothers, we have spread our snares for the opening of March, 1831. Be on the look-out! Be animated with courage and confidence! Bide your time, and persevere, in the midst of toils, weariness, trials, hardships, wrongs, outrages, menaces! A premature burst of impatience, an over-eager outbreak, would ruin our enterprise. Our young and noble brother Giulio, gifted with rare intelligence, will set out on his journey and make a report to the supreme committee. The special object of his mission is to obtain from France a promise of non-intervention. If Louis Philippe be faithful to his word, the sovereigns will not recover from their overthrow, and liberty will reign from the summits of the Alps to Cape Lilybæum.”

He descended from the altar, and resumed his seat in the stall. The herald took from a bundle some small rollers, inserted one of them in a tripod, and on this base formed, with the others, a candlestick about four feet high. He drew from his bosom a sharp-pointed dagger, placed it as a candle in the socket, spread a piece of scarlet stuff on the ground, and set the candlestick upon it. Then the president said to the assembly,—

“Brothers, let us renew our oaths.”

All the delegates arose, stretched their hands toward the dagger for a moment, let them fall again to their sides, and resumed their seats. Each, in succession, began now to give a statement of the affairs of his province,—to enumerate the special committees, the *Divisions*, the *Trafile* of each division, the *High lights* of each *Trafile*, the *Sections* and *Squadrons*. They took a general census of the captains, with a sketch of their lives,—embracing country, lineage, birth, parents,

friends, riches, industry, talents, character, studies, virtues, and vices. Were they arch-dissemblers with a frank exterior? Were they men resolved to make any sacrifice for the society,—even parents, brothers, friends, wealth, their own persons? Every circumstance is noted and entered in the act of *Initiation*, partly by the enrollers, partly by the masters, partly by the censors. The ablest police cannot vie with the society in the precision and certainty of these records.

The fiscal concerns of the association gave rise to a long and minute debate. Most of the delegates relied on the military and municipal treasures of the province, which the revolution would enable them to pillage. Others remarked that this was a poor reliance, since the first and boldest plunderer empties the public coffers. The secularization of ecclesiastical property was slow and uncertain; the robbery of the churches would wound the religious sensibilities of the Italians. What measures, then, were to be proposed? It was deemed advisable to exact heavier contributions from the more affluent Carbonari. The Lombards, under the watchful eye of Austria, cannot resort to arms. But, as they are wealthy, they are bound to aid the other provinces which will take the field to effect the freedom of Lombardy and Venetia. Large hopes are built on the Jews, who are rich and zealous for the cause. Their funds must be chiefly expended in the purchase of munitions of war. An inventory was drawn up of the arms distributed to the conspirators, or held in reserve. The Sicilians furnished themselves with military stores at Malta; the Calabrians, at the Ionian Islands. The Tuscans procured them at Leghorn, imported by French steamers.

Arms were introduced into Piedmont from Savoy, Lombardy, and the Swiss Cantons. Smugglers provided the maritime cities of the Adriatic with weapons obtained from the Levant, and from England, France, and Spain. Several subterranean armories were established in the Marches, Romagna, and Central Italy. The supplies were brought down the Po and Ticino from the valleys of the Comachio, from Cervia and Maremma. But their chief trust was in the seizure of the military arsenals. Let the Italians show gallant hearts and stout arms, they will ever find at hand offensive weapons. There was a diversity of opinion in regard to Tuscany. Some of the deputies thought she ought to join in the revolutionary movements of Piedmont, the Papal States, and the duchy of Parma. Some, on the contrary, wished her to remain neutral, like a reserve camp. They maintained that the uncertainties of revolt are greater even than those of war; that Tuscany could at any moment be brought into action; that the refugees from Naples, Spain, and Piedmont, after the troubles of 1821, had sowed the revolutionary seed, which would bring forth fruit in due season.

The counsel was good. In fact, after the discomfiture of the Romagnese in 1831, the rebels fled into Tuscany, and, embarking at Leghorn, found an asylum in France.

Another important question was, the necessary precautions to baffle the Italian police. The delegates from Piedmont affirmed that several of the commissaries had affiliated, but that the chiefs remained faithful to the king, Charles Felix. The Governor of Alexandria was an old man, as rough as a porcupine,

or a bear, which with one blow of its paw can dash an ox into the air. He had made some campaigns in Russia, and brought back to Italy, the boorishness of a Cossack and the frigidity of a Laplander. He ruled over the fortress like a pacha, reviewed the troops astride a cannon, and trotted our inferior officers almost to death.

The Governor of Novara, with his lion-air, casts a vigilant and menacing look on Magadino and Belinzona. He growls, but does not speak. The Governor of Genoa is a mild and polished gentleman; but he is always accompanied by a general of division, who wears fierce moustaches and carries his head proudly. The Marshal-Governor of Turin is a cavalier of the old school, a loyal soldier, unsuspecting of our intrigues; but he is surrounded by a set of bull-dogs, which growl at every approaching step, and stealthily make their rounds, so as to fill us with uneasiness.

"The conclusion, then," said a Neapolitan, "which we are to draw from your remarks, is that you are not ready."

"We shall be ready in March," replied the Piedmontese; "but we shall have hard work till then. But now, my Neapolitan friends, let us consider your condition, which you do not expose with all its difficulties. There are certain heads in the palace and Swiss soldiers in the castle of St. Elmo who probably will give you trouble."

The Duke of Modena was also a topic of prolonged discussion. A majority of the deputies thought it advisable to pistol him as he passed through the Castello gate, before his faithful hussar had time to

shield him with his pelisse. But a member of the central committee objected to the plan.

"Leave this matter to Menotti, who will trap the mole. The duke fancies himself very cunning, without perceiving that he is completely in our toils. He pays our spies, and has despatched on a tour of observation in Germany and France, a young man who is doing us an excellent service."

An essential point on which this nocturnal diet decided was to hold in readiness the *journalists* for the revolutionary explosion. A number of directors were mentioned, on whom individually the duty devolved of choosing deep-mouthed bravos to bark furiously. They assigned names to the newspapers; because a fine name excites curiosity. They spoke of printers and booksellers leagued for a twofold purpose: the first, to print no books which inveighed against liberty and our society: so that a writer who treated of the *just* and *honorable* should find no publisher. Or, if this were impracticable, the printer should put the manuscript in type, but the booksellers should decline to sell the work, or fling it aside in their stores. The second purpose was to print, publish, circulate by every expedient, revolutionary books; to issue handsome and cheap editions; to bring them into notoriety by extravagant puffs in the newspapers, and at the same time to wage a relentless war against religious writers. Each committee, moreover, should have a trusty publisher, to print secretly their documents, orders, and clandestine correspondence, on foreign paper, in characters unknown to the printers, as the police had their eyes everywhere. The committee must not keep these papers and characters at their own dwellings, but de-

posit them in a safe room at the house of a worthy widow or pious and parsimonious spinster, least liable to suspicion, and least disposed to open the door to every visitor.*

Finally, the assembly entered on the subject of proscriptions; and each delegate had a list as long as Sylla's or Catiline's. Some of the victims were to be dispatched by poison, poignard, or bullet; others to be dispossessed of lucrative employments, honorable functions, and involved in ruinous lawsuits. Persons, again, who were held in high and merited esteem at court, in the army, or in departments of the Government, were to be crushed by infamous and outrageous calumnies, and thus driven into retirement. A different policy was to be observed toward those who had been kept in the background, and had not met with the advancement which they had a right to expect. The associates were to tamper with the fidelity of these men by railing against the ingratitude and injustice of their rulers. They were to leave officials who could not harm us, by word or action, undisturbed at their posts. Certain individuals they were to shackle in such a manner that they could not move hand nor foot; others, again, they should debar from all chances of ameliorating their condition, and, whilst they corrupted their children, reduce their families to misery and despair. But, as if these dark and infernal schemes were only acts of Carbonarist courtesy, the envoys proceeded to examine the merits of their assassins, and the evidences of zeal which they had

* The police of Genoa found at the house of a widow, in 1833, the most secret papers of the conspiracy. They were put on the scent by an herb-dealer, who saw suspicious-looking men enter this house at night.

furnished; the necessity of putting the chiefs of squadrons in communication with this class of miscreants in other provinces; the means of saving them from the pursuit of justice, and enabling them to escape into foreign countries; the places of refuge, the signs of recognition, the manner of employing them; in fine, should they fall into the hands of the police, the plans to be adopted in order to rescue them, by suborning witnesses, and bribing bailiffs and prosecuting attorneys. Whilst, surrounded with deep mystery, the deputies of the Carbonari, under these ancient vaults, amid these sepulchres, in face of that poignard on which glimmered the red light of the lamp, discuss calmly and coolly these questions of treason and death, a tap is heard at the door. The internal *coverer*, who had been on watch all night, opened it at the appointed signal, and admitted one of the external *coverers*. He came to notify the assembly that it was time to adjourn, as it was nearly four o'clock.

He advanced in silence, bowed before the dagger, placed his hand on the point of the weapon, and uttered the usual oath. Then, turning to the delegates, he said, "Brothers, you can retire with as much safety as you assisted at the nocturnal conference. There is a coverer in the cloisters of St. Vitalis, and one at the end of the street, and at each of the crossings of this quarter of the city. To divert the vigilance of the carabineers, we gave them work for the whole night. In a drinking-establishment behind the square, we gave drink-money to a set of scamps, headed by the chief of a squadron, and directed them to get up a sham quarrel, so as to gather a crowd and attract the attention of the watch. They succeeded so well

in creating a broil and uproar, that the company ran out of the neighboring smoking-rooms and tried to quiet the combatants. A detachment of carabineers shortly arrived on the spot with a brigadier or two, opened a way by striking the people with the flats of their sabres, handcuffed five or six of the rioters, and remained on the ground to overawe the others, who manifested a disposition to come speedily to blows.

“But this is only child’s play to the serious fight we got up near the palace of Theodoric, where the sailors and fishermen usually resort when they enter the city. One of the coverers paid scot for five or six of these men; and when he saw them excited by the liquor, and ripe for mischief, he told them there was a party at another table who were making faces and laughing at them. He muttered, too, that one of them was more than a match for four of those cowardly fellows. Now, it happened that one of the five guests whom this coverer treated had an altercation, a few days before, with a young man of the other company. Nothing more was needed to push our man to extremes. He rushed upon his adversary with uplifted fist, and, measuring him with his eye, said, ‘Let me find you outside of the gate to-morrow, near the fountain, and you’ll get it.’ ‘Why to-morrow?’ quickly retorted the other. ‘I have a great mind to slap that hog’s face of yours.’ ‘Slap my face! Blood and thunder! I’ll rip you up. I’ll cut the life out of you.’

“With these words he attacked his antagonist. The master of the house tried to separate them. The waiters were frightened; the company fled in dismay, and shouted, ‘Help! help! they are killing one another at Battistone’s!’

"The cry was taken up on the square: 'Help! Murder!' A crowd rushed to the house; people shut their doors; women looked out of the windows and inquired, 'How many are killed?'

"The sister of a sailor engaged in the fight lived in the neighborhood. She entered the crowd and asked some women, 'Who was attacked?' They answered, 'Prospero.' 'My brother Prospero?' she exclaimed. 'Ah! the dogs! the traitors!' She seized a knife, and, with disordered hair and clothes, flew to the scene of combat. The spectators tried to stop her. 'Let the men settle it: don't go among those drunken fellows!' Like a fury in her wrath, she rushed into the house. Every thing was topsy-turvy. Three of the guard had just arrived and made prisoner the man who had struck Prospero. Benedetta, his sister, glides like a cat through the throng, plunges the knife into the breast of the murderer, hunches the two carabineers in the stomach, and gains the door.

"But at that moment four other guards hastily enter, and seize her by the hair. She screams, bites, writhes, throws herself on the ground, and seeks to escape from their grasp. The whole neighborhood was in an uproar. Some persons carried Prospero home; others attended to his enemy, who was desperately wounded. People were weeping, running about, and hastening from the spot. Thus, brothers, you see that everybody was too busy during the night to give a thought to the sepulchre of Galla Placidia."

At the end of his speech, we arose silently and dispersed to our lodgings. The president of the central committee employed every means to secure perfect harmony in our operations. He required each deputy

to express his sentiments, and communicate information. We were, consequently, obliged to reassemble daily. But this was effected with serious danger, inasmuch as the police had been roused to greater vigilance within a few days. A commissary had been shot in the carriage of the Cardinal Legate, and an ecclesiastic wounded at his side. Hence we were obliged to meet in the loneliest places of Ravenna, and change our ground every day.

One day I met three of ours in the baptistery, adjoining the basilica Ursiana, and on reaching St. Nicholas' I found three more. Two awaited me in the basilica Spirito Santo. They smiled as they looked at the small window through which, according to tradition, a dove was wont to descend on the head of the archbishop elect of Ravenna on the day when the Holy Ghost chose him for that office. Five other associates were sauntering in the portico of the baptistery of the Arriani. Entering this admirable structure, as if to view its beauties, they joined us, and chatted on the current events of the day. Thence I went to St. Apollinaris', where two Sicilians were expecting me. They pretended to be examining the mosaic, which pictures ancient Ravenna and the port of Classis. We conversed a while, and then got into a carriage. We rode to Santa Maria di Porto, a church built by blessed Pietro Pescatore, of the noble family of the Onesti. There we found five more of the brethren, to whom we communicated the orders of the day.

- By these cautious proceedings, we in less than eight days matured our plans for a general rising, in March, 1831. These plans were frustrated by the death of Pius VIII. and the election of Gregory XVI., the ex-

tinction of the house of Savoy in the person of Charles Felix, and the succession of Charles Albert of Carignano to the vacant throne. But the greatest obstacle with which we had to contend is the unmanageable character of the Italians, who will be ever distracted in their counsels, thoughts, laws, and interests. The idea of national unity is Utopian. Heaven and earth are opposed to this unity. The Italian people trace their lineage to too many sources,—the Saturnians, Enotrians, Sicilians, Pelasgians, Oscians, Tyrrhenians, Sabellians, Peucezians, Ligurians, Messapians, Bruttians, Dorians, Eubeans, and a hundred other tribes which preceded them, or subsequently occupied the soil. The Carbonari and Young Italy will strive in vain to harmonize these discordant elements, to unite in one centre these divergent races. God placed the Vatican in the midst of this multiform assemblage; and the rock which He thus established brooks no rival nor master. In the unity of faith it attracts all nations to itself. There only unity exists, and there only will Italy find it, in defiance of the frantic efforts of Mazzini. The unity of which he dreams is the chimera of a madman; and, sharing in his thoughts, I have shared in his folly. Alas! I have awakened too late to this conviction, when remorse has hurried me to the verge of the abyss which is about to engulf me!

CHAPTER XV.

ARIEL AND DORALICE.

FATHER Antonio Cesari, priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Verona, his birthplace, went, in the fall of 1828, to visit his friends in Romagna, and especially his beloved disciple Giuseppe Manuzzi, of Faenza, the glory of Italian literature and model of elegance in his native tongue. He then proceeded to Ravenna, to enjoy the delightful conversation of his friend the learned Monsignor Farini. There he died, the victim of a sudden and violent disease. This great man, the steadfast admirer and eulogist of Dante, was buried at Ravenna, which for the last five centuries guards the ashes of that illustrious poet.

A few years since, I went to Verona, with Don Giulio, to visit the tombs of the Scaligers. I ardently desired to see and form the acquaintance of the eminent scholar who had revived and rehabilitated the study of our vernacular tongue, so rich, graceful, and noble. My preceptor had taught me to admire and relish its master-pieces. It was my good fortune to be at the mansion of Count Antonio Perez, in the Val Policella, in company with the counts Balladoro, when Father Cesari paid his annual visit to enjoy a few days' relaxation in the country. For hours I hung with rapture on his lips, whence streamed, in fluent and eloquent speech, criticisms on the ancient writers of Rome, and especially on Dante, whose beauties he exhibits in his dialogues.

The charm of his natural simplicity completely won me. I compared this quality with the bold and lofty eloquence with which he denounced the vices of our age; and I could scarcely identify the eminent preacher with the modest, calm, amiable gentleman who honored me with his friendship. I recollect the answer which he made me one day when I spoke of the malignant dispositions of his enemies, and asked why he did not confound them.

“My dear Lionello, an attempt to do so would degrade me beneath them: my silence lifts me above their malice. Be assured, if, instead of writing in honor of Jesus Christ, the Saints, and the Church, I had labored to drag imprudent youths into conspiracies, and shouted, ‘Liberty!’ the very men who now assail me with obloquy would heap eulogies on my head. But I would never exchange my lot for the most pompous praises, bought at so vile a price. Fear God, Lionello; cherish noble, honorable, virtuous sentiments; and then let the jealous cravens croak.”

Whilst I was at Ravenna, I visited the modest marble tomb which encloses the mortal remains of one of Italy’s noblest sons. Silently I recalled his sensible remark, and felt the blood mantling my face. I lifted my eyes, and saw a young man examining the inscription graven on the tomb, “Antonio Cesari.” What magnificent eulogies could rival those two words of praise?*

* Monsignor Stefano de Rossi, Apostolic delegate of Ravenna, was pained to see the mortal remains of the learned writer Antonio Cesari, of the Oratory of Verona, reposing for several years, without due honor, under a modest stone in the Church of St. Romuald. He thought it meet that in the city where Guido di Polenta raised so

The gentleman wore a cassock, which added to his height. I admired his broad chest, stout shoulders, robust figure, fitter for the gladiator than the Levite. His air was modest, recollected, calm,—the evidence of combat and victory.

We stood alone in the church. It was about one o'clock P.M. on a weekday, when people are busy with their occupations. The ecclesiastic raised his head, looked at me, and exclaimed, with a deep voice, "Lionello!" I studied his face with an expression of mirth and wonderment. It seemed like the face of an old acquaintance. But how could a priest accost me in that familiar tone, especially at Ravenna, where I knew no one but my fellow-conspirators? He extended his arm, presented his huge hand, and, pressing mine, said,—

"What, Lionello! you don't recognise me! I know you have a right to reject my proffered hand, for it is the hand of a robber; but I hope I have washed it of that crime by its three efforts to save your life. I am the student of Padua who attacked you on a certain night, filched your purse, and on the following evening gave you back the thirty cursed sequins."

fine a monument to Dante, the honor should be shared by the commentator and noble defender of the poet. He therefore ordered a marble tomb to be erected at his own expense, to convince strangers who visit Ravenna to examine the basilicas of the emperors and Byzantine exarchs, that there are still among us men of generous hearts who know how to honor science and virtue. Ravenna will feel grateful for the noble thoughtfulness of Monsignor di Rossi, who wished to celebrate thus the glory of one of his most illustrious fellow-citizens; and all Italy will thankfully acknowledge the act which honored so worthily the restorer of its sweet, limpid, harmonious literature.

I was thunderstruck. I scrutinized his features, and could scarcely recognise my former benefactor. He was shorn of his enormous moustache and long hair which used to hang in large curls on his shoulders.

"Pietro, can it be you? And in that dress?"

Pietro answered,—

"I came here to see an uncle who loves me as his own child. He is delighted to see me again, especially in this sacred dress. But let me ask you, in turn, why are you here? Ah, you do not know all the chagrin, uneasiness, and sorrow which I felt at your departure from Padua. You are so venturesome and rash that I was fearful you had fallen into the snares of your enemies."

Dissembling my anguish, I replied,—

"Well, Pietro, do you know why I left Padua, and whither I went?"

"No, indeed," he answered. "You were aware of my anxiety to know. I had taken an oath to watch over you, to consecrate to your defence the strength of my arm, in expiation of the wrong which I had done you. God, in his goodness, enabled me to save your life several times. But you seemed to profit so little by all those lessons, that every night I dreaded some new misfortune. I never went home till I saw you safely at yours."

"Generous soul!" I exclaimed. "You were my angel guardian."

"I was the sincerest of your friends. After I had noticed your absence from the theatre and coffee-rooms, I went to your hotel, and inquired if you were sick. I was told that you had not been there for two days, and that it was not likely that you would return. There were strange reports among the students. Some said you

had been arrested for debt; some, that you had fought a duel, at Stra, with a Hungarian captain, about the dancing-girl Gilda, and wounded him severely,—that to escape the consequences you sought safety on the other side of the Po. Even the names of the seconds were mentioned. I did not believe a word of it, but suspected that the police had mistaken you for one of the *Savages*, in your attempts to discover that nefarious association, and driven you from Padua. However, alarmed at your non-appearance, I made inquiries of two commissaries of police, who were friends of mine. One of them could give me no information; the other told me that your mother, the countess, having learned that you were going to destruction, called you home, and prevailed on you to marry."

"Didn't he tell you the name of the lady? That discovery would cost them little trouble."

"No," replied Pietro; "but I was convinced that with the advantages of birth and fortune, you could form a princely alliance. Lionello, with your mind and heart, I am sure you would make your wife a happy woman."

"Oh, very happy! Just think, Pietro, that I would need only one evening to gamble away her dower at the faro-table!"

Pietro was puzzled. I pressed his hand, and said,—

"No, Pietro; I have no wife that I know of. If the police have one in reserve for me, you shall be one of the witnesses. But what in the deuce led a clever lawyer like you to fling yourself into the sacristy? I recollect, indeed, you used to go to mass, and soon corrected your first follies. But I never dreamed that after you had finished your studies you would put on

the cassock. What in the world put that whim in your head?"

"It is not a whim, Lionello, but the admirable grace of God's providence, who guides his creatures by secret, sure, and loving ways to the term of his mercies. I was, you know, attending the fourth year's course of law-studies, preparing to undergo my examination and take my degree, when I met with a horrible adventure, which makes me shudder when I think of it.

"You must recollect Aristodemus, who wore his hair hanging on his shoulders and parted on the crown of the head, like a woman's. We nicknamed him Ninetta. He boarded with a worthy family, and roomed a story above me. At the beginning of June the weather was exceedingly hot, and our Ninetta wet with perspiration took it into his head to bathe in the river Bacchi-glione. The water was cold for the season, and so chilled him that, had he not clung to an overhanging willow, he would certainly have been drowned. The sudden chill brought on a violent ague, and disabled him from regaining the shore.

"A peasant, happening to pass, rescued him from his perilous condition, helped him to put on his clothes, and accompanied him to the first restaurant, where he procured for him a glass of rum. On his return home he had frequent fainting-fits, and finally became delirious. A good woman of the hotel begged me to go up to his room and assist him, whilst her husband went for the doctor. When I saw him in this condition, grinding his teeth, foaming at the mouth, tossing on his bed, and giving symptoms of approaching death, I ordered some linens to be heated, and endeavored by rubbing his limbs to restore warmth to the surface.

“When the physician arrived, he pronounced it a critical case. The husband was alarmed, the women were thrown into despair. The physician told them that certain fumigations were the only things that could save him. A servant ran to the apothecary’s, whilst the rest of the family zealously ministered to the sick man. I began to fear that the poor fellow would not outlive the night, and, anxious to save his unhappy soul, which had, I knew, to answer for the crimes of a misspent life, I went for the priest, and brought him to the bedside of the sufferer. The doctor had gone to see his other patients, but promised to return about midnight. The young man had sunk into a deep lethargy, from which he awoke only at rare intervals to murmur imprecations and maledictions against a certain Doralice.

“The priest sprinkled him with holy water. At every aspersion, the sick man writhed on his bed. His hair stood on end. He gnawed the sheets with his teeth, clenched his hands, and, opening his eyes with a wild and terrified stare, struggled convulsively. Then the good priest placed the end of his stole on the man’s breast. His chest heaved like the bellows of a forge, his breath came quick and gasping, his heart seemed ready to leap from its cover. The women, speechless with terror, fled from the room. The husband stood bolt upright in a corner, afraid to look at the raving sick man, signing himself with the sign of the cross, and invoking St. Anthony.

“About midnight the doctor returned. As soon as he saw the patient’s condition, he said,—

“‘There is no hope for him. When he recovers from this paroxysm, let him see his confessor at once.’

“He tried to administer to the sufferer a few drops of an anodyne, and then left the house.

“About one o’clock the dying man heaved a deep sigh. I raised his head, and prevailed on him to take a composing draught, which had a good effect.

“He opened his eyes, looked round him, and said,—

“‘What is that priest doing here?—what does he want?’

“The priest gently replied,—

“‘Signor Aristodemus, I was told you were sick, and I have come to pay you a visit, and offer you my services.’

“The unhappy sinner exclaimed, with a contemptuous look,—

“‘I don’t want a priest!’

“‘Still, Signor Aristodemus, it would be well to think of your soul. In cases like yours there is great uncertainty;—you are seriously ill;—I trust you may get well;—but if you settle the affairs of your conscience——’

“‘I have no affairs to settle!—I have no conscience!’

“And he began to shriek, to writhe with convulsed limbs, to gnash his teeth, and roll his eyes around in the sockets till only the white balls were seen.

“‘Put out that priest!’ he screamed, ‘put him out!’

“And, seizing the end of the stole, he dashed it into the pastor’s face, with demoniac rage. I advised the priest to withdraw for a while. Then, taking the sick man’s hand in mine, I soothed him; and, fanning him with a handkerchief, I said,—

“‘Aristodemus, the priest is gone.’

“‘He did not go of his own accord,’ he answered, with an infernal grin; ‘Doralice drove him away.’

“He got a little easier, and I imagined that the crisis was past; but suddenly he sprang from the bed with quivering frame, and, shaking his fist, shrieked out,—

“‘What do you want with me, you devil? Leave me in peace! Yes, I hear the neighing of your Ariel. I see him foaming, pawing the ground, shaking his black mane, and glaring at me with flaming eyes! Yes, yes, I will mount him, I will ride him, and he will carry me off, far off! Did I not take an oath? I will not retract it,—I will not forswear myself. Go on, accursed creature! go on: I will follow you!’

“After this violent paroxysm, and these mysterious words, which chilled me with horror, Aristodemus fell into a profound lethargy. I left the bedside, took by the arm the master of the house, who was beside himself, and led him into an adjoining room, where the worthy ecclesiastic was praying before an image of the Blessed Virgin. I called the young girl, Antonietta, and asked her if she knew any thing about a certain Doralice, whom the dying man never mentioned but with maledictions.

“‘Nothing positive,’ she replied. ‘All I can tell you is this. Last year, when I was mending the gentleman’s pantaloons, I found, in one of the pockets, a case covered with red leather, and fastened with a small clasp. I opened it through curiosity, and saw a tuft of hair, around which was wrapped a slip of paper, with the words, *Souvenir of Doralice*. And inside were wound, it seemed to me, some horse-hairs, with the inscription, *The gage of Ariel*.’ The girl, then turning to the master of the house, said, ‘You recollect, Filippo, the night when Aristodemus cried out in his sleep, “No, Doralice, not my soul; never!” You ran and shook

him. He awoke in a great perspiration, trembling all over, and begged you to stay with him till he went to sleep again.'

"'Yes,' said Filippo, 'I recollect.'

"The priest began to pray for the miserable man, and begged us to join with him.

"I resumed my seat at his bedside. His lethargy continued till morning, when he awoke bathed in perspiration. As soon as he saw me, he said,—

"'Oh, my good Pietro, what a dreadful night I have had! How thankful I am to you for your kind attentions. But it will soon be over, for I am very ill.'

"'My dear Aristodemus,' said I, 'I have assisted you very cheerfully, and I wish it was in my power to save your life. But if you feel yourself so ill, why not call in a priest and make your confession? Let me assure you, my dear friend, peace of soul benefits the body.'

"'Pietro, there is no more peace for me. Oh! don't speak to me of a priest. I am damned! I am lost forever! I feel the fire of hell burning in my veins, and the clutch of the devil on my heart; for my heart is his. I pawned it to him with an oath, and I cannot redeem it. Doralice knows it. Ariel was a witness of the compact. Ariel neighs and frets. I have already sacrificed two victims, and these two victims are the seal of my damnation.'

"'I pressed his hand affectionately, kissed him on the forehead, and said, 'Aristodemus, there is pardon for every sin. The grace of Jesus Christ is all powerful. But who are Doralice and Ariel?'

"'I am going to tell you.'

"He looked around the room, and made me a sign to wipe the perspiration from his face.

"You probably remember the arrival, about a year and a half since, before the anniversary festival of the Patron Saint, of an equestrian troupe, in which two women were engaged. One of them, from Mecklenburg, was tall, masculine, and so singularly beautiful that the young men of the university called her Juno. Many of them were fascinated by her charms; but none more than myself. I loved her to adoration. But this woman, whom I regarded as a celestial being, was, in fact, an incarnate fiend. She was initiated in the darkest mysteries of the Illuminati, and so devoted to their society that they gave her the commission of an *enroller* and *master*.

"From the frantic attachment I evinced, she began to study me as an object of interest. She soon discovered my vicious character. I was, indeed, utterly corrupt and enslaved by the most criminal passions. This woman wanted no other vantage-ground. She began to initiate me gradually in the mysteries of Weishaupt, and led me on as a captive till she broke the last seal of duty and cast me into the jaws of the demon. Eternal curses on the night when Doralice made me a worshipper of Satan! She took a lantern in her left hand and put her right in mine, then passed through her suite of apartments on the first floor, and began to descend the stairs. At every step I heard below like the chafing of a horse, then quick neighings and incessant pawings. Doralice opened a small door, and we found ourselves in a stable.

"I saw fastened in a corner a large, coal-black horse, with a white star on his forehead. As soon as he saw

the female, he ceased to neigh. He looked at her with fiery eyes, switched his tail, erected his long mane, and made his ears quiver like the forked tongues of basilisks. Doralice set down her lantern on the edge of the fountain, and its light gleamed ominously on the surface of the water. She then addressed me:—"Aristodemus, this is Ariel, my good genius. Put your right hand on his head, between the ears." Tremblingly I stretched out my hand. The horse fretted and tossed his head with disdain. The perfidious woman eyed me wrathfully, and said, "You trembling coward! What! you still believe in a God?" I felt the blood congeal in my veins. She uttered a word in German. Ariel bowed his head, and I placed my hand upon it. She took some water from the fountain in her two hands, threw it into my face, and, placing the front finger on the white star, said, "I baptize thee in the name of Ariel. Your name henceforth is Teucro. May the white star of Ariel be for you a presage of happiness." She loosened the horse and led him into the middle of the stable. She placed her left hand on my right shoulder, and her right on my heart, which was throbbing violently. Then she turned her head to the horse, and, with a motion of her lips, pronounced, "Happ!" The animal turned rapidly, approached us, placed his nostrils close to her hand over my heart, shivered, and uttered a loud neigh. She now retired a little in the rear, looked steadily at the horse, and spoke some words in German. The beast reared on his hind-legs till his head almost touched the ceiling. She clapped her hands, and he stretched himself on the ground gentle as a lamb.

"Doralice then took off her shawl and put it on the

shoulders of the horse, which bent his knees to the earth. She mounted, touched him lightly with her heel, and he arose. There she resembled Deianira on the Centaur. She called me to her side and said, "Aristodemus, place your head under my foot." I obeyed. She pressed the foot upon me, and exclaimed, "Disciple of Ariel, do you promise to be faithful to the angel of the white star?" I answered, "I do."* She struck the animal's croup, and immediately he began to tremble, chafe, foam, paw, and prance. Doralice laid her hand on his mane, and said to him, "Ariel, be still; Teucro is yours." At once he was motionless. Doralice sprang to the earth with a bound, removed her shawl, threw it around my neck, and drew me toward Ariel. "Kiss his star," she said. I kissed it. "Give him now your hand, in token of fidelity." The horse, to my utter amazement, lifted his right leg and presented me his foot.

"Pietro, I cannot tell you my sensations when I grasped that iron-bound hoof. I feel it still in my hand as a crushing weight. Ariel looked at me, understood my feelings, snorted, smacked his lips, and spurted froth into my face. I am yet scorching from that infernal saliva; and you talk to me of a priest! My soul is pawned to Ariel. Doralice plucked one of his hairs, made it into a circle, and wrote the words, "Gage of Ariel." Here it is, before your eyes. I wear it around my neck, with a curl of that damnable woman. And you speak to me of divine mercy? There is no longer mercy for me. Ariel is Satan. I see him now

* This is human pride, which, scorning to submit to the Creator and Sovereign of the universe, consecrates itself to the devil in secret societies, and crouches beneath the foot of a prostitute.

by my side. He neighs, he foams, he paws with his hoofs; he bends his knees to take me on his back, as he did Doralice, and plunges me into hell!

"Lionello," said Pietro to me, "I assure you that at that moment I shook with terror. God, however, gave me grace to say to the wretched man; 'Aristodemus, calm yourself. You have been cruelly deceived by this false-hearted woman. You know very well that these circus-riders train their horses to a thousand pranks of agility. I have myself seen some very extraordinary ones. The spectators are amazed, and they shout, "A miracle!" But, after all, it is nothing more than the effects of clever training. Your Ariel was only a well-broken horse: the devil had nothing to do with him, and Doralice was not even a magician. She was a cunning disciple of the Illuminati, who has succeeded in trammelling you with the oaths of that execrable society. That's the amount of it.'

"'But I have sold my soul to Satan! the bargain was made! Pietro, that is a hellish society. I have not only damned my own soul: I seduced two young men: I made them disown Christ, and His name, and their baptism. I have plunged them into the gulf of perdition.'

"At this moment, the priest, anxious to save that unhappy soul, moved toward the door. As soon as Aristodemus saw him, he shrieked out, 'Pietro, you have betrayed me! The priest is there: there he plants the cross on the threshold, and behind him I see two glaring eyes!' He writhed in convulsions, and buried his head in the bedclothes.

"The good priest, without entering the room, began

to recite the exorcisms of the Church; to which I responded 'Amen.'*

"The sick man lay perfectly still. I heard a seething sound in his bosom, a deep and hollow rattle in his throat, a gasping for breath, which heaved his chest violently. In a little while he was frightfully swollen. I crossed the room, and said to the priest, 'I do not hear him breathe any more.' He stepped lightly to the bedside, and said to me, 'Raise the clothes a little.' Gracious heavens! he was stark dead, and horribly disfigured by the swelling of the body. The face was livid, nay, black; the form no longer human; the corpse befouled with torrents of bile and blood which had gushed from his mouth.

"Lionello, this dreadful death struck a salutary terror into my heart. I left that chamber with a fixed resolution to shun the snares of the impious, and consecrate myself to God. I took my degree of doctor at the university, and returned home. A few days after,

* Let men laugh, if they choose, who disbelieve these compacts with the devil, in the accursed mysteries of secret societies; especially when the unfortunate men who form these compacts are struggling in the agonies of death. Their unseasonable mirth will not be shared by those who have often stood by the bedside of the dying sinner. We may confirm our assertions by citing a fact which occurred during the outrages of the *Mountain*, after the expulsion of Louis Philippe in 1848. Some members of this brutal society surrounded the house of a parish priest in one of the sections of Paris, and insulted him with horrible yells and blasphemies. The venerable and pious clergyman, at the sight of their frantic conduct, put on his stole, read the exorcisms, and through the open window sprinkled the miserable creatures with holy water. He stated the fact to a respectable person, to whom we are indebted for the information, that at each aspersion their fury abated, and that, without any other apparent cause, they slunk away one after another, in different directions.

I went to Ferrara, and there made a good general confession. I trust God has forgiven me. May He grant me to repair the scandals I gave my companions!"

Then, casting himself suddenly at my feet, he cried; "And you, Lionello, I beseech you to pardon me, through the love of Jesus Christ, the outrage which I committed against you." ✓

His action made me tremble and recoil. "Get up, Pietro, get up, I beg you. I pardon you indeed with all my heart." Had I then yielded to the emotions which agitated my breast, I should have thrown myself on my knees before him, asked his pardon for my scandals, owned myself more sacrilegious, more perjured, than Aristodemus. Would to God that I had done it! I would not now be a prey to the remorse which is devouring me, to the despair which makes my life an anticipated hell. Pride held me back. I raised my friend from the ground, and, with affected composure, inquired if he had an ecclesiastical patrimony. I offered him an excellent benefice. Don Pietro thanked me for my kindness, said he was already provided for by his family, bade me a friendly farewell, and left the church. There I stood alone, a prey to dismal thoughts, at the tomb of Antonio Cesari.

Two days later, I quitted Ravenna. I was afraid to meet Pietro again. That interview had deeply affected me. His image was ever before my eyes. He seemed to start up before me in every street and at every door, to follow me, seize my hand, kneel at my feet, and conjure me to return to God. Doubtless God in His sweet providence had designed that meeting to secure my salvation. Instead of seeking a refuge in his arms, I sought in flight an escape from divine mercy.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RETURN OF THE CARBONARO.

I HAD learned from Don Pietro that my acquaintances at Padua knew nothing of my imprisonment. This information decided me to return home, where, assuredly, the family would be doubly ignorant of my misconduct. I had been absent more than two years. For, after having passed my examination at Bologna to take the degree of doctorate, I fell into the hands of the Carbonari; and, having spent the winter in the Romagna, I visited, in the ensuing spring, Rome, Naples, and Sicily, as a delegate of the society. There I received orders to repair to Malta, Corfu, and the other Ionian isles, to prepare them for the outbreak of 1831. One result of my mission was to provide for the safety of a large number of the brethren, who, by the amnesty of 1846, returned to Italy to rekindle the fires of the conspiracy. I had then to traverse rapidly Germany, France, and England; to return to Warsaw and re-enter the Romagna, the bearer of letters from the Vendite and secret committees.

It is beyond my power to express the delight of my mother and sister on my return, or the affectionate attentions of my relations and friends. But hell was raging in my heart, and the stormy passions which ravaged my soul debarred me the enjoyment of the sweets of home and the tenderness of my mother and sister. The house wore a changed aspect to my eye. A gloom hung around every object; and the brightest

sun awoke no joy in my breast, as I trod those sumptuous apartments and that magnificent garden. O thou who readest these lines, if thou wanderest from the dwelling which gave thee birth, to fall into the gulf of secret societies, open to me thy heart. Tell me, when thou re-visitedst the home which heard thy infant cries, saw thy first tottering steps, gathered the earliest words of thy lips, covered the gambols of innocence, and witnessed the endearments of maternal love, oh, tell me if that home was not veiled with the darkness of the tomb! Beyond its threshold, thou art the victim of a wild and excited imagination. The words and actions of thy treacherous seducers whirl thee in a vortex, rob thee of self-consciousness, deny thy errant thoughts and tumultuous affections a moment's repose. But when thou returnest to the silence of thy chamber, the quiet management of thy affairs, thy heart is troubled; thy reason looks on a horizon lit up by flashes which bode the storm; thy conscience resumes its wonted sway, and thou art constrained to affect a peace which thou dost not feel, to wreath thy lips with hypocritical smiles and compose thy features to a deceitful calm.

Alas! what anguish did I endure when that pure and charming Josephine came to reveal to me, with admirable ingenuousness, the secrets of her soul; the ideas which had agitated that devoted heart during my protracted absence; the pains, and joys, and fears which she felt on receiving my letters; the busy thoughts which crowded her mind when she had to answer them; the habit which she had formed of tracing my travels on the map and reading descriptions of the countries which I had traversed! She had imagined herself the

companion of my journeys to Sicily, Malta, Cephalonia, now clinging to my side amid the terrors of the storm, now admiring with me the trembling beams of the moon as she arose above the waves of the sea. These were the sweet dreams which night and day haunted her young imagination. In fine, she communicated her first hopes, her first affections, all her desires, doubts, joys, and griefs.

I was no longer capable of enjoying the delights of innocence. I did violence to myself in my efforts to respond to those pure smiles, which my heart could no longer appreciate. The eyes of Josephine, radiant with joy, mirrored the depths of her soul, as she unhesitatingly, in the intimacy of our relations, poured into my ears her minutest thoughts. At times she stopped suddenly, looked at me with a troubled heart, and said, "Dear Nello, what is the matter?" "Nothing: continue." "Ah," she replied, "you look so sad!" And then she redoubled her caresses.

I had already told my mother that I had made up my mind to go at the close of the winter to Paris, London, and Northern Germany. She was deeply pained at the intelligence. She said that I had scarcely arrived when I wanted to forsake them again, that my sister's marriage would take place in a few months, and that then she would be left alone, a childless widow. She charged me with ingratitude and want of feeling. I made her false protestations, and promised an early return. I told her she would have the society of Don Giulio. My poor mother! How cruelly I lied to her! The oath of the Carbonaro obliges him to renounce all natural affections, to sacrifice to blind obedience and the tyranny of the society, the most sacred duties.

Josephine, unable to overcome my obstinacy, made ample arrangements for my departure. Owing to her devoted attentions, I was supplied with every thing. Often, indeed, she gave me proofs of the liveliest affections of a young heart, by laying aside the preparations for her marriage. One day, without my knowledge of her presence, she was in my chamber, packing my trunk. A stranger was announced. I received him in the small parlor; and after the first salutation, he addressed me abruptly:—

“Giulio, what are you doing? The committee enjoins on you to depart without delay. Events are crowding on us. The days of July which overthrew Charles X. are pledges of hope and liberty. Italy is prepared to grasp them. The grand masters of the Carbonari at Paris and London desire to have some information of our labors, prospects, preparations for the decisive blow. Go at once: kindle, warm, inflame every heart. The eye of Italy is on you. The committee confide to your zeal the great undertaking. Orestes is already in advance of you, Horatius in Belgium, and Decius in Switzerland.”

I begged him to allow me a brief space to assist at the marriage of my sister. His brows contracted, and his mouth assumed a malicious grin. He fixed on me a searching look. A satanic glance shot from his eye and pierced my heart like a poisoned dart. He took his hat, and, muttering the words, “I understand,” departed.

These harsh words threw a gloom on my heart. The order was cruel. I knew not what pretext I should plead to palliate to my mother and sister this hurried departure. Then I felt the ruthless and op-

pressive rule of secret societies. Sad, harassed, discouraged, I strode up and down my room. I devised the sweetest phrases to announce the fatal news to my mother. But all my studied address was embittered by those two words, "I depart." At length I went down to her apartments, and with steady features told her that, on account of Josephine's marriage, I wished to make a hurried excursion to Paris and buy a set of diamonds for her and an elegant nuptial present. At first she opposed strongly what she deemed a mere caprice. But I employed so many arguments that this good mother, amid her tears and complaints, at length yielded her consent.

It was midnight, and I could not sleep. In silence and sadness I was reading over the instructions of the committee. I was arranging my plans, devising means to borrow money on interest,—as I was not yet of age, and my quota for the purchase of arms was assessed at fifty thousand francs. Whilst, surrendered to gloomy thoughts, I lay stretched on my bed, I suddenly heard, in the deep silence of night, the light rustling of a dress. The door was cautiously opened, and I beheld Josephine entering the room with a timid and irresolute step. Whilst I fixed my eyes upon her in astonishment, she whispered,—

"Nello."

"What is the matter, my dear sister?"

"Nello, can I come in?"

"Certainly. But, dearest, why are you not in bed at this late hour?"

Josephine advanced on tiptoe, light as an angel of our night-dreams. She came to my side, and accosted me:—

"How could I go to bed, my dear brother, and sleep, when my heart is so agitated? You left our beloved mother in the deepest distress at the news of your departure. Nello, why do you thus afflict her? I beg you to take pity on her and on me, who love you so devotedly. You tell me that you are going to procure me a marriage-present,—precious gems to deck my bridal wreath, and bracelets, and other ornaments. Nello, what will be these nuptial rites, bedewed with the tears of my mother? Alas! they will be bitter harbingers of death. Do you think that mamma, who bewailed your long absence so grievously, will survive this new trial?"

I interrupted her, and said,—

"My dear Josephine, I will soon return."

She bent over me, pressed my head with her hands, kissed me affectionately, and said,—

"Nello, you will never come back. You do not undertake this journey on my account. My presentiments are fatal. Your heart is weaned from us; you are no longer yourself. Why have you changed your name? Why are you now called Giulio?"

At that word I trembled with affright from head to foot. I gasped for breath, and exclaimed, as I cast a terrifying look upon her,—

"Pina, what are you saying?"

The poor girl bounded back, covered her face with her hands, and, crying out, "Holy Virgin, help me!" fled quickly from the room.

I lay thunderstruck, motionless, blind to all things around me. What horrible expression, to fill her with dismay, had this young, pure-hearted girl read in my eyes, sparkling with the fires of atrocious conspiracies,

and flaming with diabolical and infernal light? I do not doubt that we, who are so clever in veiling our secrets, who manage our words and actions so adroitly in our intercourse with the world, in our conversations with princes, officers of the police, courtiers the shewdest and most expert, as to prevent the slightest suspicion transpiring, become, under the excitement and rage which the spirit of secret societies produces in us, exact images of Satan, in human shape. And I, who have so often struck terror into others by my look, have stood aghast at the aspect of my ferocious companions.*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

AFTER having torn myself from the arms of my mother and sister, and the sight of their tears, I hastened to Novara. There I conceived the idea of ascending the Great St. Bernard and entering Switzerland by that pass, travel by Geneva to the defiles of the Jura, course along the banks of the Rhine, and

* What Lionello recounts we have often seen at Rome with our own eyes,—especially in the more violent outbreaks of May 1 and of the 15th and 16th of November, 1848, and during the siege. Men with horribly-distorted countenances, with fierce and sinister eyes, seemed transformed into dragons and basilisks. The spectator shrank from their hideous aspect. Youths among them, gifted with personal beauty, exhibited in their flashing eyes the pride and ferocity of incarnate fiends. They were the counterparts of the demoniacs of George Sand and Balzac.

proceed by Lyons to Paris. I gave directions to my servant to follow with the carriage the route of the Simplon and wait for me at Martigny. I journeyed from Vercelli to Ivrea.

This ancient seat of Italian royalty caused, in a great measure, the downfall of Charles Albert. Thanks to the new history of Luigi Cibrario, the monarch fancied himself the only king of Italian origin, and hence concluded that his kingdom should rightly extend from Varo to Livenza. With this idea, he boldly declared war against Austria, mistress of the Lombardo-Venetian territory. The issue was doubly disastrous. He was defeated at Custoza, and afterward at Novara. Instead of winning a new kingdom, he lost his crown, and died of chagrin in a foreign land. This magnanimous and unfortunate king, during his illness at Oporto, saw his former flatterers distract his kingdom and tyrannize over the young Victor Emmanuel. He should then have bidden his son renew the valor which he had displayed at Goito, Monzambano, and Pastrengo, and, like Emmanuel Philibert after the battle of St. Quentin, deliver Piedmont from the claws of the vultures which were tearing its vitals. From Ivrea I followed the course of the Dora Baltea, and reached the narrows of Bard, where nature and art have posted and fortified the craggy palisades which guard these wild mountain-passes. A road to the summit is scarped from the living rock, fenced with parapets, which date back two thousand years, connected by bridges, buttressed by solid counter-forts.

It seems as if the head of this high mountain had been wrung from its wooded shoulders by a violent inundation, and hurled with enormous boulders to the

bottom of the valley. These boulders are piled on each other, and overhang the abyss where boil and foam the brawling waters of the Dora Baltea. In the midst of this scene of confusion—the work of a thousand storms—the fortress of Bard stands menacingly, and commands the defiles which separate the Greek from the Pennine Alps. Far above the precipices are perched towers and forts, whose batteries sweep the only practicable route across the mountain. No voyager can pass without permission of the garrison of Bard. And yet Napoleon passed there with his army,—cavalry, artillery, and caissons. How did he succeed in this daring enterprise? Was it the result of valor, stratagem, or treason? With six pieces of ordnance the Austrians might have arrested the march of the adventurous Consul. By this gorge Bonaparte descended into Lombardy, defeated Melas at Marengo, and opened to his ambition the doors of the empire.

Aosta, ancient seat of the Salassi, stands at the extremity of the immense valleys between Baltea and Dora. It is exceedingly rich in monuments of the Augustan era,—master-works of the golden age of art. The triumphal arch recalls the victories of Valerius Mesalla and Terentius Varro over the warlike Salassians.

The two Prætorian gates are in a state of fine preservation, and perpetuate the memory of the colony established there by Octavius Augustus. The entire city is still encircled with walls, and attests the admirable strategic science of the Romans. At intervals of twenty feet, square towers jut from the curtain; and the wall itself is faced with immense slabs of polished marbles, with coping-stones beneath the parapet. A

large portion of the curtain was dismantled, as the inhabitants of Aosta formerly carried off these slabs to construct public and private edifices. Only the surface, however, has undergone these mutilations.

In this city I made the acquaintance of the Canon Gall, a distinguished antiquary and accomplished gentleman. He accompanied me in my examination of these admirable monuments, and drew my attention to their beauties. He showed me the remains of the theatre, amphitheatre, corn-forum, magnificent bridges, —of the old cathedral, the basilica of Sant' Orso, and some splendid structures of the Goths and Lombards. But the most curious relic which I noticed was an ancient Greek diptych, of a positive date, since it is adorned with an ivory portrait of Honorius III., A.D. 406. In our visit to the lepers' tower, which Xavier de Maistre has rendered so famous, he begged me to observe certain projections which abutted, at regular distances, the interior of the wall of Augustus, and remarked that he was unable to determine whether they had been constructed as mere buttresses or battlements to enable the defenders to fight on the ramparts. In my travels, I had noticed, at Rome, the Prætorian camp of Probus, the camp of Tiberius's Prætorian guards in the island of Caprea, and the soldiers' quarters at Cape Misenum. I therefore suggested to him that they were most probably casemates built along the curtain. The canon admitted the correctness of my opinion, and added that each casemate accommodated ordinarily ten soldiers and one decurion.

On leaving Aosta, I entered the beautiful and charming valley which extends as far as Etroubles. But after traversing this range of hills, bordered with green

pastures and crowned with vineyards, picturesque groves of chestnut, and clusters of walnut and beech, I had not the remotest idea of finding myself, by a sudden turn of the road, in these precipitous gorges of the mountain, whose enormous sides tower to the skies. When I arrived at St. Oyen, I beheld immense forests of oak and pine, swaying and waving with the winds which issued from the glaciers and rushed through the deep defiles.

As I mounted from acclivity to acclivity, from rock to rock, new valleys rose before my eyes, till they were lost in the clouds. My ear caught the murmur of cascades, which leaped into the valleys and hurried to swell the waters of the Baltea.

When I reached St. Remi, I got out of the light, narrow car which is used to thread the contracted paths of the mountain. I stopped at a small inn, where every thing wore an air of great cleanliness, called for a good breakfast, and ordered a horse and guide to ascend St. Bernard. The innkeeper looked at me with astonishment. "A guide!" said he. "Why, signor, three wouldn't be enough. Just look at the weather. A few steps from the village is snow twice a man's height, and the farther you go the deeper you'll find it. The horse, of course, will be rough-shod; but, with all his calkins, there are slippery places to pass. You'll have to get off your horse and trust to your arms." I told him then to procure four men for me. He whistled, and immediately his daughter came into the room. She was a good mountain lass, who spoke to me with much modesty of the difficulties and dangers of the way. Poor thing! She told me of the loss of her brother, a youth of twenty years, who, in the pre-

ceding year, had been swept into a chasm by an avalanche. She pointed through the window to the scene of the disaster. It was only in the month of May that her family was able to recover the body, crushed under a mass of rocks and trees.

"He is buried," said she, "in the neighboring cemetery, and our blacksmith, who was a great friend of his, made a most beautiful cross to put at the head of the grave. Every evening I go there to say a *De profundis* for the repose of his soul; and as long as the flower-season lasts, I make every day a new garland. I go sometimes under the very glaciers to pick the finest."

"What!" said I, "are there flowers under the snow and amid the glaciers?"

"Oh, yes: the snow-heaps are scarcely melted, when we see, peeping from the ground, a delicate green blade; then, in a very short time, beautiful daisies, red, yellow, and blue, purple-colored narcissus, crimson hyacinths, and saffron valerian. I weave them into wreaths and hang them on my brother's cross. Ah; signor, you are, from your pronunciation, an Italian, and of course a Catholic. Are you not? Then let me beg of you, when you reach the hospice, to say an *ave* for him to the Madonna; and if you will have a mass said for him, I will never forget your kindness. I was there on his feast-day, in September, and I went to communion for my poor brother, at Remi."

As she spoke these words her bosom heaved, and, wiping her eyes, she looked at me with an expression so pure and innocent that I was deeply moved. Reader, would you believe it? At that moment, I was heartily a Catholic. I promised to have not only one, but six

masses said for her brother; and I kept my word. She took my hand affectionately, and kissed it, with a transport of joy which beamed forth her whole soul on her lips.

O Josephine! this mountain-maid recalled you to my mind. I saw your pure and serene eyes reflected in hers; for the eyes of innocence are ever beautiful, in the cabin as in the palace.

The innkeeper returned with four young mountaineers, full six feet high, muscular and robust. Their complexion was fresh and healthy. They said to me, with a confident air,—

“You needn’t be afraid, signor; we are with you.”

They wore beechen shoes studded with nails, pantaloons of coarse woollen cloth, a stout jacket, a comforter around the neck, and a thick cap with flaps to cover, when it was necessary, ears and cheeks.

Each one carried a long, knotty stick, pointed with iron. These fine, strapping fellows invited me to mount my horse, which carried a double-peaked saddle. Before and behind me, they had fastened two thick blankets, to cover me in case I became benumbed with the cold. They made a large sign of the cross, and set out. Two went ahead, and one, on each side of me. We proceeded at a brisk step; but as we proceeded farther into these narrow gorges, we were enveloped in a cold cloud which chilled us to the heart. From time to time I heard distant noises, which, echoing from rock to rock, died away in the adjacent glaciers. These sounds terrified me. I fixed my eye steadfastly on the path before me, when, as we turned a projecting shoulder of the mountain to enter a kind of ravine, a cracking and crashing smote the ear and filled me with alarm.

"Look out, signor!" shouted the guides. "Look to the left! An avalanche!"

I raised my eyes and saw the rapid descent of an enormous mass of snow, which, accumulating as it fell, snapped, and hurried along in its course huge oaks, loftiest firs, and venerable beeches. Down they went, leaping and bounding with the bellowing of a mighty wind. The mountain of snow struck a vast rock, and, hurled far into the air, was precipitated to the bottom of the torrent. The surrounding mountains pealed, heaps of snow were detached, the glaciers were riven, and the stream, cumbered by the avalanche, foamed and boiled madly.

We had approached the edge of the chasm. The mountaineers were treading cautiously. At every step, they raised their eyes to the left, and watched a dense smoke rising from the valley, as from the crater of a volcano. Suddenly they cried out,—

"The storm! the storm! Down from your horse, signor. Cover your head with your cloak, stay in the midst of us, and plant your stick fast in the ground."

I had scarcely dismounted, when the tornado, rushing from the deep caverns of the glens, burst upon us. With the violence of a water-spout, it uprooted trees, and swept down ice and snow, and torrents of water, with a crash and impetuosity that seemed to shake the mountains to their bases and hurtle them into the abyss.

The deep darkness of night preceded the tempest. Claps of thunder reverberated through the hollows, havoc and ruin followed, earth quaked, avalanches rushed from every side, rocks were cleft, and their din clashed in wild chorus, as they rolled to the bottom of the mountain. This violent gust was deadened by a

rampart of lofty rocks, against which it amassed prodigious mounds of snow, trunks of trees, and blocks of ice.

The storm merely brushed us in its passage; but the wind was so powerful, the blast so fierce, the hail so precipitous, the snow so thick, and the cold so piercing, that it seemed impossible to catch my breath, even under the clothes with which I was enveloped. With our backs to the rock, we remained motionless. When the storm had passed, my guides resumed the path to the hut, which was not far distant. This is the last *refuge* before you reach the summit on which the Hospice of St. Bernard is erected. It stands on a kind of esplanade, surrounded by immense crests, which form a cavity like the pit depicted by Dante. There, in that solitude, that desert, where the hardiest shrubs never grow, nor the eagle wings his flight,—in the midst of eternal glaciers, which reflect a sombre light; amid caverns, and gorges, and chasms, where the snow is piled mountain high; amid torrents, which, tumbling from rock to rock, are flung down into fathomless gulfs; amid arid and shaggy peaks and soaring clouds which dash against the very skies, menacing, and tumultuous with the clash of tempests,—man is annihilated in the sense of his inferiority, and of the presence of God! My impiety was abased. I entered into communion with myself, and comprehended my littleness, before this world of grandeur.

The Spirit of God, solitary and omnipotent, in the midst of whirlwinds and tempests, seemed to pass before my eyes, and hover over the abyss, when he pronounced the solemn words, "Let there be light!" I saw, in imagination, the earth issuing from the bosom

of ocean, and, like a giant, spreading out its vast sides and towering shoulders, naked and unadorned, with streams of fire coursing through its veins. The green herbs had not yet mantled it with a brilliant sward, nor the waving forests bedecked its brow, nor the zephyrs' breath thrilled its heart. Man must ascend these lofty peaks, especially when the storm has spread ravages in its course, to conceive the sensations of fear and reverence which master the soul, in view of this surpassing majesty.

At this solemn moment, faith was renewed in my heart, and the sentiment confirmed by an unexpected circumstance. We arrived at the hut exhausted by fatigue, and stiffened with the cold. My cloak was covered with snow. It had penetrated my neck, and filled my pockets. I was led to a large hearth and a blazing fire. Opposite to me was seated, on a bench, a tall traveller of noble aspect and distinguished manners. His feet were bare, and a young girl of extraordinary beauty, enhanced by her graceful modesty, was rubbing them with pieces of cloth which she had heated at the fire. Her air and action manifested sentiments of the liveliest filial tenderness.

The gentleman was a rich Hungarian noble, who, travelling from Italy to Geneva, determined to gratify his daughter, though the season was advanced, by visiting the celebrated Hospice of St. Bernard.

Her piety toward the Blessed Virgin inspired the courageous and intrepid lady to go and venerate the Mother of God in the highest sanctuary dedicated to her on earth.

They had set out an hour and a half before our departure, escaped the storm, braved snow-banks, glaciers,

and numberless difficulties of the way. But the keen winds which preceded the gust renewed the pangs of Count Pietro, who was suffering from the gout; and his amiable daughter, Sophia, was using every appliance to alleviate his pains.

The mountaineers had with them only harsh, indifferent wine, rye bread, and cheese. The count did not relish this food. His health, indeed, forbade him to try this mountain-diet. I had in my pouch a flask of old Madeira, four oranges, and two cakes of chocolate. I hastened to rinse a small patent-leather cup, filled it with the wine, and presented it to the count. He found it excellent. I turned to his daughter and begged her to accept the oranges and a cup of Madeira. She took an orange, with exquisite grace, and, whilst she was peeling it, I drew out the chocolate, and asked for a vessel or any kind of cup.

Sophia smilingly said, "Allow me to attend to that." She extended her hand for the chocolate, broke it in pieces, had some water boiled, dropped the cake in it, and added a few twigs of the cornel-tree. I searched for some cups, and the young girl poured out the foaming beverage, which warmed us effectually.

The count, like myself, was accompanied by four guides. Two of them, who had gone out to look at the sky, reported on their return that the weather had much improved, and that the clouds were disappearing behind Entre-Mont. Sophia prepared her father for the journey, and three of the mountaineers placed him on his horse. I supported his foot and arranged the stirrups. I assisted Sophia to the saddle, wrapped her marten-boa carefully around her, mounted my own horse, and, with the entire party, pursued our way.

We travelled on the top of the snow; but it was, happily, crusted by the hail. We passed some hazardous spots, but, thanks to the cleverness of the mountaineers and the tools with which they had provided themselves at the *refuge*, we continued our journey in safety. Suddenly our guides stopped.

"Here we are," they said, "on the great rock of St. Bernard. You see the cross there far above the snow. The monks tell us that here was the temple of Jupiter Apenninus, built by the Romans, and destroyed by St. Bernard to plant the cross of Christ. Can the demon hurt us any more? The Cross! How beautiful it is! It reigns over all our valleys, succors and protects every one who invokes its aid."

We soon perceived a monk with two men of herculean frame, accompanied by two enormous dogs. One of the men asked our guides if any disaster had occurred during the tornado. These two *Maroniers*, as they are called, belonged to the hospice, and the two dogs were the most renowned of the breed. Their names were Drapeau and Bellona.

They are of a light color, with heads like lions, and bodies as large as calves. With extraordinary intelligence, at the orders of the monks, they scent a man buried fathoms under the snow. They scratch and clear away the snow above the unfortunate traveller's head; then they free his arms so that he can move his body. Each dog has a flask of old wine suspended from his neck, which has the virtue to warm the blood and reanimate the benumbed limbs.

When the traveller is roused, he gets up and walks of himself. But if he is too weak, he has only to lean on the dog's back, and the animal drags him to the

path, where the maronier waits for his coming and extends the long pole to which he can cling. When the traveller is completely overpowered by the cold, the dog breathes on his face and licks it, seizes his arm with his mouth, shakes and tries to stir him. He whines around him with restless solicitude. Thus these friendly dogs save every year a large number of travellers. The Swiss radicals, with their big words of philanthropy, have less humanity than these dogs. More cruel than hyenas, they drove these holy monks from their hospice, after the war of the Sonderbund, and have thus caused the death of hundreds of Catholics who had taken refuge in the mountains.

Whilst we were talking with the monk and maroniers, Drapeau uttered a quick, sharp bark, sprang forward rapidly, followed by Bellona, in the direction of an avalanche heaped on the edge of a precipice. The holy religious remarked, "Some poor people are buried there under the snow." He and the maroniers hastened at once to the spot. We followed them at some distance, and watched the manœuvres of the dogs. They beat eagerly about the place, smelt, wagged their tails, thrust their muzzles into the snow, began to scratch and dash it aside until they reached the earth. Then they yelped with a cry of mingled delight and pity. They shook the body of an unfortunate man lying beneath, and tried to revive him with their breath. One of the maroniers ventured to descend into the cavity and help them.

A sad spectacle was presented to our sight. A young man of stalwart frame had lain there for more than two hours. He held closely in his arms a young girl nine or ten years old, and seemingly ready to expire, press-

ing his face to hers, and mouth to mouth. The dogs licked her face. The maronier lifted her from the grasp of the young man, rubbed her face with a handful of snow, until the little sufferer opened her eyes and showed returning color in her cheeks. He gave her mouthfuls of Cyprus wine, and continued the friction on her hands and feet. The young man emptied the flask hanging on the neck of Bellona, and recovered his strength. The monk, impatient about the result, went down to their side, took the little girl from the arms of the maronier, whilst the latter helped the young man to climb out of the snow-bank. Sophia shed tears of emotion. When the monk had clambered to the top, she begged him to give her the little girl. She placed her on her horse, wrapped her in her cloak of ermine-bordered velvet, pressed her to her bosom, and lavished most affectionate cares on the child to recall animation. I got off my horse, put the young man in the saddle, and, with the guides, walked to the summit of the acclivity.

We now stood on the plateau, surrounded by jagged rocks and formidable crags, ten thousand three hundred and twenty-seven feet above the level of the sea, in the midst of fogs which rise from immense depths and eternal glaciers.

A frozen lake, transparent as crystal, extends over a part of the plateau. Midway in this lake, the rude tower of the hospice lifts itself, as if by enchantment, to the height of seven thousand five hundred and forty-eight feet above the level of the sea, flanked by enormous rocks which shield it from the violence of the tempests. It is the highest habitation on the face of the globe; and no motive less divine than Christian

charity could induce men of erudition, refined feelings, and polished manners, to dwell on these lofty peaks, sacrifice all the comforts of life, and consecrate themselves as holocausts to God in the service of their brethren.

When we reached the hospice, the dogs came out, as if to bid us welcome. Father Cart, the procurator or hospitaller, followed closely in their track, and helped Count Pietro from the saddle.

Meanwhile, I took the little girl from the arms of Sophia, and gave her in charge to a female who stood by. I then aided the young lady to dismount. Other persons supported the young man and bore him to the stove.

He was a linen-weaver, and a native of Biella. Apprized of his mother's death, and uneasy about his young, unprotected sister, he came to carry her into France and put her under the care of some religious ladies. He had arrived without accident at the Refuge, and was walking on the snow, when it suddenly gave way under his feet and plunged him to a great depth, with his sister, whom he was carrying in his arms.

Father Cart inquired of Count Pietro if he or his daughter desired a hot bath; but, as the fire was burning brightly, they declined the proffer. The courteous canon then ordered for us a bowl of tea, with a modicum of rum. This beverage restored us entirely. Hardly had the good Sophia recovered her strength and color than she requested the Father hospitaller to show her the way to the church and the Madonna. He told her that they adjoined our present sitting-room; and this angelic creature went to throw herself on her knees before the altar. There, with bowed head,

clasped hands, and an air of profound recollection, she spent a long time in fervent prayer.

O daughter of faith, devoted to thy God, couldst thou spare no love for Lionello, and thus snatch him from hell? I was so captivated by her virtues and personal attractions, that, a few days afterward, I sought her hand of the count, and would perhaps have obtained it, had she not been, for a year past, the affianced bride of a young nobleman of Buda. Sophia and Fanny were the only women who might have saved me. But I was not worthy of them. Fanny was a lady of Luxemburg, who lost her husband a few years since. Flemish piety and ingenuousness added new charms to her beauty. Rich, noble, highly intellectual, mistress of several languages, and a superior musician, she possessed exquisite sensibilities, and, as I have reason to believe, returned my affection with ardor. She had a son, a charming little boy, who won the heart of every one that approached him. When I first proposed to Fanny, she manifested great astonishment. She soon regained her composure, and said to me, as she pointed to her little Henry,—

“Lionello, do you see that pledge of my first love? Look at him, and tell me if it be possible for a mother to abandon her child.”

I assured her that I would cherish him with the love of a fond father.

“No,” she answered. “None but my Otho could love him. God bereaved my son of his father, that in me he might find the love of both his parents. None but a mother can give this double love.”

“But you are yet young: why should you doom yourself to a life of loneliness and unmitigated sorrow?”

"Count, years are fleeting away; but the joys of a second engagement would be far more bitter to me than my present grief."

I left that city a prey to deep melancholy. I wrote to her several times from Amsterdam, Aix, and Angers; but I received no answer. It seems to me that Sophia and Fanny were the only women capable of checking my passions, reclaiming me from my wanderings, reconciling me to virtue, and restoring the peace of mind to which I had long been a stranger.

Sophia, after having prayed before the Madonna, arose, and, approaching her father, said, with a serene and smiling countenance, "I have been praying for you too, and thanking our blessed Mother for rescuing us from so many dangers." The repast was soon ready. We could scarcely have expected in that dreary spot the elegances which charity and politeness spread before us. Nothing was wanting: the whitest linen, rich plate, delicious viands. Father Cart sat near us, and answered our many questions in regard to the number of travellers whom he had saved, and to the monks who, during the winter, dwelt in that icy temperature. He told me that in the space of a year they often saved more than a hundred persons from certain death, and he gave us some incidents of an exceedingly tragic nature.

The Religious had a house at Martigny, whither they repaired when the inclement season set in. Nevertheless, the monks of a stronger constitution remained at the monastery and chanted their psalmody in the midst of the tempest. Here were cells, each furnished with a bed, for one thousand strangers. And they could be supplied with food for several days.

The reverend hospitaller showed me a fine museum

of natural history, containing wild goats, bucks, roes, chamois, marmots, badgers, dormice,—all the animals which frequent the Alpine precipices and live in the hollows of the rocks. In this collection we found, too, mountain birds, white partridges, francolins, pheasants, glacier-cocks, and a bird of light-gray plumage spotted with red, (Linnæus' snow-finch,) which is found in the frozen solitudes of Mont Blanc and St. Bernard. Here, also, Father Cart had deposited several bronze tables, disinterred near the ancient Roman temple. They are dedicated to Jupiter Apenninus, to insure a prosperous journey, or deliverance from the storm and the avalanche.

"This," said Father Cart, "was the work of idolaters; and now-a-days there are Christians who pass by this place, not to thank, but to blaspheme, God!" And I shudder to add that Swiss, born of Catholic parents, joined the radicals after the Sonderbund war, persecuted these monks, the heroes of charity, massacred, pillaged, barbarously banished them.*

* In March, 1852, the radicals of the Valais ordered all their property to be put under the hammer. For nearly a thousand years the Hospice of St. Bernard has been the admiration of the world. Princes and people have evinced their gratitude in its regard. Year after year, it extends its bounty to thousands of travellers, of all conditions, ranks, nations, of all religions, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Turkish, and Pagan; for the impious men who have abjured Christ are worse than these last. All are welcomed with the same Christian charity. They are lifted up, if they fall; extricated, if they are buried under the snow; if they are benumbed by the cold, they are transported to the monastery; if they are exhausted by hunger and suffering, the monks dispense nourishment and remedies, and thus restore them to life. It is no longer a religious question. The spoliation of the Hospice of St. Bernard is not only a sacrilegious robbery of the Church, it is a merciless crime against humanity. It

On the following day we rose early. Sophia had gone to confession to one of the monks, and on her return to the hall she said to me, with a bright and open countenance, "Lionello, I'm going to hear mass, and receive communion for papa, who is still in bed. You have a mother: will you go to communion with me?"

A cold tremor ran through my veins at this unexpected question.

"Lady, I am not worthy to go."

Poor Sophia blushed, and, looking at me with tearful eyes, continued, "Lionello, I will pray also for you and your mother."

I have not a doubt that she saw the impiety of my heart glaring from my eyes.

is an assassination of travellers of all nations. France, Russia, Austria, what do you think of this iniquity? What measures do you take to redress these wrongs? Will you permit the barbarities of these enemies of society to pass unpunished? Remember that the majority of travellers who cross these snow-clad mountains are French and German. Will you allow these wolves of Swiss radicalism to devour so many citizens, to rob commerce and art of so many votaries?

O Italy, misled by wild and pernicious fancies, behold the character of that felicity at which thou aimest, under the government of these regenerators! Think of thy hospitals, orphan-asylums, houses of refuge, homes of the young, unprotected, aged, and sorrowful, all the institutions of charity which have been bequeathed to thee by ancestral munificence, the gifts especially of mediæval communes and republics. These new republicans, godless and unbelieving, plunder thee of all thy treasures,—the altars of the Lord, the support of the parentless, the shelter of the old and the wayworn. The sick will be flung into the street; mothers will be left resourceless; the unhappy victims of their passions will abandon their children, for whom they can no longer find a refuge. O my country, if thou art determined to be cruel, exercise not thy cruelty against

CHAPTER XVIII. ✓

MASONRY.

AFTER dinner, when Sophia returned to the church to pray before the Virgin, Count Pietro requested me to accompany him to the Morgue. We went to the windows, and through the iron bars we saw, standing upright against the walls, the corpses of those who during the year had been found dead under the snow. They are there exposed to the view of travellers, that, if possible, they may be recognised by their friends. The air of this region is so pure and rare, the cold so intense, that the entrails and blood are desiccated, and the bodies retain their physiognomy and shape so perfectly, that we can easily identify them after death, though we may not have seen them often during life.

After viewing the mournful spectacle for a while, the count began to suffer from the severe cold, and proposed to return to the fire. Here we noticed a large stone, which records in a long description the passage of Napoleon over the Alps, and the prowess of Dessaix. The gallant general marched the army across the mountain, died gloriously on the plains of Marengo, and found a worthy tomb in the monastic church of St. Bernard. This passage of history led us to speak

thy own children. I ask thee not to avenge the wrongs of priests and religion, but to keep for the hand of misery the bread of which these monsters would rob it. The rapine which the Turin constitutionalists have perpetrated at St. Bernard and St. Paul manifests the ravenous hunger of these tyrants. Let them strip thee of thy goods; like vampires, they will suck the last drop of thy blood.

of Napoleon; and the count expressed his opinions of that wonderful man's genius, intrepidity, and daring, which no obstacle could disconcert.

Our desultory conversation introduced a topic which, to me, was exceedingly interesting.

"It is a marvellous thing," said the count, "that this great man, who was able to subdue the French nation, vanquish numberless armies, subvert so many thrones, and subject to his sceptre a large portion of Europe, never succeeded in conquering Masonry. Though he owed to its instrumentality his elevation to the empire, he wished to make it the slave of his will. What was the result? It cast him, like another Prometheus, to pine on a storm-beaten rock. Lionello, be assured that the man who puts himself in the power of secret societies will sooner or later be the victim of their malice. You are young; you are going to France, and there you will be exposed to a thousand powerful temptations. Be on your guard. I had a son in whom I once reposed my fondest hopes. Now he is the cause of abiding sorrow, mortal disquietudes, overflowing tears. He thoughtlessly fell into the snares of Masonry, and was implicated in secret conspiracies. But, thanks be to God, I saved him, after countless sacrifices and dangers. I am now on my way to see him at Geneva, where, exiled and unknown, he spends his days, in the fulness of repentance and remorse."

My conscience smote me with reproaches, as I listened to these words of the noble Hungarian, and thought of my own good mother. To escape these poignant reflections, I busied myself in replacing the pieces of burning wood which had fallen on the hearth. Then, turning to the count, I said, as if casually,—

"Still, I have heard persons maintain that Masonry is a harmless institution; that it is guiltless of the impiety of the Rosicrucians, Scotists, Illuminati; that it is a kind of reunion of learned men, distinguished by their talents and benevolence, whose only aim is the welfare of their fellow-men, by the diffusion of science, the improvement of philanthropic instruction, the advancement of commerce, industry, agriculture, and every art beneficial to humanity."

"The man who told you that, my dear friend, manifested his exceeding ignorance or his shameless disregard of truth. You are an Italian, born of a noble race, reared in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Do you believe that, if this were its true character, the Church, in her wisdom and justice, would have stricken it with so many anathemas? Catholics are forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to become members of this association. The Church, enlightened from above, is able to discriminate between right and wrong; to point out the paths which lead to heaven and hell; to certify the work of God, and the stratagems of the devil."

"But tell me, Count Pietro, how does it happen that Free Masons proclaim themselves heirs of the chivalric religion of the Templars, and that, as guardians and re-establishers of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, they have adopted the emblems of masonry? In their lodges you find pictures representing trowels, polishers, levels, hammers, winches, crowbars, and aprons."

"It is true that they falsely proclaim their descent from the Knights Templar; but they know very well their unworthy origin. By these tales they throw dust

into the eyes of the people, when they talk pompously, sometimes of the Temple of Solomon, sometimes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But, in fact, the Free Masons are only a corruption of an institution ennobled by Christian charity. They are a base, miserable imitation of the original, as fruitful, eventually, in evil, as the guilds which they mimic were in good."

"If they are not successors of the Templars, to what do you ascribe their power and diffusion? They exist in Europe, beyond the seas in North and South America, in the lately-discovered islands of Tahiti, Sandwich, and Australia. Effects like these must spring from a great, potent, superhuman cause."

"The cause, my dear Lionello, is neither great nor superhuman. Do you wish to know it? It is the rage and envy of Satan against the Church; it is his implacable hatred, which seeks to vitiate, destroy, counterfeit, divine institutions by deeds of iniquity."

"The demon, then, studies to ape the Church?"

"Certainly; and it is an artifice as old as the world. He opposes altar to altar, sacrifice to sacrifice, sacraments to sacraments, rites to rites, the oblation of Cain to that of Abel, the baptism of the Carbonari to the baptism of Jesus Christ."

"But to what Christian institution is Masonry opposed?"

"I will tell you: I will show you the authentic origin of Free Masons. You no doubt recollect that, about the twelfth century, the Western nations, in their desire to wrest the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidels, originated the wars which we call the Crusades. Peter the Hermit led the first. Godfrey de Bouillon conquered Jerusalem, and was proclaimed

King of the Holy City. By degrees, all the kings, princes, and Christian lords of Europe enrolled themselves under the standard of the Cross, from Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, to St. Louis, King of France. For the space of two centuries they nobly combated the Saracens.

“The kingdom of France had been frequently invaded, pillaged, devastated, and burned by Moors, who made hostile irruptions from Africa and Spain. The northern provinces had been desolated by incursions of the Normans, who ravaged the country with fire and sword. Magnificent abbeys and cathedrals reared by the pious munificence of the Merovingian and Carlovingian kings, had been attacked by bands of marauders, plundered, and, in most instances, set on fire and destroyed. A vast number of villages were sacked, the ramparts of strongholds levelled, wooden bridges cast burning into the streams and their stone arches demolished. The Hungarians, at divers times, invaded Bavaria, Burgundy, and Italy. They swept through these countries in a deluge of fire, burning, consuming, reducing to dust, the harvests and forests; leaving in their passage signs of horror and desolation. Germany, on the other side of the Rhine, was laid waste by the Prussians; Bohemia and Moravia, by the Tartars and Sclavonic tribes; the shores of the Baltic, by the Swedes and Thuringians; Flanders, by the Frisons. But England, enriched under its Saxon kings with abbeys, cathedrals, and hospitals, was the greatest sufferer, from the havoc made by the Danes. These barbarians strewed the soil with ruins, and made the country a desert.

“You observe, Lionello, that during the eleventh

and the twelfth century, the Mussulmen and Northern tribes had flung back into barbarism the nations of Europe. Churches, monasteries, fortified cities, were devastated. The inhabitants resumed the manners of forest savages. Every city, and castle, and territory was insulated, like islands in the sea, as all intercommunication was cut off. Roads, bridges, barks, means of transportation, richly-endowed hospitals, monasteries whose doors were ever open to the wayfarer, had disappeared. The eye beheld, on every side, thickets, swamps, pools, fallow and waste lands, so that in many places neither man nor horse could pierce a way. God had pity on society. He raised up high-minded men, endowed with eminent wisdom and sanctity. They established, according to the rules of St. Benedict, new monastic congregations, which gradually softened the manners and dispelled the ignorance of the people. France was gloriously resplendent with the lustre of the orders of Citeaux, Cluny, and Chartreuse, under the government of St. Bernard, St. Odo, and St. Bruno. Germany was blessed with the order of Premonstratensians, founded by St. Norbert, Archbishop of Magdeburg; England, with the monasteries of St. Alban, St. Dunstan, St. Columbanus, restored by Lanfranc and Anselm, Archbishops of Canterbury. Italy ranked among her many benefactors St. John Gualbert and St. Romuald, founders of Vallombrosa and Camaldoli, who with heroic courage combated the abuses of the epoch. In fine, at the close of the twelfth century the two great luminaries of the world appeared, —St. Francis of Assisium, and St. Dominic. Their orders dissipated the darkness of barbarism which had settled on Christendom. At this period the orders of

chivalry, especially of the Knights Hospitallers and the Knights Templars, were formed, to civilize and rule the boorish and rugged nations. They introduced the polished and elegant manners of the East, and contributed powerfully to the progress of European refinement. The Church, whose maternal heart is ever full of tenderness and solicitude for her children, studied to provide for their wants in the West, as she had striven by the Crusades to promote their interests in the Levant. In those ages of faith, the desire of Christians to draw holy indulgences from her treasury prompted them to undertake journeys to Palestine. The Church availed herself of this popular movement, and gave it a more advantageous direction. It was deemed inadvisable to exhaust the fountains of European wisdom and strength in behalf of Eastern nations, to bereave France, Burgundy, England, and the Germanic empire of their defenders, guardians, and counsellors. Hence the same spiritual favors were dispensed to Catholics who devoted themselves to the service of the Church and the exercise of works of charity.

“Among these works was reckoned the gift of books to monastic and cathedral libraries; for the barbarians had in their irruptions pillaged the abbeys, collegiate, pastoral, and episcopal residences, and destroyed the treasures of sacred and profane science,—even the rituals, antiphonaries, charters, archives, chronicles, and histories. Those savage warriors used the books which they seized to light a fire or adorn their saddles; with rolls of vellum they covered their bucklers, hauberks, and breastplates. They made horse-litters of the manuscripts, as they did with the *Republic* of Cicero, or kindled beacons with them. Consequently a book

was a precious offering to the Church; and it is to this ingenious charity of the Popes that we are indebted for the preservation of the master-works of Greek and Latin literature, rescued with the writings of the holy fathers from the universal deluge of barbarism.

“The Church watched with equal interest over the rebuilding of hospitals, monasteries, and temples of the Almighty. The indulgence granted to the Crusaders was extended to all contributors who, by money or labor, founded or restored edifices of public utility. Thus many of the counts and barons, disabled by age or infirmity from joining the Crusaders, desired to share their merits; thus many high-born ladies, rich and powerful castellans, were animated with the same spirit, and generously promoted the accomplishment of these noble projects.

“To this principle, France, England, Germany, Italy, and the entire West, after the year 1000, owed those majestic monuments which are the objects of our admiration; monuments which modern times, notwithstanding the progress of arts and sciences, have been unable to surpass or even approach in their poor imitations. It was a beautiful spectacle to see these margraves, landgraves, counts, barons, lords of castles, presenting themselves to the bishops and abbots, and zealously co-operating with them in the restoration of the abbeys, priories, and churches of their dioceses; not only offering their treasures, but lending their horses, mules, wagons, for the good work, allowing them the use of their lands, quarries, and forests.

“But the Church knows the value of organization, by rule, order, and harmony. She is the head which directs the members to a common end. The bishops

and abbots divided these zealous Catholics into orders and classes, appointed managers under the control of a chief who was to govern the entire body. This is the origin in France, and afterward in England and Germany, of the religious guilds of *Masons*. The members consecrated themselves to the erection of churches, monasteries, priories, chantries, collegiate churches, pastoral residences, hospitals for the sick, inns for travellers, asylums for lepers, bridges for streams and rivers.

“The head of these confraternities was styled *Grand Master* of the Masons; the subordinate chiefs, *masters*; the ordinary workmen, *masons*; the others, *apprentices* or the *initiated*. Around the church were built temporary huts or shelters for the workmen. These were called *lodges*.

“The members of these communities saluted one another by the Christian name of *brethren*. To gain admission and the indulgence attached to the guilds, it was necessary to go to confession and communion, swear obedience to the grand master, and execute the work allotted by the director of the lodge, but, above all, to forgive one's enemies and be reconciled with them. This last condition was essential in those warlike times, when villages and communes were engaged in continual conflicts with their neighbors, under the influence of those barbarous manners which perpetuated feuds, hatreds, and bloody retaliations.

“According to the most reliable histories, we can trace the origin of these confraternities to Chartres, at the beginning of the twelfth century, when the cathedral of that city was constructed. From Chartres they spread into Normandy and the rest of France.

Thence they passed into England, Scotland, and particularly Flanders and Germany.

“It was a spectacle worthy of those heroic ages of faith which had succeeded the dismal period of barbarism to see noble and puissant barons approach the bishop with humble and reverential air, and ask his blessing; then offer their aid to the grand master, who admitted them as associates, and sent them to the masters to discharge assigned functions. It was an admirable spectacle to behold haughty marchionesses, and the daughters of landgraves, barons, counts, and even kings, earnestly soliciting the lowly and laborious condition of female masons, and congratulating themselves on their enrolment as sodalists.

“When it was announced that a cathedral or monastic church was to be erected, or a bridge to be thrown over a river, masons and apprentices, in numerous bands, preceded by priests carrying the cross, were seen converging to the appointed place from the neighboring dwellings. They presented themselves to the masters, and repaired to their respective lodges to wait for orders. And now they began operations. They built the walls, dressed the stone, hewed the timbers, formed the arch-frames, laid the floors, mortised the girders and joists, raised the parapets. One slaked the lime and made the mortar, another sifted the gravel; one brought brush-wood and fagots for the furnaces, another kneaded the clay or moulded tiles and bricks. Noble matrons and young ladies of wealth and station carried stone and wood upon their shoulders; they bore vessels of lime and sand; they drew water at the moats and rivers; and sometimes they were so numerous

as to form an unbroken chain and pass the water from the stream to the scene of labor.

“The workmen, in the midst of these toils, maintained silence and recollection, demonstrative of the faith and religion which animated their souls. They chanted at their work sacred hymns and canticles, in honor of Mary, the virgin Mother of God. They fasted on the eves of the great solemnities; and the priests urged them to offer to God their pains, fatigues, and all discomforts, under a burning sun, cold, rain, and not unfrequently with unwholesome food.—If any dispute arose among them, the priests and the masters settled the difficulty, and those very men wont to tyrannize over their vassals bowed their heads cheerfully to the yoke of obedience.

“When I read, my dear Lionello, the history of that Masonic institution, I feel myself transported with admiration in view of that power of Catholic faith and divine charity which originated and sustained it. I have met with a letter of Aymon, Abbot of St. Peter of Dives, in Normandy, which he wrote in England A.D. 1145, to the monks of the Abbey of Jutteburg. He gives them an account of the wonders wrought by this confraternity in the erection of St. Peter’s Church. ‘You might see,’ says the abbot, ‘the most powerful nobles, and ladies of eminent rank, engaged heartily in this charitable work. Unmindful of their distinguished birth, the authority of their state, the delicacy of their nurture, and the charms of their princely homes, they harnessed themselves to carts and transported to the building wood, stone, sand, and other materials. After the hard labors of the day, they watched a good portion of the

night, placing lighted torches in their vehicles, and chanting hymns and pious canticles.'

"He then relates the origin of the Masonic fraternities at the construction of the Chartres Cathedral, and their subsequent extension over all Normandy. The Abbot of Dives here ends his interesting narrative. But you may find the most interesting details of their operations in the history of the archbishops of Rouen, the annals of the order of St. Benedict, and the continuation of Sigebert by Robert Dumont. Spondanus, in the History of Geneva, gives a manuscript of 1213 which chronicles the institution of a Masonic corporation to build the great Cathedral of St. Peter. This noble structure was respected by the Calvinists, but sacrilegiously destroyed by modern Masons. Nowhere were these associations more wisely organized than at Strasbourg, A.D. 1450, under the architect Dotzinger. From certain indications, however, I suspect that even at this epoch, innovations began to affect the primitive purity of the institution.

"Mediæval faith and piety, as you clearly see, my dear Lionello, gave birth to the Masonic lodges, under the inspiration of the Church, which won the co-operation of the faithful by the promise of indulgences granted to the Crusaders. The splendid results of this enterprise are seen in the cathedrals of Chartres, Bourges, Cologne, Mayence, Strasbourg, Westminster; in every part of France, England, Scotland, Germany, and Switzerland. The Italian communes and republics contributed most to these admirable structures in their own country, aided, however, in an eminent degree by the confraternities. At the sight of this happiness which had changed the desert into a paradise and

adorned the wild, uncultivated, desolate lands of Europe with costly monuments, vocal night and day with hymns to the glory of God, hell was devoured with rage and despair, and swore to arrest the progress of these sacred fabrics which sprang up on every side. It summoned from the East and poured into France, and afterward into other countries, nefarious cohorts of the Catari, Bulgarians, Waldenses, Paterini, and Manicheans. These enemies of religion and civilization infused the poison of their impiety and heresies into the bosom of Christendom,—sowed the cockle of Satan in the field of Jesus Christ. They insinuated themselves into Catholic society under the garb of hypocrisy. They sought to cajole the most ignorant and ductile people. They maintained that the worship of God required simplicity, that man himself was the only temple of the Lord, and that to the restoration and aggrandizement of this temple we should devote all our energies. They excited envy at the magnificence of cathedrals and abbeys, disparaged the pious confraternities of the Masons. Then, under pretext of subverting the ramparts of tyranny, they stirred up the populace against the castles and towers which served as a defence against invasion. In less than fifteen days, they, in Picardy, Artois, and Brie, overthrew and demolished, with catapults and battering-rams, more than one hundred castles. Kings, princes, dukes, marched against these infernal legions, and, on their ruins, France, England, and Germany breathed more freely. They were not, however, annihilated. Mistrustful of an appeal to arms, which had betrayed their designs, they recurred to artifice. Their chiefs, inspired with the malice of Satan, hypocritically veiled their iniquity under the externals of religion. In their

gloomy retreats, like the serpent in its covert, replenishing its fangs with poison, they matured the project of imitating the Masonic lodges. They accordingly entered those confraternities, corrupted the faith of their members, and perverted the original institution. Henceforth there was neither peace nor truce. They began to tamper with the most numerous and reputable bodies, and, as the reward of their pretended zeal, they soon formed a powerful and terrible sect. —

“The devil, as we have already said, ever apes the institutions, rites, and practices of the Church. His abettors established new fraternities and assumed the name of *Free Masons*, as if emancipated from the ancient lodges and masters. The simple and ignorant were quite unaware of any change, because they had retained in their vocabulary the names of *lodges*, *grand masters*, *masters*, *apprentices*, *brethren*, &c. They devised signals, secret emblems of the trowel, level, square, hoe, and other tools of masons. They adopted a cabalistic language to distinguish the members of the secret society from those of the old Christian lodges. Exteriorly, their system conformed to the law of God and the dictates of natural probity. The knaves studied indeed to mimic the chivalric grace, decorum, and courtesy which obtained in the seigneurial courts, the tournaments and jousts, so that the title of Free Mason was held as a recommendation in the bowers of ladies and the society of gallant knights. The masters were careful to stimulate ambition. They promised their associates rapid preferment, fiefs, castellanies, the right of gathering tolls, assessing merchandise, horses and lands. By this lure they attracted to their lodges both lords and vassals.

“When these worthy descendants of the Catari, Manicheans, and the impure race of the ancient Gnostics, saw themselves sufficiently numerous to act on the aggressive, they began to impugn the statutes of bishops and the lay-lords, to excite the strong-handed to appropriate the rights of the Church, the privileges of the clergy, the property of abbeys and priories. They urged them to levy imposts on their lands, pasturages, hunting-grounds, and fisheries, to divert the streams from their mills, and set a poll-tax on the serfs and liege-men of prebends, canonries, chantries, and chapels. By this policy they robbed the Church and her ministers of the lawful reverence of the faithful, and thus introduced the heresies of the Free Masons. In a brief while they openly indulged their rancor against Jesus Christ and His spouse, against her sacraments, laws, discipline, and institutions. They concealed the spirit of rank paganism under the mask of Christianity. To emancipate themselves from all authority, divine and human, and abandon themselves to sensuality and covetousness, they imbued the popular mind with hatred and pernicious rage against a divinely constituted hierarchy.

“Hence the rapine and burning of churches, monasteries, religious edifices; hence the ravages and massacres perpetrated by the Albigenses and Paterini, in Limousin, Provence, and throughout the West. The man who ponders these historical facts cannot fail to trace in them the spirit and impulse of secret societies. Their chiefs, checked for a while by the Crusades, lay concealed in their Masonic lodges till a favorable opportunity enabled them to pursue openly their wicked schemes. As faithful guardians, they transmitted from

master to master their baleful doctrines, to the fifteenth century. In 1459, under the favor and protection of the emperors, they reproduced these doctrines in a public assembly at Ratisbon. These monarchs, regarding Masonry as the simple revival of the religious confraternities of the eleventh century, endowed it with such eminent privileges and decreed it so many honors that the Duke of Milan sent for German architects to preside at the erection of his celebrated cathedral.

"At this epoch Masonry began to present a new phase. The order of the Templars, fallen from its primitive integrity, under Philip the Fair, had been suppressed by Pope Clement V. The knights who had escaped the wrath of the King of France, fled in 1307 to Mull, in Scotland, and, in 1314, the Royal Bruce affiliated them to the society of Free Masons. He reserved to himself the hereditary right to the grandmastership of the venerable lodge of Hierodam, at Edinburgh. The Templars embraced the perverse doctrines with which this institution was infected. They superadded their peculiar errors, which they had borrowed in the Levant from secret societies of the Greek, Syrian, and Judean heretics. It was a compound of Gnostic abominations, Persian rites, and Indian Buddhism,—foul and infamous mysteries, practised by these sacrilegious knights.

"They remodelled their secret discipline, laws, and statutes, formed signs and tokens for mutual recognition, professed openly the art of building sacred edifices, but privately planned a system to combat and destroy every holy and legitimate principle among men. They swore an unappeasable hatred against Jesus Christ and His Church. They swore, too, an eternal war against

the authority of monarchs, who, blinded by their flatteries, beheld in these hypocrites only the champions of novel rights hostile to the Church and favorable to the crown, and warmed in their bosoms their deadliest enemies.*

“By the inscrutable providence of God, Luther, at the end of the fifteenth century, arose and stirred a large portion of Germany into revolt against the Roman pontiff. Henry VIII., at the same time, alienated England; Knox, Scotland; Calvin, Switzerland, Holland, and a part of France. The Free Masons, from their dark lairs, began to breathe into the people a spirit of havoc against the superb monuments of Catholic piety. Where is the heart so cold and impious as not to shudder at the recital of the ravages, devastation, destruction of minsters, monasteries, treasures of painting and statuary wrought by the most eminent artists of the West? England, Scotland, and Germany, indebted for their civilization, sciences, and arts to the maternal solicitude of the Church and the co-operation of her priests, witnessed in a few years the destruction of the

* They were so far from being Christians that they did not even look upon themselves as such. Read the following words of a manuscript written by the Free Masons of Cologne, 24th June, 1535. It was found in the archives of the Masonic lodge of Aia, copied by his R. H. Prince William Frederick Charles, Grand Master of the lodges of the Netherlands, and distributed, in 1818, to all the lodges of the kingdom. “Although in the dispensation of charities we make no exception on account of religion or country, nevertheless, we admit into our order only those who, in the *society of the profane*, are called *Christians*.” Mention also is there made of a secret patriarch, to be chosen by the chiefs of the order, *known only by these chiefs, and regarded as the visible and invisible head of this association*. They swear to acknowledge no other superior but *him*, even in the Church of Jesus Christ.—ECKERT, *His. de la Franc-Maçonnerie*. Paris.

glories of centuries and the wide-spread ruins of their noblest fabrics. Protestants, themselves, at the present day, deplore this unbridled barbarism and vandal policy. They acknowledge 'that a powerful secret society had kindled the flames to destroy these sublime monuments.' It is an indisputable fact that those provinces which were estranged from the Catholic Church, but uncontrolled by Masonic lodges, preserved their religious edifices intact. Such was the case with the Cantons of Geneva and Vaud, and other parts of Switzerland, in several territories along the Rhine, and in Bohemia. When Masonry saw the reign of Protestantism solidly established, and the destruction of the ancient faith and its temples measurably completed, it withdrew to England, there concentrated its powers, and prepared for new combats against countries still attached to the rock of St. Peter. From England it commissioned Jansenism to prepare the way.

"Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the Free Masons established their lodges in France, and, under the protection of the Jansenists and infidel philosophers, recommenced their manœuvres. Their institution passed into Germany, Poland, Russia, even to the Polar regions. It descended into Italy, and thence proceeded to Spain and Portugal. With this rapid and unimpaired success, several thousand grand masters, dignitaries, and officers, in the year 1783, assembled in general diet at Wilhemsbad, under the eyes and with the applause of European monarchs. There the famous Knigge ingrafted on the baneful plant, Weishaupt's branch of Illuminism, which soon produced its fatal fruits in the fairest realms of Christendom. Illuminism

aggravated the impious character of Masonry, and demonized it with the very spirit of Satan.

"The eldest daughter of the union of Masonry and Illuminism was the French Revolution and its frightful consequences,—~~hatred of God and overthrow of society.~~ Lionello, you are yet young; but, for a man of my age, I have been a witness of incredible and unparalleled events. All the thrones of Europe were shaken, most of them subverted, interminable wars waged, massacres perpetrated, crowns displaced, territories alienated. The ruins of altars, churches, and monasteries were deluged with the blood of priests, in the heart of France. Consecrated virgins and ministers of God were banished, their goods and possessions unjustly secularized.

"An emperor rises, falls, disappears. But Masonic societies neither fell nor disappeared. They produced new fruits charged with subtler poison and consumed with deadlier effects. Monarchs, shaken on their ancestral thrones by the arm of God, disowned the might of that arm which could hurl them to the dust; they still foster these Masonic lodges, or at least abet their schemes to assail and trammel the Church."*

* We believe that this historical sketch is more reliable than the history of Eckert, who is too devoted to the order of Templars. We admit that some of the more impious Knights of the Temple introduced new errors into the Scotch lodges; but the Masonic lodges were already the secret receptacle of all the mysteries of iniquity brought from the East by the Catari and the Manicheans. The proof is found in the document of Cologne of 1535. "The society or order of Free Masons," it says, "derives its special origin neither from the Templars nor any ecclesiastical or chivalric order. It is the most ancient of all orders, and bound to none by any direct or indirect tie. It existed before the Crusades in Palestine and Greece, &c." In fact, the errors

As the count ended his long dissertation, his daughter Sophia returned from the church with radiant eyes and cheeks flushed with the joy which flooded her soul. At three o'clock on the following day, we resumed our journey in the direction of Entremont, accompanied for some distance by Father Cart, four maroniers, and two of their dogs. When we reached the Refuge, our generous host bade us farewell; and, taking our seats in a sled, we glided rapidly to Lide and St. Pierre. Thence we rode to Martigny, where my carriage had been waiting for me two days.

The count was disposed to leave next day by the Simplon coach; but I stoutly opposed this plan, and so importuned him to honor me with his company, that at length he accepted my invitation and journeyed with me to Geneva. I had a comfortable Viennese berline, into which I handed the count and his daughter; and then, wrapping myself in a fur cloak, I took my seat by the side of my coachman, delighted at the opportunity which I had thus procured of admiring for two days more the virtues of Sophia. I needed this consoling recollection in view of the frightful misfortune which a few days subsequently awaited me at Lyons.

of the Manicheans, Albigenses, Frisons, Little Brethren, Little Poor of Lyons, Arnold of Brescia, &c., desolated the East long before the abolition of the Templars. As to the corruption of the Masonic fraternities, there can be no question, since they preserve, hypocritically, all the names and dignities of pious congregations, which the Catholic Church, by means of indulgences, instituted for the progress of religion and the civilization of Europe.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ORPHAN. ✓

WHEN Mimo had read thus far the memoirs of Lionello, an event occurred which for a while prevented Alisa from joining the party in the meadow-arbor. Whilst Bartolo, after their arrival in the Chablais, spent the morning with Don Baldassare and his nephews, chatting, smoking cigars, and reading the newspapers, Alisa, as soon as breakfast was over, went down alone to the shady shores of the lake, by a path bordered with white plum-trees. There she pored over a book under a tall and branching alder-tree. One day a poor little peasant-girl, about ten years old, approached her, curtsied respectfully, and, with a charming air, offered her a bouquet. Alisa was enchanted with the child, lavished caresses on her, and, after having given her a small coin, returned home.

Every morning at the same hour the little flower-girl appeared and presented her nosegay with a delighted and happy countenance. Alisa was at a loss how to reward her. Shortly afterward she inquired of another peasant-girl, whom she saw passing, the name of the little stranger.

"Oh, signora, she is a poor little orphan, the daughter of people of quality. She is here in the country, living a miserable life, when she ought to be happy in her father's palace."

"How is that?" exclaimed Alisa. "Where are her parents?"

"Ah, beautiful lady," replied the Savoyard, "her father is gone away travelling, we don't know where. You must know that the father of little Lodoiska is a very rich count in Poland. Our priest says he has more land than we see in all of the Chablais; that he is lord of many castles, villages, and farms, in which thousands of peasants are working in the fields, taking care of the flocks, or minding the horses in the stables. Well, unluckily, my lady, these great lords don't know how to be satisfied with their good fortune. Count Casimir, (I knew him, you see,) with other nobles, rose up against a terrible emperor, whose name I forget now."

"He is the Emperor of Russia," remarked Alisa. "He rules over a large part of Poland."

"Just so. Well, Count Casimir belonged to his court. The emperor overcame the Polish lords in a certain city called"—

"Warsaw," said Alisa.

"Yes: at Warsaw he put many of them to death, and sent many of them into banishment, far, far away into a country where it is so cold that during the whole year there is snow and ice on the ground, as yonder on the top of Mont Blanc."

"In Siberia. Poor men!"

"But Count Casimir was lucky enough to escape with the Countess Ludomilla. Oh, what a good and beautiful lady she was! She was so gentle and kind to everybody! I was in her service for a year; and she always called me her good Margaret. But that emperor, to punish Count Casimir, took away all his property, and condemned him to death if he should ever dare come back to Poland. He fled to France with all

the gold and silver which the countess could lay her hands on in their hurry. But, as the expenses were too great in that country, he came here to Savoy and lived near Evian, in that house which you see yonder on the hill. Here the little girl was born, who every day brings you flowers; and when she was weaned, her mother, the countess, gave her to Mother Agnola to take care of."

"Poor lady!" sighed Alisa, deeply moved. "What poignant sorrow she must have felt as she looked upon that guiltless little exile!"

"Yes, indeed. She had so many sorrows that she did nothing but grieve all day long. Every morning she had her little daughter brought to her; every evening she went to Mother Agnola's cabin, covered her child with kisses, and made the sign of the cross on her forehead, breast, and mouth. Many times she held her daughter up in her arms, and said, with tears in her eyes, 'Bozemoi, Bozemoi! Gospodi, pomilluy! Gospodi, pomilluy!'"* words which I did not understand. You ought to have seen her doing the work with her lady-white hands. I helped her to make the bed, clean the rooms, bring water and wood. She did all the rest,—even the washing. She cooked, too, for the count. He went gunning, and brought home a pair

* *Bozemoi*; "my God!" *Gospodi, pomilluy!* "Lord, have mercy on me!" How many mothers are doomed to experience this anguish through the political madness of their husbands! Alas! the sweet offices of maternity, so far from gladdening their hearts, serve only to enhance their sorrows; for they see their children subjected to want and misery in that very home where riches and honors should have awaited them, and the benefits of an education corresponding with the rank which they were to hold in society.

of doves,—sometimes a partridge or snipe. The countess cooked them with some vegetables; and this was all their dinner. When the meal was ready, she washed her hands and face, smoothed her hair, and fixed herself so nicely that she looked as bright as a star. She cried all the morning; but when she sat down to the table with her husband, she tried to look quite cheerful. And as you saw her smiling and joking with the count, (who, poor man, scarcely ever smiled, and then only when he couldn't help it,) you would think she was the happiest lady in the world.

“But, unfortunately, the Countess Ludomilla began to decline, little by little. She had a burning fever, which she tried to hide the best she could; but several times she was seized with weakness, and fainted. I brought her to by throwing some fresh water in her face. The water actually smoked, the fever was so high. She was gasping for breath, and her heart was beating so violently that she made me a sign to open her dress. Every morning, after carrying a cup of coffee to her husband in bed, she went to church, like you, signora, to hear mass, and many times she received the holy communion in a most pious and edifying way. When she began to grow sick, our parish priest, who saw her every day, made Amadea, a strong young girl who lives opposite, go to the church with the lady, who leaned on her arm. One evening, as she was seated in an arm-chair, she began all at once to grow deadly pale. I ran to her and put her in bed. When she came to herself a little, she asked to see the priest and her little daughter. The count at that moment came back from Evian, where he had gone to give lessons in drawing and fencing:—only think how much he was reduced!

And then what a scene! The countess took his hand and said, 'Casimir, do not lose confidence in Mary, our blessed Mother! She will protect you; and when I reach heaven I will pray for you.'

"Then she took Lodoiska by the hand, made the sign of the cross on her forehead, and kissed her. She raised her eyes to heaven and prayed:—'O Mary! Mary! Mary! I put her in your arms; I trust her to your motherly heart.' Then she closed her eyes and murmured with her lips, 'Bozemoi! Bozemoi!' The priest gently loosened her hand from the child and sent her out of the room. He gave the lady the Viaticum; and during the night she died in my arms.

"The count, two months after that, sent for Agnola, and, having given her all the money he had, said, 'I am going to set out for America. I leave to you as a pledge all that is dearest to me in this world. Oh! take good care of my child. Show her to me when, with God's blessing, I shall return.' Good Mother Agnola began to cry heartily. She kissed the count's hand, and then his little girl; but her heart was too full: she could not say a word. The count went away to Buenos Ayres, a country a long way across the seas. Our priest tells us that it is night there when it is day here, and that the people there have summer when we have winter. Please tell me, lady, how do the folks live below our mountains, with their heads hanging down and their feet placed against ours?"

Alisa, absorbed in compassionate thoughts, did not heed the question of the peasant-girl. She bade her a kind good-bye, and, hastening to her father, besought his pity for the orphan-girl. Bartolo answered her petition:—

"You know, my child, what a happiness it is to me to gratify you, especially in circumstances like these, where you show me anew the goodness of your heart and the charity which it inspires. Were you in the same condition, you would be very happy to meet a friend who would rescue you from misery."

Alisa begged the parish priest to accompany her. Her proposition drew tears from his eyes. He escorted her to Agnola's cabin, and asked her if she was willing to give up the child to Alisa, who would treat her as a sister, and on her return to Geneva place her under the care of Sister Clara, to receive an education becoming her rank. Agnola looked up to heaven, and said, "Oh, yes, with all my heart! The Countess Ludomilla sent us this angel; she—she sent her!" Alisa extended her considerate kindness to Agnola, and expressed the wish that the nurse should come and live with them during their sojourn at the villa.

She took Lodoiska by the hand and presented her to her cousins and Don Baldassare, who were charmed with the charity of Alisa, and the grace of her little protégée.

For the few following days, Alisa was entirely engaged in preparing suitable clothing for the child, whom she called her little sister. Even in her rustic dress the orphan was prepossessing; but attired according to her position in society she showed in her countenance and gait a distinguished air. Thanks to the instructions of her benefactress, in a short time she learned to read with facility, to write, cipher, repeat her catechism by heart. Alisa passed the finest portion of the day in these charitable occupations, and,

with more judicious lessons than Polyxena had required of her, trained her young pupil to the love of God.

Lodoiska, like the generality of children, was attacked by the measles. Alisa never quitted her bedside, and nothing could distract her mind in the tender solicitude which she felt for the sufferer. She begged her father and cousins to continue, meanwhile, the reading of Lionello's memoirs, in their shady retreat, whilst she staid in the house to keep her little sister company. But the fever, happily, disappeared, and the child rapidly improved. Alisa told her relatives that she would soon rejoin them in the valley, and enjoy the rest of the narrative. Mimo offered to come and read in her room the chapters which they had gone over in her absence; but she would not consent to his proposal, but contented herself for the present with an epitome of the principal facts. The details, she said, she could read subsequently in the manuscript. After breakfast the rest of the family repaired to their accustomed seats, to learn the fortunes of this young man, who, they declared, inspired them with sentiments of compassion, horror, and contempt. Alisa, who had come down and taken her seat in the arbor, heard their remarks, and expressed her surprise:—

“Compassion and horror are natural, I allow; but why contempt?”

“For two reasons, my daughter,” said Bartolo: “because secret societies are wicked and treacherous in the means they adopt to seduce men; because the life of Lionello is a perpetual contradiction. He sees clearly the evil which he is committing, and the iniquity of the path which he is pursuing; but, instead of recoil-

ing under the light which flashes upon him, he leaps from abyss to abyss."

"It is true, indeed," Alisa observed. "At times, when I listen to his avowals and honest confessions of the truth, I cannot persuade myself that Lionello was an actual conspirator and Carbonarist. I fancy that I am listening to the biography of a virtuous young man."

"I am not surprised at this inconsistency," said Don Baldassare. "I have known young men who in their daily conversation and conduct passed for good, worthy, sensible persons. Their circumspect manners, reasonable language, excellent management of their families, respect for the priest who instructed their children, watchful care over their servants, whom they required to accompany them to church, would lead you to suppose that they were exemplary Christians. As soon as revolutions broke out in Italy, they threw off the mask, and convinced you of the fact that, for a long time past, they had been members of the Society of the Carbonari, or Young Italy."

"It is incredible!" cried Lando. "How can they talk like Catholics when they are only impious fratricides?"

"It is more natural than you think," continued Don Baldassare. "How can they be any thing else but Catholics? Catholicity, in thought and word, is the breath of their life: it passes through every pore. Impiety may inspire them with an atrocious hatred of Christ, but it cannot efface the impression of years, nor destroy the very substance of their being. This is a truth which we experience as priests, whenever God touches the heart of one of these unhappy men. After the very first confession, they regain the language of a Christian,

which they had forgotten for years, with the same facility with which they speak their mother tongue."

"It seems to me," said Alisa, "that they are the more criminal, because they know their duty and will not do it, but rather do the very contrary of what their conscience loudly requires. Lionello is certainly in this number. Tell me, Mimo: does he continue in his memoirs to speak like De Maistre and live like Garibaldi?"

"Precisely so," replied Mimo. "He tells us that, after separating from the Hungarian nobleman at Geneva, he hastened to Paris to quicken the measures of the conspirators,—ever dissatisfied with his conduct, and yet ever actively engaged in stirring up rebellion. In that city he yielded to unbridled luxury. He rented a hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, maintained a magnificent establishment, costly equipages, superb horses, numberless lackeys and servants, sumptuous repasts, pageants, amusements, games. He hesitated at no extravagance. He then went to London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and, in all these cities, kept up a style of living so gorgeous and luxurious as to exhaust a princely fortune. But these expenses were nothing, compared with the enormous sums he lost at play.

"The insurrection throughout Europe at length was quelled. Lionello found new claims upon his purse. He spent money liberally in behalf of the refugees. Many of them who were dependent on his aid were ill disposed to accommodate themselves to their changed condition. They wished to enjoy in exile the affluence and pleasures of their own country. The mother of Lionello was deluged with drafts; and, if she demurred to honor them, her son employed expressions of despair,

outrages, menaces, to constrain her finally to accede to his wishes. The prospect of his approaching ruin preyed on the heart of the countess. She fell sick and died, hopeless of her son's reformation.

"You should see the touching letters of Josephine, and learn the follies of Lionello,—his resolutions, falterings, thousand contradictory desires. He empowered his sister to manage his estates, and with the revenue accelerated his ruin in boundless extravagance. Just imagine, Alisa, that in a great hunting-match, which he gave at an English castle, he spent, in less than twenty-four hours, over four hundred thousand francs!"*

"He must have lost his senses altogether," exclaimed Alisa. "At that rate he would soon reach the bottom of a mountain of gold. But how was it possible for him to spend so much money in one day? The thing seems incredible."

"If you read the description of that fête," said Mimo, "you would be no longer astonished. He invited the nobles of London with their wives, ambassadors, courtiers, distinguished foreigners residing in the capital. He furnished his guests with the finest saddle horses and hunters. These animals are trained in England, and command exorbitant prices. He engaged, moreover, a pack of brach-hounds and greyhounds, scores of huntsmen, whippers-in, and menials wearing the livery of the respective lords to whose service they belonged; hampers and sleds to transport the deer, harts, roes; to which you may add pikes, darts, damasceened guns,

* The author has been accused of exaggeration; and yet, before he wrote the above, he saw a man spend at one entertainment one hundred thousand crowns! Ah! there are more fools in the world than people think.

marquees raised for the occasional repose and lunch of the company, gratuities to the valets, grooms, keepers, compensation-money to the farmers whose fields and meadows they had damaged in the hunt. Imagine, in like manner, the costliness of his entertainments; the abundant supplies of birds, fish, venison, exquisite wines, gold and silver plate, Chinese porcelain, service of Bohemian vari-colored glass, according to the variety of wines and the practice among the English at great dinner-parties; waiting-maids dressed in finest black Manchester stuffs; English, French, and German coachmen. Picture to yourself the banquet-halls glittering with silver-ware and girandoles supported by finely chiselled statues, floors covered with magnificent Flemish carpets, and the ladies' seats provided with Lapland, Virginia, Canada, Australian, and Russian furs to warm the feet. The smallest of some of these skins cost a guinea. After that you may form some idea of the rest.

"All this is nothing in comparison with the splendors of the ball. Fancy a suite of apartments whose walls are hung with Lyons brocade and sarcenet draperies, adorned with golden tissues and arabesques. From the centre-pieces are suspended chandeliers with crystal pendants, whose facets glow like carbuncles with divers hues. The walls at the ends of the room are covered with St. Petersburg mirrors, from the ceiling to the floor, which, in their expansive reflections, multiply the guests and indefinitely enlarge the scene.

"The galleries which surrounded the palace, and the entire grounds, were brilliantly illuminated, to eclipse moon and stars. An enchanted garden was spread out with shrubbery, hedges, little lawns, winding paths edged with myrtle, laurel, cornel, and cedar trees.

Here and there stood graceful kiosks latticed with espaliers. The visitors were charmed with the borders of white, yellow, and Indian jessamine, the red and crimson hyacinths, the exotic cardamines with their grotesque flowers, and the blooming white hollyhocks. Marble fountains and jetteaus were interspersed. Here the sprinkling waters were collected in spacious alabaster basins, and even into large vases of crimson glass, where the falling drops glittered with a thousand mingled tints in the tremulous light. In the densest part of the forest were caverns and dens shaded with ivy and convolvulus. The streamlets murmured in little cascades from the rocks and disappeared under the tufted herbage. The flower-parterres were surpassingly beautiful. Exotics from every land, grouped with exquisite taste, blended their colors and shades, mingled their perfumes. Here you saw a bed of strawberries, farther on boxes with pineapple plants, clusters of aromatic herbs, lines of gooseberry and raspberry bushes. There you found vines laden with white, black, and crimson grapes, and branches bending under the most luscious peaches, pears, and pome-apis. The entire galleries were ornamented with cedar, orange, and citron trees.

“Bearing in mind, Alisa, that these artificial gardens, these flowers and fruits, were transported from the green-houses of London florists, you may form some idea, from the rapid sketch which I have given you, of the cost of this display, especially in England, where every thing commands an enormous price. The English lords who give these entertainments have the principal supplies in their castles: nevertheless, the expenses are immense, and they do

not regard as an extravagant outlay the sum of thousands of pounds sterling."

"As far as I can judge," said Alisa, "this is a singular taste,—especially in England, where so many wretched creatures are dying of starvation. Did Lionello stay long in London?"

"He staid there a year. But it was only his headquarters, to which he returned from time to time, after making certain journeys according to his caprice or the orders of Young Italy. At this period he attached himself to Mazzini, and became a very active enroller. To tell you the truth, I am very glad that you did not listen to certain criminal and horrible adventures which he relates, nocturnal orgies in which he shared, infernal assemblies in which he played unlawful games, indulged in debauchery, held secret sessions, and performed diabolical rites. What mysteries of iniquity! What abominations! Beelzebub surely established a hell on earth as foul and frightful as that of the damned; and there the wrath of God cleaves its way, envelops the wicked in flames, crushes them with maledictions and eternal anathemas."

"My God!" exclaimed Alisa, "what communion can they have with the devil? What! deny their God, to surrender body and soul to their malignant enemy! It is preposterous! I cannot credit it! Lionello must have been in a melancholy mood when he painted that gloomy picture."

"You forget," observed Bartolo, "that, by the last oath of the Illuminati, the members surrender, devote, consecrate themselves to Satan; become his sworn subjects; demonize themselves in an identity of mind and body. The union is complete: they are incarnate fiends."

Mimo then addressed himself to Don Baldassare:—

“You are a priest, and, of course, best qualified to decide. Be good enough to tell us your opinion. Is the last oath taken in secret societies, as Lionello affirms in the preceding chapter, a formal denial of Christ, a worship of the devil, a transformation into this infernal spirit?”

“In the first place, in answer to your question, I ask, what motive can induce a Christian, baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to be re-baptized in the name of the Carbonari, or Young Italy, or the Mountain? It is certainly to efface the first baptism, by which they renounced the devil and all his works. Consider their act. Is it not an abjuration of Christ, and resubmission to the demon? Is it not an effort, as far as they can effect it, to obliterate Christ from their souls, and imprint upon them the characters of the devil? St. John positively announces this truth in the Apocalypse,—‘*Those who have the mark of the beast, wage unceasing war with those who keep the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus Christ,*’ (chap. xii. 17; xiii. 17.) The power which, by God’s permission, the demon, for the punishment of the world, gives to the *beast*—that is, to secret societies—is terrible. Mark the worship of the devil:—‘*And they adored the dragon which gave power to the beast, and they adored the beast, saying, Who is like to the beast? And who shall be able to fight with it?*’ (Apoc. xiii. 4.) Read the proclamations of Mazzini, and you will see that he speaks of humanitarian societies as an irresistible power on the earth,—a power which scorns and mocks at kings, and, with open defiance of all religious principles, affirms that the Church is dead,

and that God is the people. '*And there was given to it a mouth, speaking great things, and blasphemies; and he did great signs; and he seduced them that dwell on the earth by the signs which were given him to perform; and he caused that whosoever will not adore the image of the beast should be slain,*' (chap. xiii.) Read the menaces of Proudhon, Fourier, Cabet, Leroux, and other socialists and communists. What will you discover? The principle, openly taught, that *all who do not embrace their nefarious doctrine must be assassinated and destroyed*. Woe to Europe if, by God's permission, they obtain the mastery! They will horrify the world with massacres."*

"Jesus and Mary protect us! Those who have

* The *Emancipation* of Brussels published, May 30, 1856, an extract from the journal of Vezzer, which states that the police of Bremen discovered in the house of a Thuringian nobleman, a person named Hobelman, who passed for a teacher, but was in fact the chief of a Carbonarist association. (How many Polyxenas intrude into families! Beware, my lords, of this class of male and female teachers.) This horrible society was called the *Todtenbund*, or Society of Death, because its members were pledged to murder all who might frustrate their designs. Their horrible rules were found, and a long list of victims who were to be sacrificed on the same night. Had not we too, in 1849, the *Society of Death* at Ancona, which, in open day, massacred the most distinguished citizens, in the most thickly-settled streets, with monstrous cruelty? Was not the *Society of Slayers*, at Leghorn, and the *Infernal association of Senigallia*, which immolated so many victims, each a real *Todtenbund*? And the *Band of Stabbers of Faenza*, which assassinated hundreds of poor citizens for the simple crime of loyalty to the Pope, styled, in derision, *Papaloni*? And the *Terrorists of Bologna*, who slew in a few days so many unfortunate workmen? and the *Barbers of Mazzini*, who slaughtered so many priests at San Callisto in Rome? The Bremen *Todtenbund* is a sister of our Italian societies, which may assail us at any moment, so great is the activity of their members and the incredible blindness of Christians.

not the mark of the beast shall be murdered! But I trust in the mercy of God, and firmly believe that he will make the wicked feel the power of his justice."

"Yes, signora; and that justice will be terrible. For when the Lord shall have chastised the pride of mankind, he will destroy the scourge which he employed, and send his angel to wreak vengeance on his foes. *'And the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast; and his kingdom became dark, and they gnawed their tongues for pain, and they blasphemed the God of heaven, and did not penance for their works.'* (Apoc. xvi. 10.)"

"Alisa, do you mark that? They shall be chastised and die in final impenitence!"

"And do they not richly deserve this fate?" said Bartolo. "Only think! they long to murder the good, simply because they are good."

"Don Baldassare, is it not evident that most of the murders committed at Bologna, and in the Marches, were determined by this principle? The victims were singled out of the virtuous classes of society. It is an incontestable fact. *The Infernal Company* of Senigallia furnishes superabundant proofs."

"What did you call it?" exclaimed the terrified Alisa. "Infernal company?"

"Yes; the company is composed of miscreants, who glory in this title, and, on one occasion, shouted in the theatre, 'Success to the Infernal Company!' They wear the image of death on their red caps; and the people call them *Slayers*, because if they meet a man in the street whose face they don't like, they soon settle his doom. They drag him to prison as if

they were officers of justice.* Others commit murders in the public squares and thoroughfares. For instance, on the 3d of March, Signor Mariano Perilli, the postmaster, was assassinated; the 21st of March, the pious canon Specchietti, dean and penitentiary of the Cathedral; the 1st of April, Paolo Calcina; the 4th of May, Pietro Campobasso and others. Among them I may mention Michele Resti, who had not instantly approved the raising of the liberty-tree. And the assassins had been his friends! They had drunk with him at the inn and walked quietly, arm in arm, in the street. But what crime shall we select, in this mass of horrors? To familiarize themselves with the sight of blood, they attacked the prison, dragged out Domenico Lanari and Pio Berluti, sprang like tigers upon the unfortunate men, brained them with the butts of their muskets, stowed their dead bodies in bags, and carried them to the cemetery."

"Great God!" shudderingly exclaimed the company. "These socialists are more brutal than savage beasts! They have been taught by the devil to detest all that is good. But are these villains known at Senigallia?"

*These wretches dragged to prison more than sixty-nine citizens. Among them were the Countess Virginia Mastaï and her husband, Paladino Mercuri-Arsili, the Chevalier Filippo Giral di, nephew of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the two brothers Pietro and Giuseppe Bedini, cousins of Monsignor Bedini, nuncio at Rio Janeiro. These distinguished personages were carried off by the *Infernal society*, as hostages, on the approach of the Austrian army. After having dismayed the city by their violence and crimes, they, on the 1st of March, attacked the Governmental palace, threatened the governor with death, and seized official papers, criminal and political indictments, and all the arms which had been deposited at the tribunal as the *corpus delicti*.

"Certainly. They rove in bands through the streets, night and day, insult the citizens openly, print their resolves and sign them with their names. And mark, my friend, what I say. If the Pope, on his restoration, should approve the sentence of death against any of these murderers, there will be an impudent outcry against clerical tyranny, barbarity, oppression."

"But," interrupted Mimo, "do you not know the new doctrine which is widely broached,—that diversity of political opinions, membership of secret societies, clamorous demands for a republican form of government, overt revolutionary acts, are not capital offences? Princes, therefore, are bound to overlook them."

"Yes," remarked Don Baldassare, "but now we are speaking of ordinary crimes, perpetrated by party spirit,—robbery, arson, assault and battery, cowardly and atrocious assassinations. Let princes pardon rebels who will one day overturn their thrones. It is their business,—not ours. But for our courts of justice to spare murderers simply because they are Carbonari, is to upset all ideas of human justice and ignore the crime of assassination punishable by our laws."

"My dear Don Baldassare, it is plain as day that you are a priest and the advocate of a barbarous code."

"I retort the charge on you. But you are joking; whereas our republican and constitutional journalists are in deep earnest. They reserve the right of shutting the mouths of people who claim the right of breaking the bonds with which they are enslaved."*

* Take the kingdom of Sardinia in illustration. A thousand vultures of the constitutional system prey upon the people, who dare not open their mouths to complain. For the tribunals are immediately declared permanent, the country is placed under martial law,

"That is all very good," said Bartolo; "but we have wandered far from the subject of inquiry. The question is, do you believe it possible and true that the members of secret societies worship the devil, and are identified with him?"

"Pardon the digression. I have already answered the first part of the question, by citing the text: '*They adored the dragon which gave power to the beast, and they adored the beast.*' (Apoc. xiii. 4.) And this dragon is '*the old serpent, who is called the devil, and Satan, who seduceth the whole world.*' (Apoc. xii. 9.) As the *beast* has all the marks of the secret societies of Illuminism, which have invaded the whole world, it is easily seen that they who have the characters of the beast worship the devil. As to the demonianism of these men, or their transformation into Satan, I think that this is the real sense of the last oath which they take in this impious society:—'*and on her forehead a name was written: a mystery.*' (Apoc. xvii. 5.) To this beast '*the dragon gave his own strength and great power,*' (Apoc. xiii. 2,) in animating it with his spirit. You are children of the devil, '*vos ex patre diabolo estis,*' said Jesus Christ to the impious. What, then, is to be said of those who consecrate themselves to the devil to wage war with Christ and his saints? '*The head of every man is Christ; and the head of Christ is God,*' (1 Cor. xi. 3,) and the grace of Christ manifests the man who lives in Christ. As Christ lives in the Father, '*the Father is in me, and I in the Father,*' (St. John x. 38,) in the same manner, whoever disowns Christ as his head, and swears allegiance to the devil as

cannon posted to silence the sovereign people, troops quartered on the inhabitants, who are disarmed and subjected to terrible penalties.

his head, lives in the devil, is united and incarnated with him. As the Christian regards his incorporation with Christ as the height of perfection, so the members of secret societies regard as the term of their progress, incorporation with Satan. If some of these wretched men recoil from this impiety, the devil laughs at their scruples, and takes possession of them, as perjurers who denied Christ by the very act of entering secret societies anathematized by the Church. However, it is my opinion that the most impious members of those fraternities make little account of these rites, oaths, and diabolical consecrations; but they look upon them as necessary expedients to drive some of their associates to desperate excesses. This was notorious in the agents whom the Triumvirs employed at Rome to execute the foulest and most flagitious deeds. Provided they attain their ends, they trouble themselves little about the appearance or non-appearance of the devil. I am inclined to think that the most of these apparitions are only dexterous mystifications, like that of Doralice with Ariel. This opinion, however, does not gainsay the fact that demonolatry is the final term of Free Masonry, Carbonarism, and the Illuminism of Weishaupt, in all its developments."*

* One of our friends writes to us as follows, from North Italy. "I wish that your idea of the final mystery of secret societies were developed. Reason, theology, and history fully substantiate the charge that the *mystery of iniquity* is in fact the profoundest demonolatry, and that in the inmost sanctuaries of these associations is maintained a cabalistic system of metaphysics which changes the meaning of words, and under the forms of orthodoxy conceals numberless heresies. It is probable that *the Idea, the One, the Great All*, with which they assert man must one day be identified, is the principle of evil regarded as the supreme good, in direct hostility to the God of the Christians. Proofs

“Whilst you are speaking of all this demonry,” said the agitated Alisa, “I am chilled in every limb, as I reflect on the misery of the poor woman who marries one of these monsters. And how many mothers nurture these unnatural sons! How many daughters embrace their criminal fathers, and inhale their infernal breath! The evil would be less horrible if they were children of no mortal parents,—if they were the offspring of the wilderness. But the demon lets them loose on the cities of Italy, like bears and lions and serpents, the scourges of divine justice.”

of the system, rational, practical, theological, should be collected, and collated with the prediction of the Apocalypse. As to the idea that the supreme transformation of humanity is *connaturalness* with the demon, it is logical and, in my opinion, also historical. It is the spirit of all German philosophy; and socialism, which is antitheistical, prepares the mind for this conclusion, and only waits for the favorable moment to announce the God of the new religion, and openly preach the dogma of demonianism. Then demonstrations, based on facts and positive data, would be irresistible; they would convict socialism of nefarious conspiracy, and expose the finality of German doctrines and modern rationalists.”

The philosopher who wrote this letter has since had an opportunity of reading our chapter of Ariel and Doralice. It is an instance of diabolical consecration, which, in spite of superadded imposture, gives us the sense of the baptism conferred by secret societies. But no writer dares substantiate such facts by specifying names of persons and places. Prudence and charity disallow this course. History can obtain these documents only from the state,—that is, from the police, the confessions of the accused during their trial, the official reports of the judicial authorities,—unless, indeed, some associate break the bond of membership, and unveil the mystery of iniquity. We have in our possession consecrations to the demon written in blood; we have become acquainted with the execrable ceremonies which are practised; we have been so happy as to inspire despairing souls with the hope of God's infinite mercies; but our mouth is sealed. These are secrets which are buried forever in the heart of the priest.

"Society has reached so critical a state that, one of these days, I shall make up my mind to retreat into the forests and dwell with savages, rather than live with those detestable wretches, meet them in the streets, occupy a place by their side in the public coaches, rail-cars, steamboats, and hotels."

"I agree with you, my dear father; but why talk any more about them? Let us return to Lionello, who sees, perhaps, at length, the frightful abyss of misery into which he has fallen."

"Oh," exclaimed Mimo, "I cannot tell you the profound contempt I feel when I see a young man reduced by his vices and dishonorable conduct to the condition of a pitiful adventurer."

"Did he indeed fall so low? Where, after he left London, did he squander the rest of his patrimony?"

"First at St. Petersburg, then at Lisbon, afterward in Colombia, and even in the Sandwich Islands. Everywhere he was guilty of the same follies, of excesses the most extraordinary and inconceivable."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SLEIGHS.

"AT St. Petersburg," continued Mimo, "Lionello maintained a splendid retinue, and lived in lordly style. He kept magnificent equipages and blooded horses; he lost enormous sums at play. His elegant manners, exquisite gallantry, and reckless extravagance made him an object of attraction to young men in Russian society.

"In December, he conceived the idea of running a train of sleighs, as was still in vogue in Lombardy at the beginning of the last century, and as he remembered it to be a pastime of his father. He accordingly sent to Milan, Brescia, Verona, and Trent for models of the handsomest sleighs in the coach-houses of noblemen. The most expert carriage-makers of St. Petersburg were employed to execute his orders; and, on a fixed day, he sallied out, with royal pomp. He invited ladies of the first rank and the most distinguished personages at court to honor his enterprise. A large party assembled in elegant gala-sleighs. They sped along the grand square of Peter the Great, the front of the imperial palace and the Admiralty, and the superb quays of the Neva.

"Four outriders, mounted on English coursers splendidly caparisoned, preceded the procession. The first was dressed as a Cossack, the second as a Pandour, the third as a Samoyede, the fourth as a Kalmuck. They wore purple jackets, embroidered and tasselled with gold, adorned with ruby and emerald buttons. Their pelisses hung from the shoulders with golden clasps; their caps were made of Lapland marten-skins.

"At the side of each lady rode a young page, as a personal attendant, and in the rear, on large palfreys, two livery-servants, brilliant with galloon and golden arabesques. The housings were of purple velvet, relieved with rich and elegantly-designed embroideries and escutcheons on the sides, inwoven with silver thread. The escort of outriders, pages, and livery-servants was mounted on at least twenty-eight horses. The first sleigh represented an eagle, splendidly carved and gilt; the second, a small puncheon of Bacchus,

inwreathed with two branching and fruitful vines, admirably imitated; the third, a royal tigress, with her spotted skin; the fourth, a white bear of Yenissei; the fifth, the bark of Kotzebue, the hardy Russian navigator, when he discovered the Suwarrow group; the sixth, the Bucentaur of the Doge of Venice; the seventh, a huge marine monster; the eighth,—in which Lionello rode,—a vulture perched on a rock, with brooding wings.

“The sleigh-horses had been imported from England, Schleswick, Oldenburg, Mecklenburg, and Holstein. The saddle-cloths were made of green satin, the collars strung with silver bells, the stirrups gilt, the girths ornamented with armorial bearings. Under Lionello’s sleigh was a small Barbary Moor, with a crest of flaming red feathers, in the midst of which shone a diamond lily and a heron-egret. The eight ladies who occupied seats in the vehicles were attired in various costumes of ancient fashions,—Muscovite, Lithuanian, Circassian, Courland, Podolian, Daghestan, Morlack, Manchourian. They wore the finest furs brought from the banks of the Tanais, Volga, Don, Lena Kolima, and Indergia. The bodies of the sleighs were lined with Astracan carpets, and skins of the lynx, of the white and the black bear. The aprons, or exterior coverings, were the finest and softest cashmeres of Persia and Thibet. The large beaks or prows of the sleighs were plated with gold and silver laminæ, and so arranged as to ward off the snow flung from the horses’ hoofs. The drivers’ seats were covered with superior velvet, and fastened to the sleigh with sculptured feet of polished steel. The eight young noblemen who waited on the ladies wore fur body-coats of the civet-cat, Canada dormouse, Nova-

Zembla marten, with gold embossments, and pearl, emerald, Golconda sapphire buttons. The parade occurred on the emperor's feast-day. St. Petersburg thronged to admire the gorgeous spectacle, as it flitted along the banks of the Neva. Lionello was the theme of praise for his taste and magnificence. He had, in his person, exalted and aggrandized Italian genius. After the ride, Lionello entertained the party at a sumptuous banquet. The wines of Madeira, Malaga, Cyprus, Sicily, France, and the borders of the Rhine, flowed in streams."

"What extravagance!" exclaimed Alisa. "Why, this surpasses the feasting of kings and emperors! Lionello must have expended fabulous sums for these sleighs, with all their adornments of sculpture and gold, and the trappings. And then the livery, servants, grooms, pages, and, above all, the horses! It is a gulf to swallow up a fortune!"

"I must tell you," added Mimo, "that this frolic cost Lionello his Polinesa estates, his palace, gardens, farms, rice-magazines, cattle, and draft-horses. It was then that Josephine wrote him that touching and unheeded remonstrance which was found in his trunk. He proceeded from St. Petersburg to Moscow. From this city, he determined to make a journey through Siberia to Tobolsk, Tomsk, Kolyvan, and visit the unhappy exiles, among whom were some French soldiers of Napoleon's army, made prisoners, in 1812 and 1813, by the Russians under the Emperor Alexander. He compassionated the misfortunes of several Polish families which had come to share the exile of their friends implicated in the revolt of Warsaw. Would you believe it, Alisa? In these arid wastes, and these wretched huts, Lionello

performed noble deeds, and alleviated the sufferings of the exiles with many personal sacrifices. Subsequently, he traversed the steppes of Ishim, and embarked at Astracan, on the Caspian Sea. Thence he travelled through the country above the Don and the Dnieper, until he reached Odessa. He stayed a while at Taganrog, at the extremity of the Black Sea. Here is a strange fact. In this remote quarter of the world, Joseph Garibaldi, in 1833, found a *believer*, as he calls him,—that is, an enroller of Young Italy,—who affiliated him as a member of Mazzini's society. Lionello had read a lyric poem of Garibaldi, in which he chants his initiation:—

‘A *believer* taught me rites sublime,
On Pontus’ icy shore;
’Mid Cossack slaves, for my native clime
To die, I sternly swore.’*

“At Taganrog, Lionello met this famous initiator. He was an interpreter and commission-merchant, who studied to inveigle the young men arriving from Genoa, Naples, Leghorn, and Triest. The associates had long conferences about the central committees of Russia, Poland, Germany, and England. They concerted means

* This is an evidence that the conspirators have spread their snares widely over the earth. They find their way to the remotest islands of the ocean, shortly after the discoverer has landed on them. Since their discomfiture in Europe, they have settled on the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean. There they nourish the flames of discord which have already half consumed the republics of South America. But, to return to Garibaldi; he, in 1833, met at a public sale, among other Italian mariners, as Battista Cuneo tells us, a young man who won the heart of Garibaldi by his impassioned predictions of the future glory of their country, and initiated him in the doctrines of Young Italy.

of reanimating and extending the society at Kerson, Odessa, Sympheropol, in the Crimea; at Tiflis, in Georgia; at Georgisk, in Circassia; at Trebisonde, Constantinople, Smyrna, and in the Greek Archipelago.

"Lionello gives next a brilliant description of Constantinople, Galata, Pera, and Scutari. He speaks of Athens, the rock-crowning Parthenon, and the Piræus. He visited the ruins of Missolonghi, Ira, and Tripolizza, surveyed the port of Navarino, sojourned in some of the principal cities of Greece. Everywhere he sowed the seed of Illuminism."

"He was therefore, also, the apostle of iniquity!"

"Signora," said Don Baldassare, "would to God that the priests of Jesus Christ had as much zeal and tact in the ministry of salvation as these agents of hell in the diffusion of error and corruption! Do you think that faith, piety, good morals, would then be so debased in Christendom? No! assuredly."

Mimo continued his recital:—

"From Greece, Lionello sailed for Malta. There he met with some disagreeable adventures in his intercourse with Italian exiles, who filched his money. One of them, walking with him on the counterscarp of the fort Ricaldi, suddenly said, 'Lionello, give me a check for a thousand dollars, or I will throw you into the sea!' Lionello signed a check for him on the English bank. From Malta, he sailed to Gibraltar, and thence, by the Tagus, to Lisbon. Here he made a long stay, and squandered the residue of his patrimony at play, in debauchery and incredible follies."

✓ CHAPTER XXI.

THE ORDEAL OF LISBON.

"SPEAKING of Lisbon," exclaimed Alisa, "I suppose it was there he committed that assassination which he deplores so bitterly in that apostrophe, 'I swear to you, O my friend, I did not know you!'"

"I beg you, Alisa, to pass over that part of the narrative, which would horrify your imagination. We, ourselves, have been excited by those revolting scenes."

"You trench upon my rights. Very likely, I shall share your sentiments of horror; but the lesson will enable me to know the character and detest the perfidy of these secret societies."

"Well, since it is your will, let us begin. You must know that Lionello had become acquainted with a young and wealthy nobleman of Lisbon, who directed a banking-house for the trade of India, the Philippine Islands, and China. This young gentleman had finished his education in one of the most distinguished Jesuit colleges, in 1828, the very year the Government closed their doors. He was an elegant and accomplished scholar, and, what is far better, a thorough Catholic. But he had the misfortune, as Lionello states, to be ensnared by a band of desperate conspirators who had recently formed a secret society in that city. As soon as he discovered their character and aims, he quitted them.

"Don Pedro, supported by these revolutionists and a handful of soldiers, made himself master of Oporto, and

finally of all Portugal. His brother, for several years the reigning prince, vainly opposed these treasonable designs; though he counted among his adherents the noblest and strongest part of the nation, and a large and powerful body of peasants well trained to a military life. Don Miguel, bereft of throne, kingdom, and all resources, was obliged, poor and desolate, to take refuge in Italy.

“Meanwhile, Lionello became very intimate with Alfredo. Owing to a loss at play, he was tempted to commit an infamous deed. He stole a quantity of jewelry from one of the richest jewellers in Lisbon. The officers of justice were soon on the track of the robber. Alfredo saved him from condign punishment. He helped him to escape from a roof into a garden, concealed him in one of his warehouses, ensconced him in a bale of cotton, and thus shipped him on board of a vessel which hoisted the English flag.

“He not only saved his friend from infamy and perpetual imprisonment: he compounded with the jeweller and persuaded him to quash the indictment. Thus, Lionello was indebted to Alfredo for two of the sweetest boons in life,—honor and liberty. He was deeply grateful for the service, and was, in consequence, so urgent with Josephine that she determined to send him a heavy remittance in order to obviate the inconveniences which Alfredo’s generous sacrifices had cost him.

“Whilst he was waiting for the draft, he learned the arrival at Lisbon of a most ardent revolutionist, whose acquaintance he had formed at Paris. This man informed him of the existence of a secret society in Lisbon, the faithful expression of Weishaupt’s theories, which was more potential than Carbonarism or Young

Italy. It was admirably regulated, and had affiliations in Europe, and in countries beyond the seas.

"Lionello, who belonged to the principal associations in Europe, would have regarded it as a disgrace to be excluded from that of Lisbon. He asked to be admitted to the supreme functions, as he already held the highest grades in the others.

"'Lionello, are you aware of what you ask?' said the conspirator. 'The first orients are admitted only as honorary members, and denied a communication of the last mysteries. You have little idea of the ordeals to which you will be subjected, the rites which are practised, the deity whom we adore. The rites are mystic and bloody, the deity mighty, the ordeals appalling!'

"'Were Satan there in person,' replied Lionello, wounded in his self-love, 'he could not frighten me! We are old acquaintances. Go and apply for my admission. You will see if the ordeals can make me blench.'

"Two days later, he received an anonymous note couched in these words: 'At two o'clock in the afternoon, be at such a restaurant, near the port. Say to the waiter, when you enter, "A cigar." Then snap your fingers, and wipe your nose with a yellow silk handkerchief.' At two P.M. Lionello was at the house, and gave the appointed signals. A gentleman richly dressed rose from a table, approached, and accosted him with the single word, 'Lionello?' 'It is I,' he replied. They left in company, and entered a boat. Lionello was requested to take a seat; the curtains were lowered. They proceeded to the port, passed through a fleet of vessels at anchor, in a direction unknown to Lionello. At the end of three-quarters of an hour, they ap-

proached an arcade whose base was washed by the waves. Here they landed and found awaiting them an elegant English carriage. The coachman, in the livery of a nobleman, held the horses in rein, ready to start. The animals were two superb Andalusian dapple-greys. Two richly-liveried negroes opened the carriage-door. Lionello entered, and was followed by the stranger. Silk blinds covered the windows and concealed from view the course which they were taking. All was mystery. The stranger had not yet opened his mouth. But, as the carriage rolled over a sward, he broke the silence:—‘Lionello, the trial which you will have to undergo is terrible: if you sustain it, we will salute you as a brother.’

“In a little while the carriage whirled with a crashing noise under a portico. The valets open the door, and the passengers alight. The coachman drives through an opposite gate; the entrance is closed, and he disappears.

“Lionello and his companion stood alone at the bottom of a grand marble stairway. The latter said to him,—

“‘Before we go up we must see if your knees are warm. Come with me.’

“He opens a small iron door under the stairway. A fierce flame rushes out and envelops his person. Lionello does not recoil. The stranger immediately retires and closes the door. The flame vanishes.*

* This ordeal, which, from its unexpectedness, dismays the most intrepid, is quite harmless. As the iron door revolves, a spring strikes a small ball of fulminating powder, and inflames a vessel of spirits of phosphorus. The current of air flings the body of flames in the face of the person who opens the door, and envelops his person as if he

"They entered then by a portico into a corridor on the left. Here a stairway of moderate inclination leads to two basement rooms, lighted from the ceiling. In these dungeons were cages of bears, lions, hyenas, tigers, panthers, leopards, whose cries and howls formed a dismal concert.

"To the tigress!" shouted the stranger.

"A keeper, with a diabolical face, stood before Lionello, eyed him gloomily, and said, with a sardonic grin,—

"Look at me!"

"Lionello gazed at him.

"Audacious youth! Do you see that beautiful and roaring tigress? I am going to open her cage. You must enter, fix your eyes steadily on hers, stand before her, threaten her with uplifted whip. Woe to you if you tremble or quail when she scents you in her foaming rage. She will tear you in pieces.' The keeper approaches the cage and cries, 'Berenice.' The beast flashes her eyes upon him, and withdraws to the end of the cage. He slips back the bolt and thrusts Lionello in."

"My God!" exclaimed Alisa; "how horrible! Did he escape safe and sound?"

"Yes, my dear child," answered Bartolo. "The most ferocious beasts cower before the imperious eye of man. Between Lionello and the tigress was a trap-door, through which the keeper, satisfied with the trial of the aspirant's nerves, allowed him to sink."

"Then," continued Mimo, "he kissed Lionello's fore-

stood in a fiery furnace. It flickers about his beard and hair without inflicting any injury.

head. He subjected him to several other ordeals, more terrible, in succession; the recital of which would only serve to distress you. Lionello underwent them with credit,—thus verifying the singular contradiction in man, who, unwilling by self-sacrifice to carry the yoke of the Lord and win everlasting life by slight trials, braves the severest, to become the slave of the devil and an inmate of hell.” ✓

“And this,” said Don Baldassare, “is the devouring despair of the damned. They discover that they have walked in difficult ways and exhausted their energies in the pursuit of trifles; ‘*Et quidem ambulando vias difficiles.*’”

“But,” resumed Mimo, “this trial was nothing compared with the last, when Lionello had proved himself a man of nerve and intrepidity. He was conducted by the grand stairway to a magnificent saloon, adorned with Flemish carpets, mirrors, and girandoles. Beyond this saloon were handsome apartments, furnished and decked with Oriental luxury. The most delicious perfumes breathed the very spirit of voluptuousness. On every side were articles of vertu, in precious woods, silver, and gold; paintings, rare sculptures, and the most exquisite, rich, and charming objects which the imagination could invent. When they had reached a small cabinet, the guide suddenly disappeared by a lateral door. Lionello was lost in wonder at this elegant spectacle. He fancied himself in the temple of the Graces; for the furniture was admirably wrought, the colors chosen softest to the eye, the sofas and ottomans covered with sky-blue satin, the floors inlaid with mosaic, the ceiling gilt and painted with rural scenes of dancing Bacchantes.

"Seated on a sofa, he was surveying this charming display, when he heard the rustling of a dress, and suddenly beheld before him a woman, or rather a queen, to judge from her aspect, air, gait, and the haughty glance of her eye. She was attired as a Cuban creole, in a talma of black velvet, edged with gold. A cincture, whose clasp sparkled with Orient rubies, bound her waist and fastened a short, stiff skirt of scarlet velvet, encircled above with a purple band, and below with a golden border. She wore hose of pearly silk, and gaiters of coral-colored sarcenet.

"Lionello was at first astonished by the lady's entrance, and, when she took a seat at his side, began to address her in complimentary language: 'I am surpassingly honored—I am enchanted by your divine presence.' But the lady's countenance at once assumed a severe expression.

"'Foolish man,' she said; 'do you think to win my favor by these vapid flatteries? Learn that the only homage I accept is the homage of blood.'

"She drew a dagger from her bosom and offered it to him.

"'Go,' said she, 'and slay the traitor whom you will find. Bring me back the dagger drenched in his blood, and then you will be worthy of our society, and we will enroll you among the brethren. If you are a craven, give it to me, and I will supply your place. He will be the eleventh victim whom I will have sacrificed in punishment of his perjury.'

"She arose from her seat, took Lionello by the arm, opened a door, pushed him into a room, and disappeared as she shut him in. A gigantic negro enters, and makes him a sign to follow. He is conducted, by dark flights

of stairs, into a small room hung in black. There Lionello perceives a man kneeling in prayer, with his face buried in his hands. A dim and flickering light glimmered around. The negro in silence pointed to the victim, and, with clutched hand and upraised arm, made a sign to stab him in the neck. Lionello advances on tiptoe, bends forward, strikes his weapon into the carotid artery, and then withdraws it. The murdered man turns, lifts his hand to his neck, raises his eyes, and cries, 'Lionello, is it you? God forgive you! I forg—!' He falls backward and expires. The terrified and astounded assassin exclaims, 'Alfredo, I did not know you!' He throws himself on his friend, tries to stop the bleeding, kisses the dying man's lips, and again exclaims, 'I swear to you that I did not recognise you! Ah, the monsters! The accursed dogs!' He raises the poignard to plunge it into his own heart. But the negro seizes his arm, wrenches the poignard from his hand, and carries him fainting into another room."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Alisa, "what horrors! But how did that poor Alfredo get into that den of robbers?"

"By treachery," replied Mimo. "Lionello subsequently learned that Alfredo had been waylaid by three bravos on his return at night from the port. They seized him, bandaged his eyes, threw him into a carriage, and brought him to the slaughter-house. The exact place Lionello never discovered. After his swoon he was carried to Belem, and left on the road to Lisbon. He was so overcome with terror, that, on the receipt of the remittance from his sister, he embarked on board of a vessel weighing anchor for Valparaiso."

"There," said Bartolo, "are the fruits of secret

societies! A young nobleman degraded into an assassin! And God, to inflict a terrible punishment, permits the first blood shed by his hand to be that of his benefactor and intimate friend. But, Alisa, it is worthy of remark that there is intoxication in the shedding of blood. After the first crime, Lionello becomes a professional assassin."

"Thank God," ejaculated Alisa, "men of this class are rare. We might truly say that Lionello was hurled from precipice to precipice by a fatal and invisible hand."

"Do you know what is that hand?" asked Don Baldassare. "It is hardness of heart, frenzy of the passions, the goading of sin, the angel of the wrath of God, who pursues the impious man, according to the Psalm. Do not suppose, signora, that this young man is the only person who, perverted by secret societies, has committed murder by his own hands or by the hands of his agents. About the epoch of which Lionello speaks, there was at Faenza a count, who, on a certain night, held at his house a meeting of the Carbonari, and he so excited them against the pious and learned canon Montevocchi, that before they adjourned they cast lots to determine the assassin who was to shorten that precious life. And I know other counts and marquises of our day who—— But, Mimo, please to continue the narrative, or I may be tempted to mention some fine, specious personages."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WHALER.

MIMO continued: "Lionello, provided with funds, arrived at Valparaiso. He might have associated with a banker or merchant, doubled his capital, and become rich. But he was little disposed to engage in banking-operations or commercial pursuits. In the cities of Chili, at Valdivia, Concepcion, San Jago, and Valparaiso, were a number of Italian refugees, who had been very active in the insurrection of 1831. They eagerly gathered round Lionello, followed his steps, and laid close siege to his purse. Lionello, naturally generous, was unable to resist these attacks. By the management of an artful exile from Ancona, they determined to charter a vessel and make a whaling-voyage to the Northern seas. The band was composed of two Genoese, a Corsican, two Frenchmen escaped from the galleys at Toulon, a Scotchman, two Englishmen, who had been engaged in the business, three Pisans, two Leghorn men, a citizen of Chiozzo, two Greek pirates, one from Cephalonia, the other from Nauplia. With these twenty desperadoes, and a crew of cabin-boys, topmen, and other sailors, the vessel set sail, furnished with cannon, hooks, harpoons, lashings, crampoons, and long poles headed with blades or tridents, to assail the fish at close quarters.

"Their first efforts were crowned with success in the Gulf of California. They then sailed northward, between Vancouver's Island and New Hanover, looking out for

whales as they coasted, as far as New Cornwall, the peninsula of Alaska, and Cape Romanzoff, even to the polar zone. In a thousand circumstances they might have proved models to their fellow-citizens, of firmness, intrepidity, constancy, if they had employed these qualities to subdue their evil passions and develop the generous dispositions of their souls.

"Lionello was ever unappalled amidst the wildest terrors of the ocean. He bore patiently the extreme cold of the arctic regions. He often, with a firm stand, awaited in his boat the attacks of white bears mad with rage and hunger. They had been carried off by the flood tide, on detached cakes of ice, whilst they were devouring the body of a seal near the shore.

"More than once Lionello assaulted them with pike or pole-blade. Whilst the bears were sliding on the ice, in their attempts to spring on the boat, Lionello killed them with his heavy weapons. He not unfrequently combated ferocious bisons, and with one blow laid them dead by striking his poignard into their hearts. He killed, also, several orcs, by harpooning them in the mouth. As soon as they had been grappled he leaped upon their enormous backs, and, with redoubled blows of the axe, stove their skulls.

"But the sole pursuit of the whale exposed him to continual perils. When the look-out topman discovered a whale disporting in the distance, he shouted, 'A whale on the larboard!' The crew immediately launched the ship's boat, mounted their swivels, and steered to the point indicated. The huge monster, when he lifts his head to breathe, spouts from his nostrils two streams of foaming water; then he gradually emerges, and displays his broad shoulders above the surface, like a glossy

island in the midst of the ocean. It is well ascertained that there are whales measuring full two hundred and forty and even two hundred and sixty feet, from the nozzle to the tip of the tail, and across the back one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet,—so that the immense mass of flesh rises above the waves like a three-decker. They generally yield each one hundred tons of oil. The whale proper is the monarch of the cetaceous tribe. The head is prominent and disproportionably large, with eyes not larger than an ox's, and a mouth so capacious that a twelve-oared barge can enter without difficulty. There is another whale,—the most horrible monster that rises from the depths of the sea. Besides fleshy antennæ which fall from its lips, stiff at the root and flabby at the extremity, ample muscles hang, like wrinkled lids, above the eyes, and roll as two cataracts in perpetual motion. When the leviathan floats upon the ocean, these antennæ resemble, as they droop, two immense shrouds, and give the monster an aspect the most frightful that can be imagined.

“When the whale-fishers see the animal rising to breathe fresh air, they do not venture to attack it in front. They approach it noiselessly on opposite sides. The two cockswains stand at the prow, harpoon in hand, give the signal to the rowers, dash the weapons into the whale, and simultaneously order the boat to be backed with rapidity. For the gigantic monster, as soon as he feels the sharp instrument in his flank, is flurried, spouts torrents of water to a great height, and lashes the sea into a fury with his tail-fin, so as to engulf the boats, or fling them into the air, shattered by the single blow. At the end of the tridents and

harpoons is a hook, to which is attached a coil of rope. The rope is made fast to the boat. When the whale is wounded, he leaps and bounds furiously. If the whalers can reach the vessel, they attach the rope to the capstan, and the vessel is towed quietly along by the animal. If they are unsuccessful in this, they are obliged to follow in their boats the whale. They shoot through the air, plunge into the waves, make zigzag traces over the surface, and whirl with the most perilous motions. When the whale at length is compelled to rise for air, the hardy mariners begin to pierce him with crampoons and pole-blades, until he expires. Some of their companions are so daring as to leap on his back and with the axe cut wide and deep wounds into the flesh. When at flood tide the whales approach the vessels, and the crew are unable to get alongside in their boats, they aim their swivels at vital spots near the liver and below the gills. The monster dies after a thousand convulsions, and is flung, at high water, on the rocky coast. This mode of fishing is unattended with serious difficulties; but, in general, the sailors employ the harpoon, as surer and more efficacious."

"There is a man," said Don Baldassare, "who evinces the utmost bravery when he battles with the leviathan of the deep, or encounters his fellow-man on land in deadly combat. Unappalled, he hopes to escape either danger. But this same man is a coward when duty bids him struggle against his own passions, overcome human respect, separate from a dangerous friend or a woman who fascinates and casts him into perdition. The unfortunate Lionello, who had so often leaped on the backs of whales, crushed the jaws of bears, killed bisons, stabbed the terrible orcs of the Esquimaux, trembled at

the benign aspect of Virtue, and fled from her presence to indulge the most debasing vices."

"After a prosperous voyage," continued Mimo, "and profitable sale of the fruits of their labors, in the ports of Lima and Panama, they were swindled by one of their cleverest agents in the exchanges of Brazil, Mexico, and London. He entered in his own name the stock of the company and their oil-depôts; by perfidious transactions he defrauded Lionello of his shares and completely beggared him. His associates, driven to despair, said to him:—

"Lionello, that villain has robbed us, and enriched himself with our hard-earned gains. Sooner or later we will settle scores with him. But, if you have the heart to make the trial, let us seek the smiles of fortune. Let us arm our brig, sally out to sea, and seize on every vessel we meet, as our property. The world belongs to the strong-handed man."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PIRATE.

MIMO proceeded: "They sailed to San Francisco, in California, where they strengthened their armament with twelve twenty-four-pounders, and a supply of swords, guns, powder and shot. Thus prepared, the freebooters plundered vessels from Cape Corrientes to the bays of Tehuantepec, Fonseca, Panama to Guayaquil. They were familiar with all the creeks, inlets, coves,

where ships stopped to revictual when their provisions were exhausted or spoiled by a long voyage on the Pacific Ocean. The fleet and unexpected brigantine pounced upon these vessels and despoiled them.

“Sometimes the pirates cruised for several days in pursuit of a vessel, without losing sight of her; and, when they came alongside, they fired furiously into the hapless craft, or boarded her decks like raging lions. They assailed, slew, and pitched into the sea their victims, giving no quarter to any one who fell into their hands. They plundered the vessel of gold, silver, precious stones, and costliest merchandise, fired it from stem to stern, and, returning to their own ship, coolly witnessed the horrible spectacle of vessel, crew, and passengers consumed in the flames. After having burned a ship and its cargo, they scuttled the hull, that it might quickly founder and leave no trace of their crime. They never spared the vanquished; they admitted none to ransom; they were steeled against all the entreaties of the merchants, who, as a last favor, begged the pirates to give them their lives and put them ashore, stripped, if they chose, of every thing.

“The cruelty of the freebooter made him the terror of the seas. He was called the *Pirate of death*. The Mexican republic, and the states of Guatemala and of Ecuador, had sworn to exterminate him; but he had his spies, scouts, confidants, and accomplices among all the robbers and smugglers of the ports where he re-fitted. Secondary pirates, or shore-filibusters, gave him the hand of fellowship, as they shared in his spoils. He availed himself of another advantage. By means of these brigands he levied a heavy black-mail on the people of the coast, traders, seal and otter fishers. The

brigantine was so light on the water that she escaped the pursuit of armed vessels, like the swallow, the swoop of the vulture. To-day she is skimming over the waters in the neighborhood of Lima, to-night she is careering over the high seas. She enters the ports of California, and scarcely has her arrival been announced than she is ploughing the seas of New Archangel and gliding past the frozen islands of Gore and St. Lawrence, attacking and plundering the Russian vessels engaged in the fur-trade. In less than a year and a half the pirate had enriched himself with the spoils of merchantmen and amassed a priceless treasure of pearls, Oriental gems, Chinese and Japanese porcelain, and, above all, of ingots of gold, which were stowed in the hold as ballast. His fellow-rovers were miscreants, ruffians, fearless and ruthless adventurers. The eye of the captain, however, made them quail and become gentle as lambs. He was absolute master of their wills. The infernal oaths of the secret societies had impressed a mysterious and superhuman character on his being, which tyrannized over his associates. When he cast a wrathful look on one of them, you would be tempted to say that the spirit of Satan flashed from his eyes and crushed, with diabolical power, the object of his indignation. And yet they were singularly devoted to his person. At his sign they were ready to leap, without reflection, into the midst of swords and pikes which repelled their boarding. In his cruelty he was magnanimous and liberal: it was the lingering privilege of his birth and station."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Alisa. "Why, Mimo, this is as good as a play! The idea of Lionello representing

himself in hideous coloring, like a devil, desperately bent on the ruin of his fellow-men!"

"It is his remorse," replied Mimo, "which tortures him and wrings from him these humiliating avowals, as if he were making a general confession to a Capuchin under the gallows."

"Well, at all events, we may profit by the example."

"Ah, indeed!" said Landro, with a satirical smile. "Would you be afraid to enter the secret society? You would make, at any rate, a pretty little Carbonarist."

"As to that," resumed Mimo, "Lionello knew how to strike a good bargain with a female Carbonarist. One day, while he was cruising in search of some vessels which were homeward-bound from Conception to Panama, he discovered a Brazilian clipper, which, buoyant and sportive on the water, after having rounded Cape Horn and escaped its perils, was advancing rapidly toward the island of St. Ambrose, off the Copiapo coast. To espy, pursue, pour broadsides into the checked and disconcerted vessel, and at the same instant grapple with her, was the work of a moment. The shock was dreadful to the Brazilians. They were disposed to defend the immense treasure on board, and the crew fought gallantly. But nothing could withstand the fierce onslaught of the corsair and his companions. His cuirass was seized by a hand-grapple; but, with a rapid stroke of his sword, he freed himself by cutting away a part of the garment. Three of his most powerful filibusters, meanwhile, were struck dead at his side. He saw a body of men, who were mere passengers, fighting with unexampled fury. On them he and his

companions threw themselves with impetuosity, and, by aiming mainly at their legs, soon overpowered them. As soon as he made himself master of the ship, he put the crew to the sword. Their heads were cut off, their bodies cast into the sea. Then he went below, to examine the cargo and the money in the captain's cabin. As he entered, he perceived a young woman rolled up in a corner, and, on the other side, a man trembling and aghast. At the sight of them, Lionello roared like a wounded lion, and sprang, with a fierce and terrific bound, into the middle of the room.

"Before him were the Creole who had made him assassinate his friend Alfredo, and the stranger who had guided him to the house of murder.

"After the first cry of rage, Lionello repressed the emotions of vengeance which rankled in his heart. He coldly asked them where they were going. The woman answered that, the police of Saldanha having discovered their secret society, they had scarcely time to save their lives by jumping through the window into a copse; that, having lain concealed there for a while, they had succeeded in reaching the coast and embarked at Pernambuco. Their object was to proceed to Quito and stir Bolivia into insurrection against the President, who is a desperate bigot.

"'Do you recognise me, you infernal monster?' shouted Lionello.

"She assumed a fawning air, and said to him,—

"'I behold in you one of the greatest and most generous rovers of the ocean.'

"He turned and put the same question to the man, with the same menacing and vengeful tones. The

wretch had not a word to reply. He tried to stammer; but the words died on his lips.

“‘Well, then, you daughter of Beelzebub, I am Lionello!’

“She was stupefied. Lionello gave directions to rifle the ship of its most precious articles and chain the Creole to her companion. He then went on board of his own vessel. He set the Brazilian brigantine on fire, sailed for an island, and anchored in a creek. On the following morning he ordered a boat to be lowered and the prisoners to be put in it. He took his seat at the helm, and steered to a reef which appeared above the water.

“‘You sanguinary woman!’ he exclaimed, accosting the Creole, ‘do you see that rock? You murdered the innocent in the obscurity of your gilded den. You shall die looking on the ocean which dashes at your feet, on the sun which beholds you with horror, and on the man whose hand you armed to slay his best friend.’

“At these words, the prisoner, notwithstanding her bonds, flung herself at his feet and conjured him to spare her. She declared that Alfredo, by seceding from the society, incurred the doom of traitors; that his death by the hand of Lionello was an accident; that no one was aware of their friendly relations.

“‘Silence, you execrable wretch!’ thundered Lionello, as he spurned her with his foot.

“He commanded four of his men to carry a gibbet and plant it on the highest point of the rock,—then to fasten to it, back to back, the Creole and her guilty accomplice.

“Now,” said Mimo, “those rocks are the resort of a vast number of birds of prey, kites, vultures, condors. Thither they come to bask in the sun, and devour

the carcasses upthrown by the sea. When the two miserable creatures had been attached to the gibbet, and Lionello had withdrawn to some distance with his men, flocks of vultures left their nests in the fissures of the rocks and cliffs of the island promontories, and circled with hoarse cries around the gibbet. The bolder birds began to pick at the eyes of the criminals as they darted past them; then they alighted on their heads, shoulders, and breasts, and with their talons emulously tore their limbs. The cries of despair, the rage and fury, the contortions, of the wretched victims were excessively horrible. They were soon drenched in blood, and the vultures flew up with shreds of palpitating flesh. The head of the Creole was flayed by the beaks of the merciless birds, and her long, detached tresses dangled in the air. Others assailed her bosom and fought for morsels of her heart. Even the savage freebooters were overcome by the spectacle,—especially when they saw the birds soaring away with their bloody booty. Still unmoved, the pirate gazed at the scene with a dry eye. A sardonic smile curled his lips, and the transports of vengeance thrilled his soul. And now only two fleshless skeletons remained, about which fluttered an insatiable vulture."

"My God!" exclaimed Alisa, "what awful vengeance!—the vengeance of a tiger, or rather of a demon!"

"Some months later," continued Mimo, "Lionello was sailing in the direction of the island of Laxara. He had reached the height of wealth and power. At this moment divine justice smote him, and snatched away the fruits of his crimes. The sun set, the wind died away, and not a breath of air freshened the parched atmosphere. A calm was Lionello's most

dreaded enemy. He preferred two days of stormy weather to one of serenity. At such a time he was a prey to continual remorse. He arose at four o'clock, ascended the deck, and lit a cigar. The night had been full of terrors. He saw standing at his cabin-door the bloody spectre of Alfredo, who gazed at him with silent indignation. With one hand he pressed his wounded throat, which rattled with the death-agony; with the other he clasped and brandished a poignard. Lionello sprang from his bed and hastened to embrace him. The spectre vanishes. Agitated and feverish, he passes up the hatchway to the deck; and, lo! Alfredo, with eyes fixed steadily on him, stands between two skeletons—of the Creole and the stranger. He hears the clattering of dry bones; he sees the woman raise her fleshless fingers and plunge them into her eyeless sockets, then, again, gnawing them between her teeth, with a horrible expression of vengeance. Lionello shivers from head to foot; he dares not move a step. He hears the cries and the rushing of a flock of vultures; he feels the brushing of their wings on his cheeks. He withdraws from the prow, and, lo! the three spectres glide from the capstan to the foremast, and continue to gaze at him with menacing eyes.

“The dawn lights up the horizon, and Lionello breathes again. The phantoms, with a threatening look, recede, and disappear in the distance. Pointing his telescope eastward, he sees, in the direction of Guatemala, what he regards as a column of smoke. His heart begins to beat. He rapidly mounts aloft, and, alas! discovers a large war-steamer making for the Sandwich Islands. Lionello has already de-

terminated his course. The vessel is unquestionably English, bound for an English colony in Polynesia. Without a breath of air to fan his sails, he will necessarily be captured.

“He hastily descends, and calls into his cabin eleven of his most devoted followers, the sole survivors of the original band. He apprizes them of their imminent danger, removes the diamonds and jewels from their strong box, pours them into pouches worn on the breast, fills the cuirasses with his gold. He orders the largest barge to be lowered and supplied with barrels of water and biscuit for eight days. Then, aided by two of his men, he carries to the boat a trunk of ingots, commands a pilot and two cabin-boys to jump in, and, without saying a word to the rest of the crew, glides as rapidly as possible into the Sandwich group. His companions whom he abandoned were not uneasy at this movement, for he was wont to cruise about the sea in this manner. Lionello, as soon as he was sheltered behind an islet, found a light breeze, and bade his men bend their oars with a will. Luckily for him, a thick cloud spread over the sea and veiled him from the approaching steamer.

“Meanwhile, the English frigate, seeing the vessel becalmed, hailed it, and ordered it to show its colors. Receiving no answer, it ran alongside and commanded the captain to come aboard with his papers. The crew were disconcerted. The mate got into a boat, rowed to the steamer, and, presenting his respects to the commodore, stated that the captain was absent, reconnoitring the western coasts of the island. The commodore waited a while for the return of the captain,—a delay which wonderfully availed Lionello and his associates

in their flight. Finally he despatched men to search the vessel. They found arms, cannon, and provisions, and, discovering the piratical character of the ship, confiscated it.

"After inexpressible toils, anguish, and danger, Lionello reached the largest of the Sandwich Islands. He baffled suspicion by representing himself as a shipwrecked mariner, who had escaped, by a miracle, with a few companions."

At this moment Bartolo looked at his watch.

"Bless me!" he said, "it is very late."

"Indeed?" said Alisa, as she arose to retire. "Good-night, Mimo: we will hear the rest to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ISABELLA.

✓ ALISA was very desirous of hearing the conclusion of the memoirs of Lionello; but she charged her cousin with clipping them pretty freely. After dinner the party proceeded to the vale and took their seats in the shady bower.

"Mimo," said Alisa, with graceful raillery, "when the Pope returns, I will beg him to appoint you 'abridger of the great park;' for you are a consummate master in the art of making out synopses. You have favored me with a fragmentary biography of Lionello. For instance, the last time I was present at the reading, before the sickness of Lodoiska, it was stated

that Lionello had met with an unpleasant adventure at Lyons."

Mimo replied, "Don't trouble yourself about it, Alisa: it was only an adventure at the gaming-table. Had his life been in danger, the fault was his own. People who fear the wasp's sting should not get in its way."

"Another time you told me Lionello had attempted his life."

"Yes, I did; and it was not the first time. But the most dangerous attempt was that which followed a tragical event during his corsair-life. He had attacked a merchant-ship on the high seas. The struggle was fierce, and he lost many of his companions, who fell beneath the blows of the brave Chilian master. Lionello at length vigorously assailed his adversary with a long pike, pierced him through and through, and pinned him to the foremast. On the fall of their captain, the crew surrendered. The ship belonged to Valparaiso, and traded at the forts of Lima, Cuenca, and Guayaquil, exchanging French woollen fabrics for Peruvian sugarcane and sweetmeats, which were exported to Europe. His wife and child, from whom he could not bear to be separated, accompanied the captain in his voyages. She was a woman of remarkable beauty and tried virtue,—the object of universal admiration and respect.

"After the capture of the ship, Lionello took her on board of his vessel, and assigned her the cabin as her apartment. The young widow, superior to the griefs of her situation and the opprobrium of servitude, did not yield to dejection and the ordinary lamentations of her sex. She maintained a dignified and imposing demeanor,

which inspired the victors with more respect than compassion. Lionello went below, and found Isabella seated, with her child in her arms. She was pale and sad; but she veiled the agony of her soul under a grave and composed exterior. The pirate was struck with her noble and majestic mien: he stood motionless and silent in the middle of the room. Isabella uttered no supplication, but, looking at him, said, with a steady voice,—

“‘Captain, if you are as magnanimous as you are brave, I feel confident you will respect an unfortunate widow: Place me again on the brigantine, and I will try, with the help of its crew, to reach Valparaiso.’

“Lionello was so astonished by this address that he was unable to order the ship to be set on fire. He promised the widow that no one should ill treat her.

“During the following days, Lionello frequently visited Isabella, and sought to console her. He conceived the most violent passion for her, and could not forbear declaring it. The wretched woman rose up, and said to him, ‘Captain, you promised to guard me against disrespect: respect me, then, in your own person.’

“These few words silenced Lionello. But, like all bad men in the fury of their passions, he strove by a thousand arts to seduce her. She bore these trials with inexpressible sorrow, and implored the Almighty to succor and defend her.

“One night, after having rejected with scorn the infamous proposals of the pirate, she went on deck with her son. She sat down near the capstan, and, raising her hands to heaven, whilst the tears streamed down her cheeks, she murmured a fervent prayer to the Queen of Angels. Suddenly, about the fourth watch, Lionello, wearing a haggard look, and heaving deep sighs,

comes himself on deck. He advances to the prow, and perceives Isabella. Maddened by his base passion, he snatches the child from her arms, and exclaims,—

“‘Isabella, if you continue to reject my addresses, I will fling your child into the sea.’

“The terrified mother sprang from her seat, and cried, with a suppliant voice, ‘Captain, surely you fear God! You have a soul to save! There is a God who will judge,—an eternity which awaits you. Mercy to him who shows mercy.’ At those words of deep import—soul, God, eternity—streams of fire coursed through the veins of Lionello. Like one possessed, he was transported with rage: he ground his teeth, snuffed quick and fiercely, wheeled on his foot, raised the child in his arms and dashed out its brains on the deck. Then, with a kick, he threw the quivering body into the sea. The mother, at this barbarous deed, which was executed in a few seconds, uttered a piercing shriek, and, with a bound and outstretched arms, leaped into the waves. Lionello, thunderstruck, stood rooted to the spot, with a fixed, affrighted gaze. The wind was blowing a gale, and the ship flew through the tumultuous waters.

“When he recovered from his stupor, he ordered the ship to heave to, and all the boats to be launched, under the pretence that Isabella had fallen overboard accidentally. But the wind was so fresh that the vessel made great headway, though the sails were lowered; and she had run several knots before they could man the boats. Consequently, the hapless Isabella had disappeared. The heart of the truculent corsair was a prey to unceasing pangs of love, despair, and remorse. Alone, taciturn, haggard, he walked the deck. Officers and men were afraid to accost him. He refused food

and drink. Sleep deserted his eyes, and a fierce delirium devoured his soul. One morning he went to the caboose, and the mate, who was lying in his hammock at the end of the gangway, raised his head at the sound of steps, and saw Lionello take a bucket of charcoal, empty it into his handkerchief, and return to the cabin. He paid little attention to the matter at the time,—lay down again, and went to sleep.

“Lionello shut himself up in a state-room, and gave orders to one of the watch to let no one disturb him on any account. The man, after a while, heard sounds as of a person blowing a coal-pan. At breakfast-time the officers asked for the captain. The answer was, he was in his state-room. They waited a while, and gave a second signal for the meal. But, as he did not appear, the first officer said to the sentinel,—

“‘Knock at the door.’

“‘I have orders,’ he replied, ‘to call him for no one.’

“‘Well,’ rejoined the officer, ‘I have no orders; and, if I can’t knock, I can at least call him:—“Captain! Captain!’

“No answer. The officer, meanwhile, went down to the door, and, placing his ear against it, thought he heard a groan. Then he exclaimed, ‘But there is a smell, through the chinks, of something burning.’

“Then they disregarded the prohibition, knocked loudly at the door, and at last burst it open. At the same moment a volume of smoke poured out, which almost suffocated them, and obliged them to fall back in order to get breath. They found Lionello stretched on his bed, pale, ghastly, lifeless. The boatswain, who was an old, experienced sailor, took Lionello in his arms and carried him on deck. He ran for a small bellows,

and, putting the nozzle in the pirate's mouth, whilst he closed his nostrils, he began to infuse air into the lungs. Then, having unbuttoned his clothes and opened the shirt, he directed the breast and legs to be rubbed smartly and stimulated with a bottle of ether.

"Lionello moved at last, aroused by these remedial agents. He opened his eyes, and looked around him with an air of astonishment."

"That is exceedingly fine, indeed," said Alisa. "This desperate pirate is persistent in evil, in spite of his remorse and despair. For my part, I consider a man a coward who cannot overcome himself, and who, to escape the combat with his perverse nature, commits suicide."

"You are right," said Don Baldassare. "It is only by a sincere conversion to God that the sinner can break his vicious habits and struggle manfully against his passions. The true Christian supports poverty, labor, oppression, with resolution,—sometimes with cheerfulness; but the impious man is obdurate in crime or crushed by despair. Despair, by means of self-murder, rids him of remorse and saves him from human justice. It is a wide-spread practice in the world, perfected among the Japanese into an art. Some have noted all the symptoms of asphyxia, analyzed the proportions of azote and carbon, measured the retarded current of the blood which stagnates in the heart, unable to open the valves and diffuse itself through the ordinary channels. Others devise a speedy exit, and take a lump of sugar saturated with prussic acid. Others, again, inhale chloroform, and, in an exhilarated state, plunge into hell. The larger number put a pistol into their mouths and blow out their brains."

"The last we have witnessed in Lionello at Geneva," said Alisa. "Miserable young man! But what became of him after the capture of his ship and his escape among the Sandwich Islands?"

CHAPTER XXV.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

"As I stated before," continued Mimo, "Lionello represented himself as a shipwrecked mariner. He clothed his tale with a thousand falsehoods to excite compassion. The English governor gave him a kind reception, and furnished him and his companions with passports. He embarked on board of the first vessel which sailed for the Atlantic, and landed at Buenos Ayres.

"This large and handsome sea-port, the capital of the Argentine Republic, stands at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Several sections of the city are almost entirely occupied by Italian merchants, and are therefore designated the Genoese Quarters. Whole families emigrate from Genoa, and spend years in Buenos Ayres, trading with the people of Uruguay, Parana, Rio Dulce, Rio Colorado, even of Rio Nigro. They sell oranges and pastries, which they ship to Chili, Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia. When Lionello reached Buenos Ayres, Rosas was Governor of the Argentine Republic. He had just declared war against the Oriental Republic, whose principal city is Montevideo. Rosas ascribed

the war to the pride of the Orientals, who, as a confederate state, ought, like Tucuman and the provinces of Uruguay and Parana, to acknowledge the President of Buenos Ayres as their supreme chief, since under the Spanish dominion the entire country was subject to the Viceroy of La Plata. Montevideo rejoined that they never were Spaniards; that they had been subjects of Brazil; that, to assert their independence, they had cast off the Portuguese yoke; that consequently they had no relations to the viceroy. Rosas, as President of the Argentine Republic, had arrogated the prerogatives of a king, and tyrannized over the confederate states from Corrientes to San Antonio; that is, from Paraguay to Patagonia. If the other states were disposed to do him homage, they could act as they pleased; but the Oriental Republic would never submit to his despotic sway: it would maintain its independence at all hazard.

“Montevideo had justice on its side; but the answers which it gave to Rosas were dictated, in a great measure, by the Italian refugees. These traitors, banished from their country, which in 1831 they had stirred into revolt, had come to sow cockle on the hospitable shores of America, which had imprudently given them a welcome. Like serpents benumbed by the cold, they began to pierce the bosom of the benefactor that warmed them into life. The principal agitators were Joseph Garibaldi, Joseph Borzone de Chiavari, Valerga, and Anzani, with other Ligurians and exiles from Leghorn and Romagna, who belonged to Young Italy. They actively fanned the flames of discord, and exasperated the more influential citizens of Montevideo against Oribe; President of the republic, under the pretext that

he secretly favored the claims of Rosas, his intimate friend. They succeeded in having him proclaimed a traitor and sent into banishment. At the moment when the war occupied men's minds, time, and energies when Oribe was besieging Montevideo with a considerable fleet, Lionello landed at Buenos Ayres. By certain signs he discovered the companions of Garibaldi, who were secret spies on the conduct and plan of Rosas."

"That is excellent!" exclaimed Alisa. "What a charming meeting! Very likely they soon scented one another."

"Oh, certainly. I have no doubt that a Carbonarist, entering an inn in which a fellow-Carbonarist had stopped two days before, could find it out by the odor which he left behind him. They partake of the nature of the fox and hound, inasmuch as they give and follow a scent. They single each other out of a crowd with a mutual and easy recognition. They seem to have magnets in their eyes, and peculiar exhalations from the hair and pores of the body. They have signs, marks, singularities of voice and pronunciation, motions of the eyebrows, modes of walking, blowing their noses, crossing their arms, buttoning their coats, turning their heads, taking a seat, holding a cigar in their mouth or fingers, peeling fruit, drinking, clinking glasses, holding a fork, —which compose a complete vocabulary of signs.

"I have often amused myself with watching them in the railroad-depôts, on the decks of steamers, in the travelling-coaches, at the public table in hotels, where they carry on with their eyes a regular conversation, though they are total strangers. Even the Abbe d'Epée, inventor of the deaf-mutes' language, did not approach this refined art.

"But," continued Mimo, addressing himself to Alisa, "when Lionello learned that Garibaldi, with his band of French and Italian exiles and adventurers, was fomenting a war, he conceived a lively desire to signalize himself. He made inquiries of some secret satellites of the hero of Montevideo, (this was the name given to Garibaldi,) sold some jewels,—the fruits of his piracies,—and bought a ship for himself and his filibusters. Montevideo is situated opposite Buenos Ayres, on the northern shore of the Rio la Plata. He made arrangements with a Genoese pilot, and quitted the port, under the pretext of buying hides in the Pampas. When he had reached Soriano, he wound his way from gulf to gulf, from harbor to harbor, till at last he entered a small port of the Banda Oriental. He landed, and thence, without difficulty, passed through the lines of defence drawn round Montevideo, and gave himself up, body and soul, to Garibaldi."

"Ah! now we have, arm in arm, the brave *Aeneas* and the faithful *Achates*," said Alisa, with a sarcastic smile. "I see in advance how Lionello and Garibaldi made a close alliance, and concerted the measures to uphold the glorious destinies of Rome. Mercury unites with Mars in the sign Capricorn; and to this conjunction we owe the gentle sway of the Red Republic! How fortunate are those people who are born under this glorious constellation!"

"You are quite sparkling with wit, my good cousin," said Landro; "but wait a bit. The prodigies which Lionello reports of this god Mars will put to flight your satirical humor."

"Ah, indeed? Well, Mimo, tell us all about these prodigies; for until now I have pictured Garibaldi to

myself as a pirate on land and sea, who carries fire and sword in every quarter, sheds torrents of blood with his murderous hands, withers, ravages, consumes, every thing he puts his tiger eyes upon; a wretch, in a word, whose breath infects every thing with the poison of conspiracies and revolts."

"I am afraid," said Bartolo, "that the eulogies, plaudits, enthusiasm of Lionello will not modify your opinion and prepossess you in favor of his hero: nevertheless, even amid many vices, we see displayed, at times, characteristics of a great soul, which, in proportion to its original nobleness and capabilities of doing good, is the more pernicious and formidable in its perversion."

"Lionello," resumed Mimo, "represents Garibaldi in a favorable light. He is, according to his account, a man of medium size, compactly built, and rather spare, but endowed with great muscular strength and extraordinary activity. This assemblage of qualities likens him to the lion. He unites vigor with agility, veils a fiery eye with a subdued look, moderates with clemency the emotions of a fierce spirit, and, to complete the similitude, he wears his long white hair reaching to the shoulders, and a red beard. His forehead is broad, his physiognomy grave and stern when first presented to the eye, but, on closer inspection, open, serene, and generous,—capable of inspiring respect, confidence, and sympathy."

"That is to say," interrupted Alisa, "the sympathy which we feel for the lion, who, after having devoured his victim, retires, tranquil and gorged, into his forest den. Young Italy will always inspire us with this kind of sympathy."

"Don't allow yourself to be prejudiced against him by his brilliant and penetrating eye: consider rather his character. Lionello presents him as the type of nobleness, candor, refinement, magnanimity. Music exercises a tranquillizing power over his soul, and poetry proves him, in his odes to Italy, equal to Pindar, by his bold and sublime flights. He is Alcibiades, whose sword prostrates barbarians, whose pen chants the prowess and triumphs of Greece; consecrating his reason to the study of philosophy, and his heart unreservedly to the love of liberty. The comparison extends no further. He leaves to Alcibiades, as sole possessor, his wild and unrestrained spirit, impetuous, inconstant, proud, and obstinate."

"Such qualities," said Don Baldassare, "must make a good soldier or an assassin. But Garibaldi, like his prototype, persists in upholding everywhere the maxim of the ruffian and the pirate: *The end sanctifies the means.*"

"According to Lionello's account," continued Mimo, "Garibaldi, from his earliest youth, was a promoter of secret societies. After having completed his studies at Nice, his native city, he entered the merchant-service, and, like his countrymen, who are the bravest and most skilful navigators in the world, became a hardy and intrepid sailor. Lionello tells us that he sailed to the Levant and the Black Sea. He entered several of the Italian ports, and once, whilst the ship was lying in dock, he visited Rome. The sight of the imperial city made a profound impression on his heart."

"If I mistake not," said Bartolo, "Rome has received a far deeper impression from his visit. He admired, then, its villas of unrivalled beauty, with the magnificent palaces, statues, vases, paintings, rarer and more

precious than those of the richest museums. In the villa Panfili, beyond the Janiculum, at the Porta San Pancrazio, Garibaldi was charmed with the laurel alleys, nenuphars, fountains, gardens, copses, lawns, conservatories filled with rare exotics, casinos for refreshments, knolls with lovely perspectives, little grottos, antique statues, fish-ponds, orchards; in fine, with the palaces, splendidly adorned with marbles, arras, frescos, stuccos, gildings, and basso-relievos. In the midst of these wonders, the astonished youth exclaimed, 'Oh! well art thou called the villa Belrespiro!' At his second visit, Garibaldi pitched his camp on that very spot. His soldiers cut down the trees, trampled on the flower-beds, broke the green-house vases and windows, choked the fountains and ponds with rubbish; mutilated the statues and busts, tore the tapestries, the velvet and damask hangings, the window and bed curtains, destroyed the gilt bronze mouldings of the doors, side-boards, and brackets; gashed the paintings of the best masters, defaced the rich stuccos, tables, sofas, burned the casements and the balconies, with their superb ornaments. The villa Pinciana, belonging to Prince Borghese, opened its doors to Garibaldi, when, with a soul full of poetic enthusiasm and the fair images of youth, he found in this palace the subject of a sublime poem. Pastoral and agricultural scenes, the refinement and grace of city homes united with the grandeur and magnificence of a royal court; meadows and cabins, fertile fields and turfed huts, aged forests and charming bosquets, trenches, cascades, reservoirs, paddocks, picturesque glens, sunny swards, shady retreats with grottos and caverns; aviaries where birds of every species built their nests, warbled, saluted with melodious strains the rising and

setting sun; theatres, amphitheatres, enclosures for tournaments and jousts, pistol and fencing galleries, hippodromes for equestrian exercises; pasture-lands, cow-houses, dairies for butter and cheese, kennels for hounds, terriers, bull-dogs, and mastiffs. Look at those admirable structures, arches, bridges, and; above all, the palaces themselves, where art rivals nature in her rich materials; the galleries of antique sculptures, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, medals, bronzes, cameos, intaglios, collections of the best works of Italian and foreign schools. Remember that these monuments are but the mute representatives of the munificence of the Roman princes. The villa Pinciana is open to the peasant, citizen, stranger. Morning or afternoon, they are at liberty to visit its apartments, promenade, examine, and rest themselves."

"Thus, dear uncle," said Lando, "you did not fail, when you were young, to enjoy these pleasures of the villa. I have been told that, as one of the best horse-men of your time, you shared freely in the equestrian exercises."

"What delightful pastimes we had there! Prince Marcantonio, during the first days of October, entertained the Roman people with games and fêtes in the theatre, hippodrome, joust-enclosures. The sports were varied; the spectacle brilliant and charming."

"But this same Garibaldi, on his second visit to Rome, herded with the vilest of the populace. Now he desired only to see wrecks and ruins. He ordered all those *chefs d'œuvre* to be destroyed which had served to gratify the people and win their admiration. I recently received letters from Rome which state that the villa Borghese is a heap of ruins, the theatre ravaged by

fire and the hands of robbers. Garibaldi, during his imprisonment at Gualaguay in Entrerios, thus chants over the fate of Italy:—

‘Give me the rather to see her lands a waste,
Her princely palaces in ruin strewn,
Than look upon her queenly form abased,
A craven 'neath the rod of Vandals grown.’

“Since the days of Genseric, no Vandals have proved more terrible to Rome than the followers of Garibaldi and Mazzini. Had they tyrannized over Italy a while longer, they would indeed have converted her lands into a waste and crushed her palaces in ruin; they would have overthrown her temples and altars, assassinated her priests, massacred or exiled the best and noblest of her sons. And they have the effrontery to denounce the Croat and call him a Vandal! The Croat embellished Venice, Brescia, Milan,—all the cities, indeed, of Venetia and Lombardy, and our modern Scipios have conferred upon us the excellent government to which you are no strangers.”

“Oh, what a crime!” exclaimed Alisa. “My dear villa Borghese, where, in the spring, we went every morning with Polissena to cull violets and lilies of the valley! Were I in the prince’s place, I would punish those ungrateful Romans by excluding them from the gardens, which afforded him no other benefit than the pleasure of gratifying them. Oh, the barbarians! I would turn my grounds into hay, corn, and oat fields, and thus, to their cost, fill my coffers with money.”

“Very well, my little lady merchant,” said Lando: “I will tell that to Sister Clara. Do you not think this noble prince will do better to requite the base envy of

these miserable creatures with a constant magnanimity? He is assured that the authors of this havoc and vandalism are not Romans, but robbers, pickpockets, and swindlers."

"But," continued Bartolo, "to return to the first visit of the young Garibaldi. He found the villa Albani and the villa Patrizi very charming. On his second visit he had so far forgotten these early impressions that, as commander-in-chief, under pretence of impeding the approaches or operations of the besiegers, he gave his consent, perhaps orders, to the most desperate brigands of Rome, to level, at the villa Albani, the palace of the gallery of paintings and its dependencies, where the Cardinal Alessandro had collected so many master-pieces of Grecian and Roman art. But the fulness of his wrath was expended on the villa Patrizi. Thither, by the Porta Pia, you often went for recreation. You may recall that superb palace, so beautifully constructed; its frescos and numberless paintings; its rich marbles, elegant decorations, costly furniture, and pervading opulence; the meadows, groves, parterres, and fountains. Aldobrando writes to me that these barbarians for three days fired at the palace with heavy artillery, that they despatched a legion of scouts, who destroyed the main walls, and with their axes and pikes ruined and demolished it completely. Where ordinary instruments were unavailing, they employed fire; so that now there is only a mass of ruins. You see, then, Alisa, that Rome will retain a deep and lively impression of this second and present visit of Garibaldi. But Mimo is going to convince you that he leaves this same profound impression wherever he puts his foot."

"It is only too true," responded Mimo. "On his return to Nice, after his voyage in the Levant, he repeated to his young townsmen the lessons which he had learned from the Piedmontese Caluzzo and other refugees at the court of the Sultan,—most of them Carbonarists of 1821. He had, moreover, fine opportunities of completing his education in the great school of conspiracies in Greece, whose cities he visited in detail. He there became acquainted with many of the monarchs and princes of Nauplia, Idria, Patras, Mistra, Tripolizza, and Athens. Every time he landed at Villafranca, Onelia, Alassio, and Monaco, he was studious to sow, in the Italian youths whom he met, the seeds of the revolutionary spirit against the tyrant of Savoy, the King of Sardinia. But, Charles Albert having tied the hands of several of these factious disturbers of the peace, Garibaldi found he was no longer in the odor of sanctity in his own country. He embarked for the Levant, and went to Taganrog, where he found the *believer*, who enrolled him under the banner of Young Italy.

"'Never,' said Lionello, 'never did a man labor more conscientiously to accomplish his oath.'"

"A noble oath, indeed!" exclaimed Bartolo,—“which is equivalent to a positive violation of loyalty, justice, friendship, and all holiest obligations.”

"Reassured by his brethren that he was unsuspected by the Sardinian Government, he returned to Genoa, and, to betray his sovereign more effectually, he entered the royal navy as a volunteer, and strove to corrupt the non-commissioned officers, midshipmen, and sailors."

"I would like to know," said Alisa, "by what name

the Carbonari designate this perfidy. They regard true Christians as poor and mean-spirited creatures, cowards, and traitors. They take to themselves exclusively, the merit of being generous, noble, frank, and loyal. What kind of loyalty is that which creeps into the service of a master to seduce his family, excite his servants against him, rob him of his goods, and expel him from his property?

"Lionello tells us himself that several members of the secret society had introduced themselves into the palace of the Duke of Modena, the Duchess of Parma, the King of Naples, and the King of Sardinia; that they occupied eminent posts, as ministers, judges, administrators, secretaries, police-officers, in order to use the reins of government for their own interests, spy out the intentions of their sovereigns, and, underhandedly, thwart their plans. This espionage is, in their eyes, a sacred duty. But let an honest man unveil their treacherous conduct, and he is denounced as a villain, worthy of condign punishment; and, indeed, he will be pursued and mercilessly punished, unless God defend him against poison and poignard."

"Your indignation," observed Mimo, "is natural and just. Garibaldi boasted he had watched so sharply the proceedings of the Admiralty that he merited the applause of Young Italy, without compromising himself in the eyes of the authorities. This is the system of our present race of heroes. They inveigle youths into the hazardous plots of their conspiracies, and, when their victims are fairly involved, the leaders prudently retire, and vanish."

"This is a double perfidy," added Don Baldassare. "Garibaldi in this very enterprise gave us a specimen

of his future achievements. You will notice, signora, that he is exceedingly expert in finding holes in his armor through which he can worm himself and escape the hands of justice; whilst the poor goslings are caught who were fools enough to let him thrust them into the trap.

"He crawled, like a cat, between the legs of the carabineers.

"Governor Paolucci discovered the conspiracy which was to break out at Genoa on the night of the 3d of January, 1834, to second the movements of Mazzini, in the invasion of Savoy by Ramorino. He ordered a number of the conspirators to be seized. Garibaldi found that no time was to be lost. By doubling, he contrived to secrete himself in the house of a poor widow, who gave him a workman's dress. He crossed the river, slept a good part of the night in the snow, and journeyed on, stopping at cabins from time to time to beg a piece of bread. After untold hardships and miseries, he reached Nice, and, in his father's house, put on suitable clothing. He tore himself from the arms of his distressed parents, passed the Varo secretly, and took refuge in France. Here, our writer says, 'he looked back on the waters of the Varo, and was deeply moved at the sight of his native land, to which he felt a livelier and profounder devotion, which was to last as long as life.'"

"A strange kind of devotion!" exclaimed Bartolo. "Albano, Velletri, Terracina, Ceccano, Ferentino, Anagni, Alatri, and other outraged places understand it thoroughly. They have seen their churches despoiled, their houses pillaged or burned, their bishops expelled, their priests exiled, and numbers of the citizens im-

prisoned and even slain. But Rome, especially, has enjoyed the benefits of his patriotic devotion, and is even now enjoying it, whilst the French are besieging the city and on the point of entering it. Rome palpitates with anxiety in the last embraces of Garibaldi. He gives her savory and noisy kisses, which she will have reason to deplore for years to come.

“Louis Philippe knew the full worth of these heroes. He scattered them about his kingdom; and Garibaldi he assigned to Draguignan. But our red-hot Carbonarist could not breathe freely in so limited a space. One fine night he disappeared, fled to Marseilles, and got himself entered as an officer on board of a vessel recently bought by the Bey of Tunis. At Marseilles he performed a gallant and generous action; for he had good qualities, and if he had not been perverted by secret societies he might have signalized himself by great deeds. Standing on his ship, he heard a great noise, and observed a large crowd on the mole, extending their arms and crying for help. Garibaldi looked, and perceived a young man who had fallen between the vessels. In the busy throng of sailors, none seemed disposed to rescue him. Garibaldi plunged into the water, reached the young man, and carried him safely to the shore, amid the applauding shouts of the spectators.

“Whilst the crowd gathered round the young man, Garibaldi disappeared. The family, which was one of the most respectable of the city, for a long time sought their benefactor in vain. When, at length, they found him and tendered him many tokens of their gratitude, he pressed their hands, declined their proffers, and escaped from all the demonstrations of their friendly feelings.

Another time, when he was walking on the strand between Nice and Villafranca, he saw a boat filled with young people on a pleasure-excursion. A flaw of wind struck the sail, which the inexperienced youths could not lower, and the boat was on the point of foundering. Garibaldi flung himself into the sea and saved them.

"One day, in the port of Rio Janeiro, the sea was so rough that the ships ran afoul of each other, and there was fear that they would part their cables. A poor negro fell overboard. People screamed and clapped their hands. The unfortunate fellow was seen tossed about by the foaming waves; and no one was daring enough to attempt to save his life by risking his own between the struggling vessels. Garibaldi, without demur, plunged into the sea, seized the drowning man, and bore him to the shore."

"That is admirable!" exclaimed Alisa: "I am delighted to hear such noble deeds; and my delight would be perfect if he had always obeyed the generous impulses of his heart."

"Be persuaded, signora," said Don Baldassare, "that most of these misguided youths, members of secret societies, were endued by nature with kind and amiable qualities. Some are obliged to do violence to their own hearts in pursuing their cruel career; and this is often illustrated by the memoirs of Lionello. Lionello accuses himself of having, in a transport of brutal passion, murdered the child of Isabella. After that day he can no longer look on a child without weeping. When he chanced to see these innocent creatures gambolling about their mothers, he turns away from the sight with a lacerated and agonizing heart. How

strangely fashioned is the heart of man ! Garibaldi risks his life a hundred times to save his fellow-men ; and then, actuated by the spirit of Young Italy, he massacres thousands of worthy citizens who stand up in defence of their legitimate sovereigns, stirs up subjects against their authority, surrenders loyal cities to fire and sword and pillage. He is infuriated against peaceful and loyal citizens, and renders himself a terror and abomination to all good people."

"See him now," added Mimo,—“see him now at Rio Janeiro. An exile from Italy, he escapes from France into Africa, and at length, in 1831, takes refuge in Brazil, where he was hospitably received. He forms there a partnership with the Genoese, Luigi Rossetti, and, aided by some charitable persons, charters a merchantman. As a coaster, he ships goods from Rio Janeiro to Cape Frio. But Garibaldi, born for the stormy life of revolution, soon grows discontented with this modest profession. At Cape Frio, on the 27th of December, 1836, he wrote to his fellow-conspirator, Giambattista Cuneo, ‘I am heartily tired of this degrading trade, and of a life so useless to my country. Be assured, we are destined for great deeds: we are out of our element.’”

“The element of the members of Young Italy,” scornfully remarked the good Bartolo, “is the bloody sea of conspiracies, treasons, revolts, insurrections, civil wars. In this element they are suffocated with rage and ambition, or they live accursed of God and men.”

“Garibaldi would have been unworthy of Young Italy, if he had not requited by some fine acts of treachery the hospitality extended to him by the Brazilian Government. Thus, when the province of Rio Grande, at the instiga-

tion of the Italian refugees, directed by Livio Zambeccari, revolted against the emperor and proclaimed itself a republic, Garibaldi offered his services to the general of the insurgents, Bento Gonzales da Silva.* He joined Zambeccari and Rossetti, and with their combined labors armed a privateer, left Rio Janeiro under the flag of the republic, and began to give chase to Brazilian vessels. Their first act was to attack a merchantman, seize it, and hoist the banner of Rio Grande. With these vessels they hoped to indulge their patriotic enthusiasm; but they got sight of the imperial squadron. They immediately tacked about, and made for Port Maldonado, in the Oriental Republic, which they fancied to be friendly and favorable to their projects. They were driven out as robbers. Thence they steered toward Montevideo, and sent one of their party to

* Livio Zambeccari, a Bolognese,—like Lionello, the scion of a noble family,—is a most determined Carbonarist. Implicated in the rebellion of 1831, he was obliged, after many fruitless attempts to revolutionize parts of Italy, to withdraw to Brazil. There, with other Italian refugees, he labored to sever Rio Grande from the empire. Subsequently he returned to his own country, and stirred up Romagna against the Pope. In 1848, he was the first man, at the head of a corps of bandits, to cross the frontier and battle against Austria. During the misrule of the Roman Republic, he became notorious for his acts of cruelty. When Rome was captured by the French, he fled to Athens. There he met, among some fellow-conspirators, Giacomo Piantelli, who was imprudent enough, among other charges, to accuse Zambeccari of rapine. The latter employed some Roman assassins, fugitives from justice, to dispatch him. One of them, aided by his patron, succeeded in reaching Turkey; two others, Federico Ircassi and Tommaso Cimatti, natives of Faenza, were apprehended, and, as we learn by letters from Athens, dated June 11, 1852, condemned to death by the tribunals of that city,—as reported in the *Roman Journal*, June 25.

announce their arrival. The answer was the sailing of an armed vessel to capture them. An engagement ensued. Garibaldi received a musket-ball in the neck, and fell. The rebels, seeing him bathed in his blood, took to flight. Aided by a favorable wind, they crowded sail, and, after a hot pursuit, escaped into the port of Gualaguay. Unluckily for them, the peasants recognised neither the passports nor flag of Rio Grande, which had rebelled against the emperor. They confiscated the ships and imprisoned the crews.

“Garibaldi, dangerously wounded, received the kindest attentions from the surgeon, Ramor Delarea. The doctor extracted the ball, which had penetrated the neck and lodged under the left ear. After his cure, he was left on parole in the house of Andrews, who treated him as a friend rather than a prisoner. But the honor of conspirators is on a par with the oaths of secret societies. Garibaldi was summoned by the government of Entrerios to Bajada, the capital. Instead of obeying, he tried to make his escape. But he was seized and thrown into prison, as a violator of his pledged word. There he was confined eight months. Restored to liberty, he renewed his attempt, and rejoined the rebels of Rio Grande.

“Imagine the transports of joy with which they welcomed so gallant and devoted an ally. He was *fêted* especially by the Italian refugees, Zambeccari, Borzone, Anzani, Rossetti, and Montrù. The two last were soon to fall dead at his side. The rebels of Rio Grande gave to Garibaldi the command of their little fleet on the Laguna de los Patos. He added some ships and brigantines, exercised the crews in handling the sails and in the use of muskets, swords, and pikes;

N he, above all, reanimated the zeal of the Italians gathered around him. Garibaldi succeeded so well that in a fight at Camacuan with Morigue, a Brazilian captain, who commanded one hundred and twenty men, he made head with his eleven Italians against these heavy odds; slew a large number of the enemy, and put the rest to flight. When he was complimented for this feat by Rio Grande, he haughtily replied, 'One free-man is a match for ten slaves.' On another occasion he made an assault on the fortress which commands Rio Grande. Garibaldi and Rossetti sprang on the artillerymen, clung to them, and would have forced their way into the place, had they been bravely seconded by their followers.

"He attempted also to revolutionize the province of Santa Catharina against the Emperor of Brazil. He seized the port of Laguna, armed three schooners, and began to pirate along the coast. He attacked and robbed all the merchant-vessels which traded at this port. Assailed, at length, by a Brazilian brigantine, he took refuge in a creek, and, availing himself of a very dark night, glided by the side of his enemy, with incredible hardihood, and almost unexpected success. On his return to Laguna, he married a young woman of the place, named Anita. She was his faithful and inseparable companion in the divers vicissitudes of his life. She followed him to Rome, and fought at his side. Like the Creoles of the tropics, she was of small and active figure and ardent temperament. Her remarkable physiognomy was shaded by melancholy; her eyes were sparkling, her bust as large as a man's. The nuptial guests were the imperial ships which came to besiege him in Laguna; the nuptial music, the roar-

ing of cannon and the bursting of shells. In his defence, Garibaldi, accompanied by Anita, made extraordinary efforts. When he saw the defeat of his men, he sprang with his bride into a boat, and set fire to his vessels. He had scarcely reached the shore when they blew up, and the burning fragments did considerable injury to the enemy's ships. Trusting no longer to the treacherous sea, Garibaldi tried his fortunes on land. He formed his rebel forces into columns, and kept up the campaign by harassing the Brazilians. He engaged in a sanguinary fight at Lages, in the ardor of which his wife was made prisoner. Learning from other prisoners that her husband had, like a lion, battled anew to save her, and perished on the field, she neither wept nor moaned, but at midnight bounded away like a roe, under the very eyes of her guards and the sentinels, and at break of day reached the scene of conflict. She anxiously searched for his body among the dead; she examined the corpses one by one; and, reassured at length, she raised her hands to heaven and thanked God for his escape. For two days and two nights she wandered in forests and deserts; and finally, on the third night, at the sight of the camp-fires of Rio Grande, she hastened to cast herself into her husband's arms, who had been hopeless of her return.

"Amid the clashing of arms they had a son, 'to whom,' says our Mazzinian author, 'inspired by the reverence which he cherished for the patriots who had died in the cause of Italy, Garibaldi gave the sacred name of Menotti.'"

"Yes," exclaimed Don Baldassare, "*sacred* as the French sometimes apply the epithet; *sacred*, too, in the

Latin sense: *auri sacra fames*. Mark how these conspirators counterfeit the conduct of the Church. As Cardinal Mezzofanti remarked to Bartolo, 'they have their sacraments, rites, sacrifices, saints, and martyrs'. Rejoice, illustrious Modena, at the birth of so eminent a saint! Erect altars to Geminiano, and confide in the intercession of Menotti! Let a new Countess Matilda arise and erect a temple in honor of the new patron; a basilic to the martyr Menotti! Let it occupy the ground of the house where he planned numerous conspiracies, assembled a band of traitors, uttered countless blasphemies, and treacherously fired at his prince who loved and protected him; furnished him with capital to engage in business, and on the very night of his treason offered him a pardon. Thus the monk Gavazzi pronounced lately at Rome the panegyric of the Garibaldian martyrs who fell at the Porta San Pancrazio,—victims of their hatred and rage against the Holy See and the august person of the Vicar of Christ!"

At this tirade the company could not forbear laughing, and Mimo said, jocosely,—

"I doubt much whether Garibaldi has any desire to be enrolled in the martyrology. He is impetuous and rash; but he prefers the office of a confessor of the Church. He never fails to find an escape from difficulties, an outlet to creep from the greatest dangers.

"At Rio Grande, in 1841, after the discomfiture of Cima da Serra, he decamped with his wife and child, abandoned his companions to their fate, and arrived at Montevideo. President Oribe had been expelled from that city, and Rosas was asserting his claim to its homage. The war was fiercely carried on against the Argentine Republic. Garibaldi, to support himself and

family, was obliged to teach algebra and geometry at the college. In a short time, however, the citizens became aware of his military qualifications; and they gave him the command of a sloop of war, a brigantine, and a schooner.

“With this little squadron he sailed to Corrientes, in Parana, in order to co-operate with the confederates against Rosas. He distinguished himself at the passage of the island of Martin Garcia, at the mouth of the river. He worked his vessel so skilfully, and his guns so effectually, that at every discharge he dismounted some of the enemy’s pieces. After a fortunate escape from his perilous position, he had to struggle against the sand-banks. As he approached the Goya shore he got into shoal water and ran aground. There the Argentine fleet found him. Admiral Brown, seeing the helpless condition of the Oriental vessels, promised himself an easy prey. But he met so stout a resistance for the space of three days that he did not venture to board. The supply of shot gave out, but Garibaldi was not disconcerted. He ordered the links of the anchor-chains to be broken in pieces, and employed them and every particle of iron or bronze he found in the ships. At length his ammunition was exhausted. He embarked his crews in boats, laid a long train of powder to the magazines, fired it, and jumped into a launch. The fleet was blown into the air; and the explosion did immense mischief to the Argentines.

“On the bank he found Rosas’s infantry drawn up to oppose him. He advanced under a heavy fire, and, by the impetuous charge of the Italians, cut his way through the enemy’s ranks and returned to Corrientes. In this fierce encounter he lost Borzone and Valerga;

but he gave a high idea of Italian valor, and left the admiral amazed and confounded by his exploits.

"After several months' heroic struggles, he made his way by land to Montevideo. He found the city closely besieged by General Oribe, with little hope of a prolonged resistance. Garibaldi was not appalled by the danger. He collected all the ships he could find in the harbor, equipped them, and trained a select crew by severe discipline; animated them by the promise of a sure victory. He appealed to the Italians of Montevideo; and, when they rallied at his word, he formed them into a battalion, eight hundred strong. A French refugee advised General Paz not to rely on their valor; because the Italian is adroit, under the shades of night, in stabbing a man in the back, but, like all assassins, he is a coward when he has to meet a man face to face. The Italians wished to avenge this atrocious calumny, but Garibaldi appeased their indignation. 'On the battle-field prove him to be a liar: there is the touchstone.' And, in fact, during the hot conflicts of Cerro, Las Tres Cruces, Boyada, and Salto, Garibaldi's Italian corps fought so gallantly as to extort the admiration of the French themselves.

"Lionello, who was one of the band, participated in all these engagements, and conducted himself like a brave Italian. He recounts these struggles in detail. I know, Alisa, you delight in every act which redounds to the glory of Italy; but you would be horrified at the detailed accounts of the war. So far had we got in the memoirs of Lionello. To-morrow we will continue our reading: we are near the end."

"Oh!" said Alisa, "it is quite plain that, on his return to Italy, Lionello, deprived of the leisure which

he enjoyed on-board of his ship to extend his memoirs, is involved in the fierce operations of war, and constrained to act more and write less; or perhaps he feels less inclination to continue his narrative, under the pangs of ceaseless remorse."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RETURN OF THE EXILE.

ON one of the loveliest and most sequestered acclivities of the Aracine Hills, a long straight alley, bordered with a double row of tufted elms, leads from the summit of the vine-clad Genzano to a wide and beautiful esplanade, on which rises in majesty the palace of the Duke Lorenzo Sforza Cesarini. The grand proportions of this structure are reflected on the deep waters of Lake Nemi. An extensive and magnificent garden stretches over the upland. Here the duke enjoys delightful pastimes, and rusticates most of the year, with his young and charming family. He loves to cultivate it himself, plant the trees, lay out the paths, and arrange the parterres, shady hedges, water-courses, *jets-d'eau*, bridges, and grottos. The garden spreads horizontally over the plateau, inclines over the gentle slopes, winds into the recess of the valley, and extends again over declivities, shaggy with trees and rocks which overhang the lake. On the level surface are small lakes, girded with black rocks; and from these, limpid waters rush, and bury themselves in fords, ponds, and reservoirs. Swans glide over the little lakes, fish people

the ponds, and aquatic plants weave verdant tissues here and there on the bosom of the reservoirs. They look like flowery islets, as the vari-colored campanulas which adorn them bend their delicate stems under the gentle breezes of the highlands of Latium. An orchard extends to the left, planted with every species of fruit-trees. Beneath them are crowded raspberry, currant, and gooseberry bushes, which shed around a delicious perfume. Borders of thyme, mint, nard, sweet-marjoram, enclose nurseries of apricot, almond, azarole, cherry, pear, and apple trees of every season. Around the orchard run thick green hedges of wild laurel, tamarind, rose-brier, and alder. These, at intervals, are broken into arbors, where the saunterer can seat himself to read, or admire the flickering bees as they gather the sweets of aromatic herbs.

On the right runs a labyrinth with graceful windings. It is the most charming part of the garden, with its numberless turns and unexpected descents. Every hillock is crowned with a green oak, yew, fir, larch, Scotch fir, towering Virginia pine, wide-branching pine of Calabria, or knotty and streaming pine of Norway. At the foot of these coniferous trees are arranged, in an amphitheatre, small vases of exotic plants, imported from distant regions, to adorn and enliven this enchanting spot. The slopes terminate in a pretty terrace, edged with larches, elms, savins. At the extremity is a turfy mound, a cabin, a *jet-d'eau*; and when you fancy yourself at a glade, you find an overarching bosquet. Then the vista, to your surprise, opens into a smooth plat, in the middle of which a fountain shoots its waters into the air, and sprinkles the bright green grass with its refreshing spray. This plat is divided

into circles, corbels, clumps, and little slopes, in which are growing the loveliest flowers, tinted by the hand of nature. At the farther end are placed cast-iron seats, interlaced with vine-shoots, sheaves of wheat, and little osier and broom baskets. In the rear, roses and white laurels, camellias, magnolias, and peonies, form a brilliant curtain. Parasitic plants twine round the trunks of the aged elms, oaks, and lindens; and, clinging with pliant tendrils to the rough bark, spread themselves over the surface, and checker it with flowers. It was a tasteful idea to give this graceful aspect to the gnarled trees, which, otherwise, would have marred the united beauties of nature and art. Before we descend the declivity, we must visit those delightful bowers constructed here and there in the garden to refresh and gratify the Rambler. From the bosky shade we look on dove-cotes, aviaries, small chambers, mimic temples, and sombre, still, secluded walks. Here, with a book in our hands, we may spend the mid-day hours undisturbed by a straggling sunbeam. But nothing is more charming than the knoll which rises in the centre of this level. We ascend to the top by spiral paths, adorned with odoriferous bunches of lavender, box, myrtle, and dwarf citron trees; and thence we have a view of the Artemisian Hills, Lake Nemi, the heights of Pardo de' Jacobini; and, in the distance, of Laurento, Ardea, Anzio; and, descending seaward, of the hills of Lanuvio, as far as Cape Circe. On these eminences the ancient Pelasgi perched their homes, and Queen Circe reared those Cyclopean structures which, in defiance of the assaults of ages, transmit to posterity the testimonies of ancient civilization and Italian ascendancy. From the upper garden, bright,

graceful, and joyous, we descend, by small openings in the woods, into the bottom-lands, where the wild and interwoven branches fling a massive shade on the ground, and oppress the soul with an indefinable anxiety and sadness. The farther we advance, we find a deeper gloom; and the mysterious obscurity tempts us to continue our walk. The descent leads from ledge to ledge, winds along juts and hollows, forms caverns, and sinks into escarpments, where nature bends a picturesque bridge of stripped, twisted, and knotted boughs, and, from its arch, gives the perspective of ravines, torrents, and frightful precipices. Close to this bridge, beneath a clump of oaks, stands a fern and turf hut, whose only furniture is a little bench and a straw pallet. It is the home of a hermit, who loves to gaze on the brambly rocks and this wild, steep spot, overhung by a hollow, gray crag. On one of its projections the hermit takes his seat, and eyes, with a silent and thoughtful air, the hovering eagle and vulture,—now swooping on snakes and clutching them in their claws, now bearing them aloft, as they quiver and coil in a thousand folds, to crush them on the pointed rocks.

Where the trees cluster on the gentler slopes, are scattered seats, on which you may rest a while. At the end of a path you see a cave, and at the extremity of a glade, a terrace which overlooks the lake. Before you are the ruins of an old castle; lower down, warrens and grottos; and still lower, rivulets which fret and brawl as they hurry into a reservoir beneath, where ducks and moorfowls disport. On another side, you descend by shady and meandering paths, through groups of chestnut and beech trees, to Lake Nemi, which, like a deep well, lies in the gorge of the moun-

tain, and fills the stony crater of an extinct volcano. Here you search in vain for smiling banks, green and smooth descents, white pebbly beds on which the waters murmur caressingly. The shores are covered with matted reeds and bristling fern, rude piles of rocks and stones, with an intermediate growth of black hazel-bushes which overshadow the bosom of this dismal lake.

It was meet that amid these horrors of blasted nature the ancient pagans should rear a bloody altar to the infernal Hecate, whose worship the Pelasgi brought from the inhospitable and cruel lands of Tauris. Here stood the revered temple of Diana of Nemi, whose gloomy caverns gave dreadful oracles to the Latin race. Here priests offered their horrible sacrifices and immolated trembling virgins, whose innocent blood was shed to appease the merciless Cynthia. Here, in fine, the serpent which fed on human flesh shivered and writhed in fury, as he hissingly darted his three-cleft tongue and spewed slaver and smoke.*

* The Temple and Oracle of Diana of Nemi are well known. The primitive Pelasgi established her worship on the banks of the Arician lake. Diana Nemorensis was the dismal Hecate of hell. She is likewise called Cynthia Aricana. The Greeks, who are fond of tracing every thing to their own history, assert that Orestes, flying from the implacable Furies, brought this statue of Diana from Tauris. Others tell us that Hippolytus, escaping from the wrath of Phœdra and borne off by his horses terrified at the aspect of this sea-monster, was rescued from danger by Diana, and placed in the Arician grove consecrated to her; that, in consequence, no horses could enter its bounds, and that Hippolytus was there adored under the name of Virbius.

Quitting the domains of fable, we may use the language of history, and say that the Pelasgi introduced here the worship and Cabiric rites of Samothrace, and propitiated Hecate of Nemi with human sacrifices.

Why am I thus fancy-led from the charms of orchards, flowers, fountains, and meadows, from the sweets of solitude and repose, from sunny hill-sides, shady swards, and delightful knolls of the Cesarini garden, to indulge on the shores of Nemi the horrible ideas which are conjured up by the memory of bloody rites performed, of old, in this very paradise?

Kind reader, hast thou divined it? Thy heart is throbbing with purest, sincerest love for hapless Italy. She lies before thee, robbed of her ancient charms, which made her the peerless garden of the world; changed, by the ruthless priests of the goddess of conspiracies, into a bloody theatre of murderous wars, atrocious treasons, execrable assassinations, audacious robberies, frontless duplicity, desolation and death. Behold Garibaldi, that unnatural son, who, in the midst of plots and revolutions, "*had Italy forever on his tongue and in his heart*," as he wrote home to his confederates; behold him on the point of embarking at Montevideo with his fatal legion, to prove to Italy the love with which she had inspired him,—love of carnage, rapine, sacrileges, massacre of priests, overthrow of cities, affright of the people, tears of mothers, grief of wives, anguish of virgins, universal confusion, mourning, and consternation. He comes. For what? To repay Italy for the sorrows of exile, the fruits of his own treason; to roll over the peaceful States of the Church the waters of hatred which he had gathered in his own breast against legitimate authority, and especially against the Church and the Vicar of Jesus Christ; to terrify Rome and steep her heart in agony during a siege prolonged by his wicked frenzy, sustained by his obstinacy, embittered by his

despair. Here we are at a loss which we ought to detest most,—the insolence, the impious temerity, or the fury of the renegade who, in his war with Christ, sacrifices his life without demur. The true hero, worthy of that exalted name, is noble and high-minded in his projects; just and upright in his measures; magnanimous in his resolutions; firm, constant, intrepid, but wise, prudent, and discreet, in the accomplishment of his will. Garibaldi, throughout his life, has displayed a mind which nature formed for great enterprises; but that mind has been marred by vice, debased by impiety, perverted by the frenzy of party. He might have been a brave and generous soldier; he is now only an assassin, a chief of bandits, the scourge of the loyal states of Italy. His partisans have idly striven to exalt their idol, illustrate his portrait with brightest colors, and enrich him with the names of “general” and “admiral.” At the bottom of the picture we ever see inscribed, conspiracy, sedition, and the impious war of traitors.

The fairest period of his life—because it was pure, honest, and reproachless—is that which he led as an industrious coaster between Rio Janeiro and Cape Frio; and that, again, which he spent in the transportation of guano from Lima to the ports of China, to enrich the lands and gardens of the mandarins. Rome, with its witty and caustic spirit, expends its happiest pasquinades on Marshal *Colombina*. Satirists compare the dove and pigeon dung of Peru with the diamonds of Golconda, the pearls of Comorin, the rubies and carbuncles of the Ganges. They salute, they exalt, the brave rival of the illustrious Oudinot, imitating the ancient Roman heroes, Cincinnatus and Fabricius, who, after

having obtained the triumphs of the Capitol, returned to their fields, to feed their oxen, improve their waste lands, hold the handles of their ploughs, and gayly sing, "*Olim summi viri arabant et stercorabant terram.*"* Polite invitations were given to the *marshal* to visit them in his *admiral's* ship and bring a rich cargo of guano to Ostia, to fertilize the olive-orchards of Marino, Tivoli, and Palestrina.

Ah, Romans, beware! Do not trifle with the lion. He may one day remind you of the rough treatment he gave when you were under his paws. Rather pray that the favoring winds from the Marquesas Islands, the Archipelago of Solomon, and the Ladrones, may waft him to the coast of China, over a calm and placid sea, and thence again to the shores of Bolivia. Beg earnestly of St. Peter that, if Garibaldi should have a mind to return poor and ragged to his boat and net, he may find a good market for the deposits of birds, hens, and wild pigeons; for if, by ill luck, people will neither fancy nor buy his fragrant merchandise, alas! he may take it into his head to strut again through the Corso in his scarlet tunic, which many of you will hasten to kiss with amorous transports!

But now Lionello begins anew to tell us the chivalrous deeds of Garibaldi; and he insists upon our recognising, in his person, Scipio Africanus, who, whilst Hannibal is marching on Rome, sails for Carthage and carries the war into the enemy's country.

"Thus Garibaldi," says Lionello in his memoirs, "recalled to Montevideo after the glorious day of San

* In days of yore, the greatest men were wont to plough and manure the earth.

Antonio del Salto, conceived a rash and daring expedition. Montevideo was closely pressed by General Oribe, who burned to avenge his expulsion from the Presidential office; whilst Admiral Brown blockaded it with the fleet of Rosas. Garibaldi made head against the one, captured tenders with supplies of arms and provisions; harassed the other with his stratagems, onslaughts, forays, and ambuscades. Sometimes he glided along the hull and endeavored to destroy the ships with Greek fire. Every night the admiral was obliged to trip his anchor, in order to escape the plots of the wily Italian. Often, after the tattoo, Garibaldi said to his men: 'My brave fellows, I want to-night ten men to go into a pontoon and steal with muffled oars between Admiral Brown's vessels, the Maypu and Echague, and try to scuttle them.' Or again: 'Let us see who among you is brave enough to volunteer to go under the stern of the captain's vessel, smear it with pitch, and fire it with phosphorus.' At other times, lying flat on his breast with Anzani and myself, he floated on the water with Ioletto, passed under the hawse-hole and tackle, tried to saw through the iron links of the anchor-chain or burn the cable with aquafortis, and thus set the vessel adrift.

"Convinced, however, that he could not drive from their moorings the vessels of Oribe and the fleet of Brown, Garibaldi presented himself privately before the council, and said: 'Gentlemen, do you wish to force the enemy to raise the siege? For my part, I see but one expedient to accomplish this end; and that is, to allow me to march my Italian legion against Buenos Ayres. I propose to enter the port noiselessly, attack the guards in their sleep, traverse the city, assail the

house of Rosas, take him a prisoner unawares, and thus deliver that noble city from the execrable despotism of a Nero, who triumphs in the blood and tears of its citizens, exults in the anguish, terror, and lamentations of his victims. We Italians, armed with pikes, dirks, and pistols, will run through the streets, crying, 'Death to Rosas! death to the enemies of liberty!' In this tumult, brave citizens worn out with bondage, will rise, rally, and resist every one who opposes the enterprise. At this unexpected news, the besiegers will be alarmed: they will hasten to Buenos Ayres, which they will find free and victorious, uttering terrible threats against its enemies. This measure will terminate a long, obstinate, and cruel war. Otherwise, God knows when you will see the end of it.'

"The leaders of the aristocracy looked at each other with astonishment, when they heard this most daring proposition; but they resolved not to accept it. They eulogized Garibaldi's courage, but declared unanimously that the hope of success could not balance in their minds the fear of losing, in him and his gallant countrymen, the stay and glory of this war. Disappointed thus in regard to a glorious enterprise, Garibaldi determined to besiege the besiegers in turn; and, having seen the squadron of Rosas about to weigh anchor, he hastily armed three small vessels with eight pieces of cannon, whilst the enemy mounted forty-four. When he left his anchorage, the Argentine squadron was unmoored, and, with unfurled sails, practising some evolutions, and making for the mouth of La Plata; but, seeing the hot pursuit of the Orientals, it put about and steered toward the Italians. The entire city of Montevideo hastened to the walls, thoroughfares, terraces,

and roofs; the sailors of foreign vessels in port mounted the tops, yards, and rigging, to witness the fierce and unequal fight. The vessels advanced against each other in full sail. Garibaldi was quite aware that he could not encounter the enemy's broadside under such heavy odds. He therefore made arrangements for the Italian legion to board and come to close quarters.

"We stood in battle-array on deck, holding aloft grappels, iron hooks, harpoons, and tridents, which glittered and blazed in the sun. At the sight of this bristling forest of steel, of these bright and formidable weapons, the admiral of the Argentine squadron discovered the presence of Garibaldi's redoubtable division, and, at the moment when the vessels were about to engage, veered ship, set sail, and declined the combat. We returned with Garibaldi in triumph to the harbor, in the midst of the applauses of the inhabitants and congratulating shouts of the foreign sailors.

"Garibaldi, with our legion, was able to defy hell itself. He called us rightly his *fearless knights*; and our rivals of the French legion called us *Garibaldi's devils*. In fact, every one of us had dauntlessly faced death a thousand times; for the most of us had been robbers on land and pirates on the sea. The former for years had been following the trade of *toreros* in the immense *Reductions* of San Pablo, Maragnon, Rio Colorado, and the boundless prairies of Mendoza and Sant' Jago,—where they encountered extraordinary dangers in hunting wild cattle. Mounted on horseback, with a lance resting in the stirrup, they wear a buckler on the left arm, and hold in their right hand a long coil with a running noose. When they perceive the horns of a bull peering above the tall, tufted grass, they put

their horses to the gallop, and, dexterously flinging the *lasso*, snare the animal by the horns. As soon as the bull feels that he is caught, he dashes his head downward, paws with his feet, bellows, snorts, foams, glares with his wild eyes, and struggles convulsively and frantically for freedom. But the torero, with one end of the lasso fastened to the saddle-bow, rides rapidly round the beast, entangling and dragging him forward, until a favorable opportunity enables him to strike him to the heart with his lance and lay him dead on the plain.

"This mode of life is severe and harassing. For at times the infuriated bull assails the hunter in flank, embowels the horse with his horns, and hurls the rider to the ground. Then the torero must, by rapid and instantaneous passes, vault beyond the animal's attack, wound him in the side, belly, or forehead, and thus finish him.

"Others of our companions had been hunters of tigers, panthers, and lions in the islands of Borneo and Timor, in the forests of Macassar, and in the Moluccas. One of them, unaided, had killed in the woods of Bakanlang, Bezuki, and Sumanap, in the island of Java, more than twenty royal tigers. He bore the hideous traces on his face, which was frightful to behold. A tiger suddenly sprang upon him, and, with a furious blow, struck its claws into his temple, and stripped off the flesh with the ear to the very chin. He had the courage to draw from his belt a *krist*, a Javanese dagger, and plunged it into the beast. The savage creature had already sunk its teeth into his shoulder to the bone; but, as it felt the deadly stroke, it opened its mouth, uttered a cry, and made a tremendous leap. But the dauntless hunter, disregarding his horrible wound,

assailed the tiger on the side, pierced it twice in the lungs, and killed it. This man was desperately bold. He coolly awaited the tiger's approach, and, when he saw it lower its head to make the final spring, he fired at its head and pierced the brain. We had in our brigade some men who had spent several years beneath the burning skies of Caffraria, Senegambia, Guinea, and Congo, engaged in the slave-trade. They traversed deserts and forests on the traces of wild Africans, and bought prisoners of war. In the torrid climates, they advanced as far as Timbuctoo, Soudan, and Sokatoo, after incredible hardships, and in continual peril from serpents and ferocious beasts. They often escaped from the hyena only by climbing into a cocoa or a palm tree. Then they saw issuing from the desert an enormous boa, full twenty feet long, and as thick as a mast. It undulated along the ground, with head erect and flashing eyes, with open and hissing jaws. It directed its course toward the refuge of the hunters. The hyena backed itself to the tree, howled, sharpened its claws, leaped about, and quivered at the prospect of flesh and blood. The beast and the reptile are engaged in deadly conflict. The hyena, with upraised head, whirls frantically round and round, bites, and lacerates with its claws. The boa rises erect on its breast, throws its body backward into half a circle, then uncoils, and, with a sudden plunge, aims at the belly of its adversary. The hyena springs now back, and now from side to side, to escape the threatening clasp of the serpent. The wearied beast, with foaming mouth and trembling limbs, seeks to regain the shelter of the forest. But in four bounds the boa overtakes it, strikes it with its tail, closes upon it. The hyena, in-

tercepted in its retreat, writhes in its attempts to bite the tail of the serpent, which pounces upon it and folds it in its spiral embrace. In the twinkling of an eye, the two animals, in rapid revolutions, seem but one. The suffocating hyena howls, vomits froth and blood, widely opens its mouth, and menaces with eyes starting from its head, until at length, overpowered by the strength of the monster's embrace, exhausted by many wounds, tortured in every limb, it dies. Its bones are broken or dislocated, its muscles flattened, its body lengthened and drawn out like soft paste. Then the boa uncoils, stretches itself like a long beam, seizes the head of its victim, sucks it in, and finally gulps the entire animal. After this horrid repast, it lies gorged and torpid. The hunters descend from the tree, pierce it with their lances, strip it of its skin, and bear it away as a trophy.

"Some of our legionaries had acted as smugglers in India; some, as robbers, who attacked the caravans issuing from the gorges of the Guiana Mountains to descend into Peru; others were whalers or privateersmen. All were brave and intrepid. Only Garibaldi, by a single look, was able to subdue those desperadoes. At his command, they became gentle as lambs, and submissive as dogs to their masters. He exercised over them the dominion which Van Amburgh holds over his lions, tigers, leopards, which tremble at his look, forget their own strength, pant, and slink into a corner of their cages, as if they regarded him as the genius of death. Garibaldi managed these audacious spirits with a tight or loose rein, according to necessity. His air was noble and grave; his voice, words, gesticulations, were deeply impressive. The savage soldiers

under his command loved and venerated him as a god. His orders were punctually fulfilled,—often conveyed by a simple motion of the eye. Such was the legion of Garibaldi when they received the first news of commotion in Italy, and of the hopes of liberty.

“Insensibly, and without any one being able to divine the cause,—a mystery which even his most intimate friends could not solve,—Garibaldi saw himself master of the reins of government and depositary of all the powers of the republic. He was king, judge, general, admiral; or, in one word, dictator. Montevideo opened its eyes in affright. The citizens fancied that the axe was on their necks. General Rivera, commander of the Oriental forces, was awakened to the state of affairs, and saw above him this terrible adventurer, who regarded him with a silent look. The French legion uttered a cry of scorn: it threatened and raged. The armed bands of negroes were about to mutiny. The Italian legion stood aloof, seemingly unconcerned. It was like the phantasms of a violent fever, which are dispelled by the first breath of the morning breeze. Garibaldi at this crisis was once more the soldier he had been. Was there premeditation, collusion, surprise, in all this? It is certain that Lord Howden, who had been sent by the British Government to pacify the republics of La Plata, had proposed to Garibaldi to disband his legion,—in his opinion, the very focus of the war. Garibaldi positively rejected the proposition. Did this dictatorship, which had fallen like a thunderbolt on Montevideo, serve to manifest the power which people wished to crush with two words from England? Or was it indeed the lust of rule in Garibaldi? Until then he had remained satisfied with a soldier’s profes-

sion, and as the pay of his legionaries was found insufficient, Garibaldi privately attended to this matter; whilst Francis Agell presented his protests to the minister of war, Pacheco y Obes, in which he declared it was a shame for the republic to treat so niggardly the soldiers and their chiefs. The ministers sent him by his secretary five hundred francs; but Garibaldi, contenting himself with fifty of them, asked that the rest might be given to a widow, who was in greater need than himself. But how was it that he suddenly beheld himself master of the Oriental Republic?*

“Meanwhile, as I stated above, the reported struggles for Italian liberty were borne on the wings of the wind across the bosom of the Atlantic, and spread light and fragrance in the ports of America. The exiles eagerly inhaled the delicious rumor, like the voyager, who, long confined in the hold of a ship, mounts to the deck and expands his lungs with the refreshing breeze which whistles through the shrouds and swells the sails. A great change, from this moment, came over Garibaldi. He had been taciturn, solitary, sad. Now his aspect was serene; his broad brow beamed with light; his lips were wreathed with a sweet smile; his every move-

* The Mazzinians extol the magnanimous disdain which Garibaldi manifests for riches, honors, and dignities. But these pristine virtues, so familiar to their tongues and pens, are strangers to their hearts: they exercise no influence on their actions. Whenever they gain the ascendancy, they fling moderation and sobriety to the winds. Witness the conduct of Mazzini, who, at Rome, arrogated to himself the most prominent position, and constituted himself dictator, king, and tyrant. Witness Garibaldi, who sprang at once to the dictatorial power in the Banda Oriental. We ourselves can testify, for the last five years, to the game which these unselfish lovers of liberty have played in Piedmont.

ment betrayed inward joy. He was absorbed in a kind of ecstasy. In this rapt state of mind, he sometimes met me on the guards of the ship, and, stopping suddenly, he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'Don't you scent the sweet odors of liberty which are wafted from Italy to revive us? Don't you? I dilate my lungs to breathe them, with delight and intoxication.'

"But here are letters which come in shoals from our brethren at Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, and Naples. The Piedmontese refugees have returned from France to Turin, and inflamed the fervent soul of Charles Albert. Those of Rome were advancing boldly toward the Capitol. Mazzini wrote with words of fire. Here is one of his letters:—'Garibaldi, these stupid constitutionalists are scribbling constitutions on a small scale, in Parisian fashion. They copy one another, like country milliners who mimic the *modistes* of the city. What ridiculous characters they are, with their notions of uniting liberty and the king, liberty and the Church! Liberty is one: it is God. Garibaldi, you only comprehend my thoughts. Come home, and help me to set these fools straight.'

"Garibaldi did not pause to deliberate. He knew the aims of Mazzini in regard to Rome. Italy would never be free till the Phrygian cap displaced the cross at the Vatican. He points to the Capitol; in pompous strains, to stun the ears of loungers, he eulogizes the valor and ancient glory of Rome, the genius of the Latin race. But his plans have a wider scope, over which he throws a veil. Till Christ and His vicar are extirpated from Rome, Quirinus cannot resume his sway over the Capitol.

"Take away the nest, and the dove is homeless; pluck out the tree of the cross to its smallest roots, and then the tree of liberty will flourish. This is the grand mystery of Mazzini. All his operations tend to this final and decisive object. Mazzini and his followers will never rest till they have accomplished it. Garibaldi, who, like myself, was privy to the great secret, said to me, one day, 'Lionello, to second the hallowed thoughts of Mazzini, I must try the lead, as I did in 1833, when I entered the royal navy of Charles Albert, to propagate secretly democratic principles among the officers and men. We must now tender our services to the Pope, in order to open the way for our brethren in Rome. If the Pope accept our offers, we will act like gallant fellows, I promise you.'

"On the 12th of October, he wrote as follows to Monsignor Bedini, who was then internuncio at Rio Janeiro: — 'If these arms, which have been somewhat trained to war, can be of service to his Holiness, we will pledge them to the good work, to the aid of him who promotes the happiness of the Church and of our native land. To sustain the regenerating labors of Pius IX. will be our delight. Myself and my companions, in whose name I speak, will deem ourselves happy to shed our blood in his cause.'*

"The letter of the internuncio in reply was expressed

* The subsequent conduct of Garibaldi is a fair exposition of the kind of service he proposed to render to the sovereign Pontiff, and of the manner in which he conceived himself happy to pour forth his blood in aiding the regenerating labors of his Holiness. He doubtless meant Pope Mazzini, for whom he bade not only his legion, but many poor, unfortunate youths whom he had fatally misled, shed their blood on Mount Janiculum.

in polite but vague terms. He said, in conclusion, 'May the Italians who are under your authority be ever worthy of the name which honors them, and of the blood which runs in their veins!'

"Garibaldi perceived, under the polished style of this gentlemanly address, a rancid odor which savored little of Italian regeneration; whilst the letters of the Mazzinians were steeped in the delicious perfumes of a virgin liberty, like the breath of a young girl in the bloom of her fifteenth year. He took me aside, and said: 'Priests are everywhere priests. They aspire after the liberty of the children of God; we, after the liberty of the children of Italy. Does the nuncio fancy that we have the wings of the dove, to cross by one stroke the intervening seas? It is not by fair words, but by clinking dollars, that we are to reach the other side of the Atlantic. Our soldiers are not fed with ejaculatory prayers nor clothed with indulgences. We want money; and money we will get from our brethren.'

"His appeal was heard. All the partisans of liberty were generous. Garibaldi was soon furnished with funds, and enabled to form a phalanx around him, of three hundred gallant and dashing fellows. One Genoese, Stefano Antonini, gave us, out of his own pocket, more than thirty thousand livres; and many in their

* The name of the Garibaldians was unquestionably honored at Rome! They have embalmed their memories in the hearts of the people of the Ernico, Maritima, Umbria, in the Marches and Eastern Tuscany. At that very name, crowds of wives and virgins thrill with horror, and swoon away. Let those hapless females who become ill and die of fright, and those, too, who see their houses sacked and fired, who bewail the murder of fathers, brothers, and husbands, attest the veneration in which these miscreants are held!

contributions exceeded their means. The strong boxes of Young Italy were no longer parsimonious; drafts to a considerable amount were transmitted to us from Genoa and Leghorn. This money enabled Garibaldi to equip each of his companions-in-arms with a good cloth suit. He furnished them with torero capes and gaiters, and hats after the Bolivar fashion, with comfortable pantaloons, and bootees with leather ties, a scarlet tunic, and a large silk sash, a Bedouin *bornouse*, and a sabre. He bought, on cheap terms, caparisons and pack-saddles with two saddle-bags, woven and braided by the Indians. These grouped together enclosed on one side the baggage, and on the other, the provisions for the soldiers and the forage for the horses when in the field.

“After these preparations, he went to the harbor, made an agreement with the captain of the *Esperanza*, and freighted the ship at his own expense. He stipulated that the flag displayed should be the Italian, red, white, and green,—the emblem of a free country, which has the right to give to the winds the glorious colors of her resurrection. But our departure, for which Garibaldi had sighed for fourteen years, was not to be accomplished without difficulty. It was injurious to the interests of the Orientals and the political views of foreigners. Montevideo grieved at the idea of losing the arm and counsel of this intrepid Italian. The commanders of European squadrons were fearful that this small band of determined men, under pretext of going to assert the independence of Italy, might make a descent on the coasts of the continent or of the Antilles. They therefore impeded our sailing. They persisted in detaining Garibaldi till secret information should be for-

warded to Brazil, Guiana, Maracaibo in Colombia, Gautemala, Cuba, and Jamaica. Garibaldi was incensed at this delay; but he managed so adroitly as to obtain money from the English, and permission to leave.

“When the arrangements were completed, the Italian merchants, and particularly the exiles, were overwhelmed by a thousand conflicting sentiments of joy, hope, envy, and bitter regrets at being obliged to remain so far from their beloved Italy. Francisco Gaggini, of Genoa, in a fit of enthusiasm, abandoned his lucrative business, his promising speculations, the fruit of twenty years’ hard labor, and begged to be enrolled in the band and fight for the freedom of Italy. On the day of sailing, the *Esperanza* wore a gala-dress, and was decked with the colors of all nations, except the Austrian, and surmounted by the great tri-color flag of Italy.

“The Italian exiles, who from the mole and the quays saw it unfolded to the breeze, fell on their knees, and worshipped, in this flag, the liberty and independence of Italy. They lifted up their hands, and cried:—

“‘O divine ensign! from the lofty peak where thou displayest the glory of Italy, cast a compassionate look on the exiles who invoke thee, who hail thee as their hope, support, supreme and immortal felicity. They adore only thee; to thee only do they consecrate themselves. Thou art the sole God of their hearts, affections, thoughts. Move onward and proudly with thy select band of heroes! They will plant thee on the towers of execrated tyrants. Fly on the winds of heaven; and, triumphant from the Maritime to the Julian Alps, reign like a queen over the Capitol; flash to the extremity of Lilybæum, and from the summit of

Ætna irradiate all Sicily! Be a providence to thyself; joyously cleave the ocean, which, serene and docile, in reverence to thy puissant divinity, will bear thee on to the ports of Italy.*

“As we weighed anchor, all the exiles who remained on shore for want of means to leave, or from other motives, shouted a joyous adieu, waved their handkerchiefs, motioned with their heads and hands, in the midst of transports of applause. We, on our part, responded to their farewell salutations, we wafted kisses and received their friendly wishes, until the vessel, unfurling the smaller sails of the two masts and the yards, moved through the waters, under a brisk breeze, to the mouth of the La Plata. There we ploughed the billows of the ocean which roll in on this immense river; we spread our mainsails to a strong western wind, and gained the offing on the 1st of April, 1848.

“The wind sped us on finely toward Port Allegre; but then it began to strike us on the quarter, and often took us aback until we reached the tropics. Here it

* These blasphemous phrases are repeated through the whole gamut. It is evident that the only God of these conspirators is the liberty and independence of Italy. As professed ministers of this new God, they claim to be *free and independent* themselves, in order to rule over an *enslaved and oppressed* people, in order to rob their victims of all that is most precious,—their souls of God their Creator and Redeemer, their families of peace and liberty, their purses of gold and silver. To cheat the people more effectually, they affect to concentrate in them their country and God; and their dupes are blind to the fact that this God, cajoled, insulted, pillaged, is enchained by demagogues, and, after being despoiled, is left a prey to misery and famishing death. The God of heaven nourishes His children and provides for all their wants; the pseudo-God of country plunders and scoffs at them.

was a dead lull; and, before we crossed the line, we were distressingly becalmed. Our water and biscuit began to spoil; and this untoward event greatly damped our ardor to reach Italy and expel the Croat. How often, at sunset, did Garibaldi come on deck, and, turning toward Italy, when the twilight hour shadowed the soul of the navigator with melancholy thoughts, say to me, 'I fear, Lionello, we shall reach our country too late to engage in this holy enterprise. The Italians are arrayed on the plains of Lombardy, and we, without a breath of wind, are nailed to the Atlantic!'

"He rubbed his brow for a moment, like a man who cherishes some splendid thought, and said,—

"'After all, Lionello, if we find the work of freedom begun, we with our right arm will finish it.'

"To escape the wearisomeness of this deep calm, I undertook to write these memoirs. Alone, during most of the time, in my quarters, lacerated by remorse, a prey to anguish at the sight of so many misspent years and squandered treasures, of friends basely betrayed, of my own misery as the victim of repeated treachery, continually at war with my own heart, I recalled, in the bitterness of my soul, all the recollections of my sad existence. When I glanced at some of these pages, my hair stood on end. I have known truth only to trample it under foot; I have stifled the generous sentiments deposited in my heart; I have dishonored my life by a thousand crimes, and vilified my being by hideous abominations. O Josephine! art thou still living? If thou art still upon the earth, thou canst not think of thy brother without a blush. Doubtless thou hast ceased to speak of me to relatives and friends of the family, who must despise me as an execrable con-

spirator. Perhaps from thy children thou concealest my name and existence, to spare them the shame of owning a vagabond and pirate uncle. When thou passest before our paternal dwelling, which has fallen perhaps into the hands of a Jew, thou lowerest thy eyes, to look no more on the dishonored escutcheon of our family, or at those windows, which admitted the first rays of the sun to shine on our infant heads, and the vital air to support our tender existence. Josephine! I am returning to Italy. Perhaps I cannot see thee; and, if I can, how am I to present myself before thee?

“Young men of Italy, if these memoirs fall into your hands, let them be to you a warning lesson against the illusions, snares, seductions of false friends—or rather assassins—who will destroy your happiness! To this pernicious evil my wanderings are to be ascribed. Among the causes which lead to the ruin of young noblemen, I place prominently the cruel system which denies us the benefit of a public education, solid instructions, and practical acquaintance with human affections! This is the system which condemns us to the timid and effeminate life of home, unfits us to indulge high and noble thoughts, subjects, in a shameful bondage, our ignorance and weakness to the arrogance of valets and domestics!

“Reader, if thy heart is kind, pity me. Commiserate my misfortune, and, to crown thy generosity, shed a tear on my grave. I am weary of this oppressive life; I am bereft of the consolations of religion, of the hope which sustains in patience pious souls, because they look to the ineffable, eternal beatitude which awaits them beyond the tomb. Secret societies have per-

verted the good dispositions of my soul; detestable oaths have made me merciless; impious and sacrilegious rites, infamous vices, unceasing remorse, corrode, affright my heart, and plunge it in despair.

“Amid these bitter reflections, one thought consoles me: the thought of the tear of compassion granted to my memory. Man is thus strangely fashioned! I say to myself, ‘The unfortunate Lionello has found one kind heart which utters no curse over his remains; which gives him even a sigh of pity and a tear.’ Josephine, my sweet sister! wilt thou refuse me this tribute? Give it to me, Josephine, and be happy!”

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST CRIME.

THOSE concluding words deeply affected the entire company. Alisa was not satisfied to give one tear to Lionello: she wept the whole way from the linden arbor to her little chamber. There, on her knees before the Madonna, she poured out her tears, prayers, and grateful acknowledgments for the grace which had rescued Aser from the horrible abyss of secret societies, and had brought him to the regenerating bath of the blood of Jesus Christ.

“O blessed Mother!” exclaimed the young girl, “who will ever be able to penetrate the profound and inscrutable mysteries of God’s goodness? He speaks sweetly to the hearts of all men; He wishes all men to be saved, to share in His infinite mercies. Oh! happy

is he who listens to the Saviour when He knocks at the door of his heart. He enters in tenderness and mercy; He kisses and embraces the offending soul, washes, purifies, embellishes it, dispels the horrors of darkness, makes it a paradise of grace, beauty, and resplendent light! But, my good Mother, what would have been the fate of Aser if thou hadst not cast on him an eye of maternal tenderness, and if he had not corresponded with thy gracious invitation? Like Lionello, he was hurrying on the downward road of destruction, and, like him, he would have been precipitated into the abyss!"

As Alisa arose and dried her tears, the innocent Lodoiska entered. She was alarmed at the sight of her distress, and, sobbing too, she asked,—

"What is the matter, Alisa? Why do you weep?"

Alisa kissed her on the forehead, pressed her cheeks between her hands, and replied,—

"Nothing; nothing, my darling. Let us say an *ave* to the Madonna, and then come and say your lesson; for this evening we are going in a boat to fish on the lake." And the good child skipped for joy, and went to her books.

The next day, the family occupied their usual seats under the shade. Mimo had not brought the memoirs of Lionello. Alisa, and, after her, all, exclaimed, in their eagerness to hear the conclusion,—

"Oh! why did you not bring the book? Does it end so abruptly at the very moment when our curiosity is so much excited to learn the last events of his life?"

"It seems to me," replied Mimo, "that Lionello intended to continue his narrative, if he had not been hurried to the final dreadful act of blowing out his

brains ; but the manuscript contains only some loose sheets, on which he jotted down notes from time to time, to be developed, no doubt, at a later day, like the foregoing memoirs. After his affecting apostrophe to his sister, to whom he was still tenderly devoted, the book closes as follows :—‘The memoirs were thus far written, on the Atlantic Ocean, 29th May, 1848, in 4° north latitude, and in longitude of the Azores, at the first evening watch.’”

“And can you,” said Alisa, in her great desire to hear more,—“can you give us any information in regard to his last adventures?”

“Some of the notes are of considerable length. There are detached reports, and fragments relative to facts which were read in the newspapers, or eked out with exact details furnished us from Rome by Aldobrando. The first note is dated the 2d of June. It reads as follows :—

“‘Having discovered a vessel in the distance, Garibaldi went aloft, and recognised the white cross of Savoy. He hailed it with his trumpet and asked it to lie to; when to the word, “Italians,” and “Who are you?” the captain of the brigantine answered, “Genoa.” The *Esperanza* hove to; the Genoese tacked and made for us. The boat was lowered, and Garibaldi, accompanied by Anzani, Gaggini, and myself, went to get the news from the captain. He told us of the revolution of Paris, the downfall of Louis Philippe, the outbreak at Vienna, the insurrection of Milan and the whole Lombardo-Venetian territory. We learned that the flag of liberty and Italian independence was waving from Naples to the Alps; that Charles Albert had united his arms to those of the Lombards. Then we learned, too, the battle

of Goito, the assault of Peschiera, the hopes of exterminating the Austrians and driving them beyond the Brenner and Tagliamento. . . . The transports of Garibaldi and the Italians; . . . feasts and toasts on board of the *Esperanza*; . . . navigation of the Mediterranean. . . .’

“We read some time since, in the Ligurian journals, the announcement of Garibaldi’s arrival about the 17th of June. The news was brought by a Genoese vessel which spoke the *Esperanza* homeward bound. The rumor was confirmed, and soon spread over Genoa. It was stated, as a signal event, that Garibaldi had landed at Nice, and, after so many years’ exile, embraced his mother, wife, and children. During the vexatious delays to which he was subjected at Montevideo, he sent his family in advance, so as not to expose it to the chances of a combat with any Russian or Spanish cruiser which might dispute his passage.

“At Nice, the young Mazzinians celebrated his arrival by a grand demonstration: they regarded and vaunted him as a hero. But people of sense and virtue—who form a large class in that polished and agreeable city—saw in him nothing more than a conspirator, a pirate, a chief of brigands; and, consequently, they took no notice of him. It should have been a lesson to convince Garibaldi that the race of reasonable beings is not extinct in Italy; that blind, misguided, corrupt men do not form the mass of the people, much less of the nation. This fact was manifested in a stronger light when he re-embarked on the *Esperanza* to sail for Genoa. He took his departure amid the clamorous huzzas of a band of brainless young republicans of the Young Italy party; but good and honest citizens beheld him with indifference, if not with horror.”

"But," said Alisa, "the newspapers made a great uproar about Garibaldi's arrival at Genoa."

"To be sure," said Don Baldassare,—“especially when his pirates made themselves masters of that magnificent establishment of *the spiritual exercises* at Carignano. The grand stairways of this superb palace, the halls, marble columns, long corridors, and apartments commanding a view of the Bisignano, the whole eastern part of the city, the ship-yards and the harbor, present perhaps the most beautiful spectacle and most picturesque site in all Italy. Often in the year, retreats are given in this palace to the clergy; and, during Lent, to the Genoese nobility. Here, remote from the turmoils of the world, and surrendered to silence and solitude, they come to renew the spirit of their minds by meditating upon eternal truths, and discharge with fresh ardor the obligations of their respective states and conditions. Now, these cells, which had witnessed so many ardent aspirations to God, repentant tears, generous resolutions, combats, triumphs, fears, and hopes,—where divine lights and ineffable graces had been poured into the heart,—were the scenes of untold abominations. These miscreants polluted and changed the sequestered gardens and lonely retreats, the oratories vocal with the word of God, the habitation of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, into a brothel and house of infamous orgies. There they lay, exhausted by their excesses, and dreamed of that carnage and rapine with which they were soon to desolate Italy, in the name of liberty and independence.”

Mimo continued his recital:—“Whilst pious Christians were performing these holy exercises at Carignano,

Garibaldi hastened to Turin and offered his services to the ministry for the deliverance of Lombardy. But they were fully aware that in the hunt of that old lion Radetzky they had need of other men than whalers, *toreri*, land and sea pirates. They wanted troops, disciplined, sober, valiant; and generals experienced in the art of war. They therefore looked with disdain on Garibaldi, and said to him, 'The king is at the camp of Roverbella: go and speak to him in person.' Garibaldi was offended at this cold reception: he presented himself before the king, bowed respectfully to his majesty, and devoted himself to his service. The king received him kindly, and quietly dismissed him. This non-acceptance of his offers was a mystery to Garibaldi. He fancied that Radetzky was only like a prairie-bull of the Rio Grande,—that you had but to lasso him and then finish him with the thrust of a spear."

"You are joking," said Don Baldassare. "The Mazzinians did not regard the matter in this light. They charged it upon Charles Albert as a crime that he had not appointed Garibaldi generalissimo of his army. Would not this god Mars, with his hundred brigands, have defeated and crushed Aspre, Welden, and Radetzky?"*

"Not a doubt of it," replied Lando, jocosely,—“since the newspapers of Genoa, Leghorn, and Rome represented him as *Horatius battling alone against all*

* If we may believe Cuneo, the fact is indisputable. He says, "We leave to history the task of explaining how the late king, instead of availing himself of the enthusiasm which Garibaldi created, and of the patriotic devotion of a man so widely known and dear to Italy, was prevailed upon to dismiss him and thus bereave the national war of one of the most powerful guarantees of victory."

Tuscany, when, rejected by Charles Albert and welcomed by the Milanese, he had recalled his brigands and recruited two thousand desperate Lombards for the defence and independence of Milan against the haughty German, who was returning victorious from Custoza in hot pursuit of the routed Sardinian army. When he reached Monza and heard of the armistice concluded at Saltz, he declared, with the tone of an emperor, that as a child of Italy, jealous of her honor and reputation, he could not submit to such a calamity, and that he preferred, with his troop of brave and faithful patriots, rather than endure the shame of the humiliating terms imposed by Austria, to meet death in the hostile ranks of a perfidious conqueror. Therefore he broke the truce; and, strong in the right of every citizen to employ all his strength and means to avert the ruin and degradation of his country, and the commission which she intrusts to the man brave enough to accept it, he constituted himself the defender of the Italian cause."

"Why, here is fustian enough," exclaimed Bartolo, "to outdo the great Tamerlane!"

Don Baldassare added,—

"The only resource left Garibaldi was to eat his big words and decamp. On the one hand, Charles Albert had repelled him; and on the other, as he was not a part of the regular army, he was not embraced by the treaty nor entitled to the benefits of the armistice. He dared not surrender himself and his soldiers into the hands of the Austrians, who looked upon them as bandits, and would have given them no quarter. Distrusting the mercies of the conqueror, Garibaldi adhered to his old profession of brigand, and began a guerilla war; levied contributions on friend and foe;

and, with his fifteen hundred scoundrels, spread dismay through Comasco, Varese, and all the villages along the Lario."

"And here," continued Lando, in a waggish vein, "the republican journals represent Garibaldi in the conflicts of Luino and Morazzone (which they magnify into battles and sieges) as a Napoleon at Arcole, Marengo, Mantua, and Ulm. Though he never failed to end the tragedy by running away, the papers, nevertheless, tell us that his incredible valor was triumphant, and that he proved once more the maxim, *A man devoid of fear has within himself a great element of victory.*"

"But Garibaldi was not the man to retreat empty-handed. Briskly pursued by the light troops of Aspre, he did not neglect, in passing houses or villages, to rob the poor peasants of their little treasures, hidden under the bed or in some chimney-corner. He did not hesitate, too, to appropriate horses and mules; to slay hens, geese, and goats, in order to breakfast comfortably under a shady tree in a secluded glen, aloof from the path of those good Christians, until he reached safe and sound the territories of the King of Sardinia, and stumbled on Arona. There, to give a glorious termination to the campaign, the man who in the neighborhood of Mantua had offered his services to Charles, because he must needs, as he said, battle and die for Italy, felt an inclination to deplete slightly the public treasure of Arona, and, fearful lest its plethora might bring on apoplexy, he determined to bleed it freely. Then he escaped into Switzerland. The Sardinian Government made a great outcry, and proclaimed him a robber, knave, and traitor. His partisans styled him the incorruptible warrior, who exhausted all means to uphold

with armed hand the honor of Italy against Austrian oppression; and they declared it scandalous for any one to qualify as an act of robbery the spoliation of the public coffers at Arona. The man, they said, who has in his breast a genuine Italian heart and cherishes Italian sentiments, far from blaming, will applaud, Garibaldi; because in his comprehensive patriotism he disregarded, in this and other instances, mere idle and puerile questions of provincial law, and, by his example, boldly marked out the way for those who are one day to reunite their country.”*

“Do you hear that?” exclaimed Bartolo. “Do you understand? These men who are to reunite Italy exhaust their breath in vociferations against legitimate governments, as oppressors of the people; yet, they have the impudence to call the shedding of blood, and the plunder of public funds, grace, courtesy, valor. They congratulate Garibaldi on his robberies, and openly declare that he traced out the path for his brethren, who pillage the treasures of the Italian states in the name of united Italy. According to their doctrine, traitors may seize the public treasure in Tuscany in order to conspire in Lombardy, and that of Romagna in order to revolutionize the kingdom of Naples! Is not this bold declaration a sufficient warning to the

* This is the doctrine of the Mazzinian Cuneo. We are profoundly thankful for this avowal of ethical maxims, which may serve to open people’s ears and make the scales fall from their eyes. And yet we are here compelled to say, that they have eyes and shall not see, ears and shall not hear; the most terrible chastisement which God in his justice inflicts on nations! Doubtless we will be charged with malevolence, envy, calumny, or at least exaggeration! But can we exceed their own explicitness? Do we deserve contumely and outrage for merely repeating their words?

princes and people of Italy? Do not these words clearly indicate the nature of that regeneration at which the followers of Mazzini aim?"

"Oh, you may hear many other declarations of the same character," said Mimo; "and, although Lionello only points to facts in a desultory manner, he reveals the hopes of Young Italy founded on the intrepidity, audacity, and obstinacy of Garibaldi. In Switzerland he found confederates, who gradually reopened the way for his companions into Italy, and the most of them took up their quarters along the river Genoa, and in the city itself. Garibaldi, Lionello, and some of his trustiest followers passed the French frontier and re-entered Genoa by the Varo. There emissaries from Sicily awaited his arrival, to offer him the command of their insurrectionary forces. He promised to repair to Palermo. He freighted a vessel, and sailed to Leghorn with his adepts. The conspirators of Leghorn, who were in concert with those of Rome, took Garibaldi aside, and said to him,—

"‘Are you mad? What are you going to do in Sicily? Let them cook their own hash. Italy is longing for a new existence: Rome awaits you.’ Garibaldi replied that he had pledged his word to aid the Sicilians. ‘Why do you speak of pledging your word? Fidelity in such cases depends on the general good. Help us to establish the republic, one and indivisible, and we will secure to Naples and Sicily that liberty which they now vainly seek through a sea of blood.’

"The words ‘Rome and republic’ turned the head of Garibaldi. He forgot his engagements, violated his pledge to the Sicilians, and remained at Leghorn. The Mazzinians had already laid the train; they had

determined the day and the hour of the assassination of Count Rossi, the prime minister of the Pope, the attack on Montecavallo, the Provisional Government; the arrangements in the provinces to establish the Constituent Assembly, the election, the chiefs. They whispered to Garibaldi the stratagem of leaving the city suddenly with the rumored intention of giving aid to Venice. He set out with his legion for Bologna, and on the way met, unexpectedly, General Zucchi. He skirmished a while, then slipped through the meshes of the net, and proceeded to Ravenna. He gave notice to the brethren that the Swiss did not look on him with a smiling face, and these gentlemen stirred up the conspirators of the Romagna to defend Garibaldi. Seeing himself supported, he pretended to be in search of a ship in the port of Ancona to carry him to Venice, abandoned his troops hurriedly, to avoid suspicions, and hastened by Cesena to the metropolis of the Catholic world.

"This was the precise moment for the execution of their plots, the murder of Rossi, the assault on the Quirinal, the flight of the Pope, the establishment of the Provisional Government. He determined the times and modes of operations, and wrote to his fellows to advance toward Umbria and to Foligno, where he would rejoin them. Lionello passes rapidly over the movements of Garibaldi at this period. He mentions briefly the commission which he received from the Roman insurgents to guard the passes of the Apennines, of the encampment at Rieti, of certain expeditions, and principally of the enrolment of volunteers throughout Reate, Umbria, and the Marches. He speaks of the military instructions he gave them, to fight separately in squads or platoons, as he had practised with his

bands of the Rio Grande. Garibaldi was indeed an adept in guerilla fighting, and at the San Pancrazio gate, he distressed the French greatly by this irregular warfare.

“During these events the republic was proclaimed at Rome. The rebels had seized all the branches of the government. The masses of the people stood aloof, and a large number of citizens, incensed at their multiplied enormities, expressed their horror, and threatened a terrible vengeance,—especially in Sabina, Ernico, Ascolano, and the marches of Fermo. Several cities and districts had already refused to elect deputies to the Constituent Assembly; and some of them, like Patrica, an ancient stronghold of the Colonnas, perched on the mountain-side, swore never to violate their oaths to the supreme Pontiff. This opposition exasperated our republicans. They charged it upon the priests, and, through emissaries, strove, by every expedient of promises and intimidation, to gain over the inhabitants. Garibaldi, occupied with the drill of his legion, found time, however, to curb the people, and subject them, willing or unwilling, to the republic. Assured of Lionello’s expertness, activity, and influence, he deputed him to aid and counsel the conspirators in every city. He despatched him first to Macerata, where he had been for some time on garrison-duty, for the purpose of checking any reactionary measures of the priests.

“Here Lionello enters into certain details of the means basely employed to seduce, overawe, corrupt, the people. They exhibit clearly the expedients adopted by the republicans to rob the young of their honor and conscience. As young libertines are addicted to immoral practices, they were commissioned to spend the day in efforts to debauch scholars, apprentices, young

country-people; to spread subtle snares under the feet of their unconscious victims and entangle them in vice.

"These victims became in time, for others, instructors of iniquity; and thus the poison was instilled from house to house in the cities. Neither academies of young girls, nor asylums, nor factories, nor public laundries and fountains, escaped the fangs of those venomous serpents, which glided into every class of society to corrupt, by evil communication, innocent hearts.

"Others exercised their arts against women; and, according to their rank, character, and education, sought to indoctrinate them with their novel ideas. How many young mothers of families, trampling under foot their former virtues and the dearest affections of their hearts, became the seducers of their families, kindred, and friends! From patricians to plebeians, from citizens to peasants, all were exposed to the diabolical influence of men who employed falsehood, craft, the most ingenious devices, to alienate sons from their fathers, friends from friends, virtuous citizens from the worthiest and most respectable of their class. Hence the Pontifical States were distracted by hideous animosities. The malcontents oppressed their honest neighbors, heaped opprobrium and infamy on their heads, confiscated their property, and condemned their persons to banishment. Many they treacherously caused to be assassinated at night; so that the loyal classes of society had no other escape from these multiplied horrors than connivance at their doctrines and wicked projects.

"But the most detestable work of Lionello was his co-operation with wretches in their systematic efforts

to bereave the people of the good example, counsels, and aid of the most excellent priests and pastors in the rural districts. They manufactured against them the most obscene calumnies, which were published in the newspapers, placarded at the corners of the streets and on the doors of the churches, transmitted to the triumvirs with the signature of the magistrates, confirmed by the formal declaration of the clubs and of their bad parishioners.

“Infamous reports were circulated to the discredit of the most chaste and pious persons. They were stigmatized, too, as *favorers of heresy* among the people, *instigators of revolt* against the republican Government. Objects of special vengeance, doomed to prison or death, were perfidiously accused of *concocting secret measures to facilitate the entrance of the Austrians, Neapolitans, and other enemies of the republic!* The conspirators fabricated intercepted letters, nocturnal meetings in churches, cemeteries, and cloisters. Spies were reported to have seized on the frontiers, bearers of letters from such a parish priest or such a religious. False rumors were bruited around; mobs collected about the convents and monasteries, with the cries, ‘Death to traitors! Massacre them! Burn them alive!’ The persons thus denounced were seized, loaded with chains, dragged along the streets, and cast into prison, amidst a storm of imprecations. This was not a solitary fact. It was a fact renewed from day to day and enacted in all places. Let a zealous priest succeed in freeing a victim from the hands of these villains, and his doom is sealed. He is impeached as a traitor, an enemy of his country, and condemned to death. Was not this the fate of a worthy parish-priest near Anagni,

murdered in open day and in the middle of the street? Was it not the fate of the Dominican parish-priest of Santa Maria della Minerva, who, after a thousand tortures, was assassinated at San Callisto by the custom-house officers of Rome?*

"Anger, hatred, vengeance, frenzy, pitiless and bloody, sped from province to province. There was no shelter for virtue even in the most retired and inaccessible places. The most secluded valleys of Sabina, the wildest hamlets of the Apeninnes, the loneliest huts of the shepherds, were suddenly assailed by the satellites of impiety, who suspected a priest in every honest face, in every act of moderation or word of circumspection. They arrested the poor mountaineers, put the dagger to their throats, and threatened to kill them on the spot if they did not point out the place where they had concealed a priest. In the midst of their protestations, the terror of their wives, the cries of their children, these barbarous emissaries, with their poignards, pikes, and guns, tossed about the stacks of straw, broke open chests, searched cellars and subterranean recesses.

"Lionello, headlong in these cruel exactions and tyrannical measures, seemed fired with all the furies of hell. He acknowledges himself that, asleep or awake, he felt the deep workings in his heart, of that diabolical oath

* It has been juridically proved that these two priests fell victims of their zeal. They had rescued two unhappy youths from the snares of wicked conspirators; and the baffled plotters, in revenge, accused their parish-priests of disloyalty to the republic. The murderer of the priest of Giulianello was executed in 1855. He was assisted at his death by the Right Rev. Bishop of Anagni, whose charity deeply moved the spectators.

by which he had sworn, as a Free Mason, to own no God but Satan; to sacrifice to this infernal divinity, as the sweetest incense, every sentiment of Christian virtue."

"Yes," said Don Baldassare, "ordinary impiety affects disguises. It clothes itself with a veil, and, as far as possible, arrogates the name of virtue. It maintains a certain propriety even in its blasphemies. But the impiety of the secret societies is gross, odious, foul. It savors of hell, and, like the damned spirits, boldly howls its blasphemies against God. At Lausanne and Geneva, these votaries of the devil ran like desperadoes through the streets, shouting, 'Down with God!' So, in Rome, they yelled, 'Death to Christ! Hurrah for Hell!'"

"The Protestant radicals, under the command of Druey and Fazy, rose up against their ministers and pastors; and, as Lionello shows, (though, exclusive of his testimony, we have a thousand proofs in writing,) the conspirators assailed priests, bishops, and Pope. On this point, indeed, the republicans of Rome outstripped their Calvinistic brethren of the radical school. The latter openly cry, 'Death to the man who prays to God!' The Roman triumvirs, whilst they plundered the churches, exiled, imprisoned, massacred priests, ordered the blessed sacrament to be exposed, and public prayers to be said for the prosperity of the republic! Is not this the most perfidious Machiavelism, the most frontless hypocrisy, that hell ever conceived?"

"They try in vain," resumed Mimo, "to put on a mask. Lionello, in his confessions, tears it off their faces, and exposes the coward knavery and hypocrisy of their impious republicanism. He recounts their

artifices and base lies to oppress, dishonor, and arrest the saintly bishops, archbishops, and cardinals of the Pontifical States. What is more deplorable is their success in bribing some members of the households of these excellent personages, to falsify their acts, writings, mandates, pastoral letters, and, by their forgeries, to render them guilty of a thousand misdemeanors; when their only crime was to raise their hands to heaven, like Aaron and Samuel, to invoke the divine protection on their flocks, light on the darkened minds of their persecutors, the gift of perseverance in faith and loyalty to God on so many souls oppressed, abandoned, and persecuted to death by the impious!

"In the memoirs of Lionello, we see and trace the secret plots formed especially against their eminences the Cardinals of Ravenna and Osimo, against the Bishops of Forli, Orvieto, Civita Vecchia, Bagnorea, Recanati, Poggio Mirteto, and other illustrious prelates, who were imprisoned or banished, or saved by flight from the fury of their persecutors."

"What!" exclaimed Bartolo, "the Bishop of Poggio Mirteto too? Why, he is thrown, as it were, by chance, in the darkest corner of the Apennines, among the Sabellian mountaineers, who claim their descent from the aboriginal Pelliti! They are a worthy race of men, brought up in the fear of God by excellent priests!"

"It is true as you say," continued Mimo; "but one wolf in the fold is enough to destroy a thousand lambs. Now, this is precisely what took place in this little mountain-city. Three brothers of bad character, in union with men equally abandoned, saw that the lambs of Mirteto could, when needed, butt as well as rams: therefore they summoned from Rome a certain Capic-

cioni, the chief of a band of republicans. In a body, these brigands laid violent hands on the clergy, burst into the episcopal palace, confined the bishop, Monsignor Grispigni, attacked the seminary, dispersed the students, sacked the convent of the Minor Conventuals of St. Valentine, imprisoned Father Muraglia, pillaged the wealthier houses, assailed the celebrated monastery of Tarfa, drove out the religious, seized all the grain, cattle, money, and other useful articles on which they could lay their hands. Then they returned to Mirteto in triumph, to finish their fine expedition. They planted the tree of liberty, levied a tax on the inhabitants, and struck terror into the heart of that little and hitherto quiet city. Thus, uncle, you see that even the remotest places in the States of the Church are subject to the inroads of impiety.

“Lionello shows without reserve the mode of operations. When the Mazzinian disturbers of the public peace wished to get rid of a bishop who, by his authority, charity, and counsels, embarrassed and disconcerted their plots, they framed a specious pretext, which had a certain air of legality, political considerations, and necessary precautions against popular tumult to recommend it. Behold the traitors at work. The strongest and most probable ground of accusation was an intrigue with the *camarilla* of Gaeta (thus they insolently designated the Pope and the cardinals and bishops who surrounded him in his exile) against the liberty of the people; and, above all, against a meeting of the electoral colleges to nominate deputies to the Constituent Assembly, or to receive the pledges and oaths which the republicans exacted of all public officers. To compass their object, they pretended to consult the bishops about

the course they were to pursue in these embarrassing circumstances. The bishops answered:

“ ‘My children, there is no room now for examination or opinions. The supreme pontiff, who is chief and father of the faithful, has declared that these acts are unlawful; and some of us, besides the sin and offence against God, by opposing his vicar, would incur ecclesiastical censures.’

“This was sufficient. They were immediately denounced in the *popular circles* or clubs. The members then rushed out like mad dogs, and entered the shops of the mechanics, the stores of the merchants, into cafés, drinking-houses, where they inveighed against the bishop as a conspirator, knave, fomentor of revolt, enemy of the people, disturber of the peace of the city. In the midst of this commotion, a furious mob, often during the night, sometimes in open day, gathered around the episcopal palace, and, with menaces and imprecations, threw stones at the windows. ‘*Away with the traitor!*’ they shouted: ‘*Death to the friend of King Bomba! Curses on the enemy of Italy and the partisan of Austria!*’ They did not confine themselves to these clamors and outrages. If the bishop during the night did not seek an asylum elsewhere, he might expect to see his palace next day broken open, sacked, and pillaged, and himself thrown into prison. Nay, if they learned that he was sheltered in some sure refuge, they soon discovered it by their active emissaries. Then exile was the only safeguard against death. Monsignor Sarra was so fiercely pursued by these cruel vultures, that he was obliged to quit the woods and secrete himself among rocks and precipices. Hunted by these barbarians, he was tracked, like a deer, from mountain to mountain, till, surprised at last in the castle of Orte,

he was, in his resourceless state, obliged to seek a hiding-place in a Roman aqueduct. He ran along the channel, sprang into a recess, and there lay concealed for more than thirty hours. Monsignor Canali, vicegerent of Rome and representative of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, appointed to govern the Roman Church and console the dispirited flock, hid himself in different retreats; and, when he was surprised by the Garibaldians, who burst into the house, shut the doors, and guarded all the entrances, escaped by a miracle from the ravenous fury of these human-faced tigers. The poor old man, infirm and decrepit, suffering from asthma and dropsy, was obliged to assume the dress of a gardener or coalman, and in this disguise to be carried from asylum to asylum in market-carts on bunches of straw. Finally he appealed to the protection of the Sublime Porte, and found a refuge under the crescent of Mohammed, waving over the convent of the Armenian monks,—a standard far more respected than the cross by the members of the secret societies.”

“What nonsense is that you are speaking?” exclaimed Alisa. “The standard of Mohammed and the crescent in Rome! You might as well think of planting the cross on the Seraglio at Constantinople, or on the walls of Grand Cairo! Mimo, you are dreaming.”

“Be quiet, my dear cousin, and rule that wild tongue of yours. It is Lionello himself who notes these details in his memoirs. He gives an express reason why the Turkish, English, and American flags were more respected in Rome than others. The republicans, aware of their approaching defeat at the hands of the French and the threatened downfall of their eternal republic, were looking out for an asylum

in Turkey, England, and America. Consequently they regarded the flags of these countries as their sheet-anchors."

"I am utterly confounded! It is enough to make one knock one's head against the wall!"

"Oh, no!" said Lando, with a burst of laughter: "don't do that, Alisa; but knock it against the Turkish flag, which is of red silk. I fancy you would make a charming little sultana."

"A truce to your jokes! I don't feel in a mood to laugh at such horrible tragedies."

Mimo then added:—"Lionello is approaching his end. The wrath of God is manifestly pursuing him. He is devoured by remorse, consumed by despair. The active part which he took in the iniquitous persecution of so many holy bishops in the Marches rendered him a madman. His cruelest tortures seemed to be a retribution for the horrible sacrilege which he committed on the person of the Cardinal de Angelis, Archbishop of Fermo. This illustrious prelate, on the night of the 1st of March, was assailed and seized by a band of brigands, the most of whom had been the recipients of his bounty. They subjected him to a thousand insults, mockeries, ignominies; they dragged him like a malefactor to the fortress of Ancona and cast him into a dark dungeon. This noble prince of the Church, who had labored so zealously for the welfare of his beloved flock, exhibited in his deportment a magnanimous firmness. He had resisted the menacing tempest which howled around him, and buffeted bravely the waves of anarchy which flooded and shook the Church. His comprehensive intellect, rare prudence and high courage, wisdom and administrative capacity, inspired the secret

societies with alarm. They concocted calumnies, circulated them in the city of Fermo and the provinces; they persuaded the people that he had planned their massacre; and thus excited their fury against him. When they entered his apartment to seize him, he eyed them with a steady look, and warned them of the excommunication they incurred by violating his sacred person. They grew pale; but, urged on by their chiefs, they seized him, bound his hands behind his back, and denied him all communication with his Vicar-General. They were masters of his person, and held him securely indeed. Nevertheless, they were so frightened that they invented the existence of a Neri or Pontifical party; and every moment threatened him with death. In fine, they held, on the night of the 22d or 23d of April, a council, at which Lionello was present, with two chiefs of the *Bloody League* of Ancona. There it was determined to poison the cardinal.*

* Augusto Vecchi, in his *Italy, History of Two Years, 1848-49*, p. 395, has the effrontery to speak thus to his contemporaries:—"Then the parties who had abdicated—that is to say, the Pope and the Cardinals at Gaeta—put their trust in the Cardinal de Angelis, Archbishop of Fermo, a man of intelligence, adroitness, and resolution, who had established at his see the head-quarters of the most audacious centurions. (*Surely he was another John of Procida!*) He concerted measures with his colleagues the bishops; but his manœuvres proved rather prejudicial than advantageous to him; for, the canons and nuns of Petritoli having, at his instigation, refused to permit an inventory of their possessions to be prepared, (*in this, like all the churches of Rome, they simply did their duty,*) the Government seized several documents which seriously compromised the cardinal, (*the same charge was made by our tyrants against every bishop who faithfully discharged his duty,*) and ordered him into seclusion in the citadel of Ancona,—where, for several months, he had leisure to reflect on the enormities which the Government, by imprisoning him, disabled him from committing."

How good is this amiable Mazzinian! With what suavity he tells

‘They intrusted the execution of this atrocious murder to two of the most sanguinary assassins of the league. One of them replied, ‘Good! I several times had a mind to shoot him when he came to breathe the fresh air at the barred window; but I feared to miss him, as it was too long a shot. Very well! we will fix him now. He who brings him his dinner from the hotel is the man for me! Long live the Republic!’*

“We learn from the notes of Lionello that this was the last crime in which he participated. He heaped curses upon the act; and the frightful oaths which it extorted from him betray the despair of his soul. The concluding notes chronicle his return to Rome, the armistice of Lesseps, the factions of Palestrina and Velletri. They contain certain propositions which prove how faint was the hope which the republicans entertained of resisting the French much longer. They

us that the cardinal was put *in seclusion in the citadel of Anconà!* Could you not suppose that the patriots had generously allowed him to spend some months in the country and take some recreation after the fatigues of his episcopal functions? Our modern Thucydides has not a word to say of the vexations, outrages, cruelties, to which the conspirators subjected this prince of the Church, to the grave detriment of his health, in this horrible prison. And this Vecchi, who can find not the least fault with which to impeach the cardinal, charges him with the *future enormities* which the republic put it out of his power to commit! If these men’s hearts were not transparent, how might we qualify these impudent falsehoods, these shameless calumnies?

* The apothecary to whom they applied for a deadly poison shuddered with horror. They told him menacingly that they would try the dose on a dog, and if it failed, they would kill him as a traitor. He consulted two physicians, who said to him, “Put two grains of tartar-emetic in a vial. It will look like a strong poison; but it will be quite harmless.” The apothecary followed this advice. The officer of the guard was secretly apprized of the atrocious plot, and defeated it.

inform us that Mazzini and the other chiefs were making ample provisions for a comfortable exile; that a banker refused to give a draft on London for twenty-five thousand crowns, in exchange for notes of the republic,—a species of money with which the new king of the Romans, exceedingly generous with the public funds, paid his army, the officers of Government, and the people. The triumvirs and their minions pocketed all the silver and gold they could find in Rome, in order to deposit it in London; and they show clearly that, if they were so earnest in forcing paper money on the Roman bankers, it was to have the amount refunded in gold on the banks of the Thames."

"They were clever financiers," said Bartolo. "Who will ever know all their jobbing, and the extent of the robberies which they committed?"

"We can form some idea. ~~Lionello was deputed to carry to London the large sum in drafts found in his trunk. He set out from Rome secretly for England.~~ When he arrived at Geneva, he blew out his brains with a double-barrelled pistol. His broken sentences and trembling hand prove that these last notes were penned the night before his suicide. He was beset by a thousand terrible phantoms, prostrated by the most painful dejection. During the journey, he was a prey to melancholy. A burning fever fired the blood in his veins. His heart was torn by remorse, and plunged in despair!"

"O God!" exclaimed Alisa: "what a death! And his soul?"

APPENDIX.

I.—Important Note.

AT the sight of so many horrors, some good and loyal Italians among the readers of *The Jew of Verona*, *Lionello*, and *The Roman Republic*, can scarcely prevail on themselves, in their charitable ideas of the world, to give full credence to our narrative; because they deem it hardly possible, even after the events of 1848–49, that the earth can be cumbered with such sanguinary wretches. The Liberals and members of secret societies decry our statements, as the falsehoods, calumnies, villanies, of an author who seeks to hold them up to universal detestation. A fortunate circumstance has recently placed in our hands *authentic* and *very rare* papers, which will enable intelligent men to determine whether or not our charge is groundless. So analogous, indeed, is the language to the words which we employed, that it may seem as if we copied it verbatim. These papers contain the *plans* and *instructions* of the chiefs of the Carbonari, and of Young Italy, in regard to the commotions which were to take place in Italy in 1844. It is of these rash outbreaks at Bologna and Rimini that Massimo d'Azeglio speaks in his famous work of 1846.

Take good note, dear reader, of the fragrant bouquets which the author offers you. They are letters collected by the police and adduced on the trials of Galletti, Montecchi, Rizzoli, and others, after their arrest and incarceration, in 1844. These letters trace so exactly the course of the revolution, that they seem to have been written in 1850. In fact, more than once, the author, in his astonishment at the details, was induced to turn to the title-page to assure himself that these papers had been

printed in 1844. Read, then, for yourself, and decide whether the author of the *Jew of Verona* has imposed upon you, exaggerated his statements, viewed his subject through too dark and bloody a medium.

II.—Fragments of Letters found by the Police in 1843 and 1844, and used in Evidence during the Prosecution of the Roman Conspirators in 1844.

The letter from which we are about to make some extracts was seized at the house of Eusebio Barbetti. One of the public functionaries analyzes it, at first, in the following terms:—"The author undertakes to show that the insurrection of the Bolognese is *premature*, dictated by *private passions* and *personal interests*, rather than by higher considerations. Thanks to the imprudent exaggerations of Zambeccari, Melara, Righi, Carpi, and Bianchi, the Government had ample opportunities to crush and extinguish the first sparks of the incendiary torch." He continues, "Anxious to ameliorate the cruel destiny of the inhabitants of the Pontifical States, he had determined with his colleague to strike a *coup d'état*, which should prove to their country and to Europe that there were still Italians who knew how to plan, and bring to a speedy and happy issue, a conspiracy of gallant hearts ready to brave the late enemy, and of statesmen capable of sustaining them."

He then mentions the measures adopted to give a prudent direction to the conspiracy at Ravenna, Bologna, and in the rest of the Romagna. He adds, "We have met with many obstacles in several of the Italian states, and especially in Lombardy, Piedmont, Tuscany, and, more than all, in the Papal States. *The Pontiff* is, *unluckily*, seated in the very bowels of our country.* The *potentates of Europe* are interested in the

* Instead of the word "pontiff" the writer uses the vilest and most opprobrious terms.

maintenance of his throne; one-half of the Italians, through superstitious reverence for his temporal power, would renew the massacres of Gregory XI.* How, then, are we to dispose of the Pope? This is my solution of the problem. Seize his person, confine him and the cardinals in the Castle of St. Angelo, constrain him to co-operate in the revolutionary movements by *prayers and indulgences, and fortify the people in the holy Italian union.*† Our watchword must be, *Religion, Union, Independence.*‡ Bishops and parish-priests liable to suspicion must be removed, and replaced by others, under the pretext that the latter, as better qualified to govern their gentle flocks, have been chosen and sent by the Pontiff. All this with the secrecy, disguise, and constancy of the great N. N.”

He proceeds to speak of preparations for the outbreak at Naples, of the landing of emigrants, of strategical points to post armed columns, all in conformity to the directions of Mazzini;|| and he adds, “It is of vital importance to make ourselves master of the Duke of Modena. I am devising a means to surprise him. It will be dependent on circumstances. As to Charles Albert, we should seek some favorable opportunity to poignard him. I recommend the same course to be pursued in regard to the King of Naples. The Duke of Tuscany, provided we act with judgment, promptitude, and adroitness, will easily fall into our hands.§ The

* He might have added, *more than a half of the other half.* No one can deny that Italy is Catholic, and that the larger portion of his subjects desire and seek no other government than that of the Pope.

† Did not the rebels employ every means to seize the person of the Pope in 1848-49? And did they not, prior to their discomfiture, kill his prime minister and assail the sovereign in his palace?

‡ In 1847-48, they affected so much religion that they dazzled the public eye, and duped many credulous Bartolos.

|| From the year 1844, Mazzini has been manifestly the soul of Italian conspiracies.

§ Charles Albert was aware of his danger. This serves to explain the mystery of his conduct during the last three years of his life.

Piedmontese chiefs now stand aloof; but, as soon as they see the universal commotion in Italy, they will co-operate vigorously. The Lombards may second our efforts by *poison* or by insurrection, under the form of little *Sicilian Vespers* against the Germans.* These expedients are somewhat barbarous, I allow; but it is necessary to employ them against our tyrants. At the moment of the explosion, we must have a number of proclamations ready: one to the Italians, another to the troops in the pay of different princes; some marking out the duties of juntas, others relating to enlistments, the maintenance of order, the penalties decreed against active enemies of the Government; others, in fine, in regard to contributions, or, rather, forced loans.†

“Our enemies are numerous: in the first place, the clergy; secondly, the nobles and many proprietors; and, lastly, the employees of the Government. At the first cry of liberty, *revolutionary committees* are to be established; and their immediate care must be to secure the persons of the aforesaid members of society who are most suspected for their hostility, and who, if permitted to be at large, might jeopard the success of the good cause.

“As a rule to guide the committees in their judgments, it is

By-the-by, mark how the secret societies rid themselves of those very kings whom they flatter with so much hypocrisy. We are fired with indignation as we witness the murderous attempts made on the lives of nearly all the sovereigns of Europe. Isabella of Spain, and Francis Joseph of Austria, were assailed with daggers. Similar assaults were made on the King of Prussia, the King of Portugal, and Napoleon III. Note, moreover, the menaces published in the newspapers to stimulate assassins against all kings.

* *Poison! Sicilian Vespers!* And yet these gentlemen have ever on their tongues the words *humanity, moderation, abolition of capital punishment!* How very tender-hearted they are! They abhor the Croat; but was it the Croat who planned the massacre of children, women, and old men?

† This plan was executed to the letter.

proper to discriminate between two classes of citizens: 1st Those who are indifferent to our cause, and attached, through a love of quiet, to the former Government;—these persons we must try to win to our side: 2d. Functionaries or private citizens who show a hostile spirit. These must be put to death. Let them be arrested quietly, during the night, and the report circulated that they are exiled or imprisoned, or that they have absconded. All precautions must be taken to avoid needless tumults and the mistakes of the *Septembriseurs*, who inspired horror by their public massacres. Death should be inflicted speedily and without unnecessary tortures.*

“I grant that these measures are terrible. Do not suppose, my dear friend, that I am thirsting for blood. On the contrary, were it in my power, I would spare its effusion; but this compassion would be a ruinous policy. The death of these men is for us a necessity. Whilst we were fighting for our native soil, they would stir up the Germans against us.”

After these administrative arrangements, he says, “It is likely that foreign Powers will intervene to maintain the peace and general equilibrium of Europe. Consequently we must enter into secret negotiations with them; affect to place on the throne of Italy (and, if necessary for our safety, we must execute what we pretend) a foreign prince who will swear to uphold the Constitution. This course of policy will tend to excite jealousies and involve in war the sovereigns of Europe.† In a word, we must adopt every expedient to accomplish our end. It is the doctrine of our master, Machiavelli, expressed in three words,—*self-interest, knavery, treason.*‡ By pursuing

* Is not this the history of the massacres of St. Callixtus,—of the *Infernal Company* of Sinigallia,—of Ancona, Imola, Pesaro, Faenza, Bologna, and other cities?

† Are they not crafty? A foreign prince is to expel the legitimate sovereign! The policy of the secret societies is to wage war against all legitimate authority! Who is blind to this fact? And yet! . . .

‡ What avowals! Are the revelations of the *Jew of Verona* and of *Lionello* equal to these?

any other line of conduct, we would sacrifice our lives and the liberty of the nation. Many of our brethren turn their eyes toward France. *I certainly do no such thing.* We recollect what was done for Poland in 1830, and for ourselves in 1831. The French may come,—to act as robbers, never as liberators.” He continues to cite examples from history to stimulate them to make sacrifices for their country.

III.—*Another Fragment.*

This letter also was seized at the house of Barbetti, at Rimini. It is entitled “*Italian Conspiracy of the Sons of Death.*” The author expresses himself as follows:—

“The aim of this society is to promote, for the benefit of Italy, an insurrection which may constitute an epoch in the annals of the world, to reunite Italy and emancipate her. The attempt is to be made in 1844. Our banner is death; our enemies, all foreigners and *all citizens who arm to oppose us.* Every member shall be subject to military discipline, and, *without discussion,* shall execute the orders of superiors. . . . The conspirators shall take the following oath:—‘I swear *profound secrecy and entire obedience* to the rules of this Italian conspiracy, which I have entered of my own accord; and I am resolved to die a freeman rather than live a slave.’ The chief will register the names and surnames of the members, with notes of their country, condition, and residences; so as to keep a keen eye upon them and return a weekly report to the superior committee.”*

IV.—*Letter to Barbetti.*

“It is said that many of the chiefs at Bologna are more dangerous than brigands. Needy, vulgar, stupid, cowardly, they are ruled only by regard for their private interests, and

* This is the admirable liberty of members of secret societies! A blind obedience, a stringent oath, the minutest surveillance!

by personal resentments and vengeance, rather than by patriotism and a love of liberty. On this point we have signal proofs, which it would be cruel to divulge, exhibiting calamities of which several of our brethren have been victims.”*

V.—*Note addressed to Enrico Serpieri.*

This note was seized by the police at the house of Enrico Serpieri, in Rimini. It is dated from Bologna, April 18, 1844. After deploring the timidity and cowardice of a large number of the conspirators at the beginning of the Italian revolution, the writer says: “In regard to the last letter of our friend, of which we have now to speak, this is my opinion. If the Neapolitans rise, we agree that we ought to join them; but if they do not, (and on this point I have always had my doubts,) are we to be silent and sluggish? No, by ——! If Rome and Tuscany are with us, I think that, even if Naples hang back, we ought not to be laggards. Rome must raise the standard of insurrection; we will follow, though Tuscany—as is most probable—fail us. Rome has promised it; she is able to do it, and she *will do it*. But if Rome disappoint us, ought we nevertheless to begin the work? I think not. The masses in every city will have the ability and the means to combat *the power and force* of the locality and expel them; but they cannot at once form a corps sufficiently strong to march on Rome and disperse the authorities. Moreover, as long as this *rotten throne* shall last, as long as this crafty Government shall stand to receive the incense of all the monarchies of Europe, we will have effected nothing. We will be regarded and treated *as robbers*. No aid will be extended to us; for the dignity of nations will never stoop to succor us in order to destroy *an ally*. But if Rome be crushed, the

* For the pompous words, *Country, Liberty, Independence*, read, The private advantages of the conspirators when they tyrannize over the people!

state of affairs will be changed, and then perhaps we will gain assistance. Suppose we do not? Well, what matters it? The *insurrection is a fixed fact*. Then we will have *only one enemy to combat*; that is, the *foreigner* who will undertake to oppress us. A guerilla war, formidable and bloody; a counterpart of Spain's long-continued struggle, or that of Greece, will compel the invaders to retire or come to terms. But, I repeat it, *the power of Rome must fall*; fall under the shock of a sudden uprising of the people, to astound, appall, paralyze, all defence. If this should be insufficient, the emigrants simultaneously and unitedly will assail her. This is the object at which I wish you to aim with energetic ardor, though the *hoped-for outbreak* of the Neapolitans should be deferred or defeated. The insurrection of Rome will be followed by that of the entire Pontifical States. Should the authorities hold out for a day or two, we will inform them at last that we have conquered on every side. The Government will see *its final day of existence*, and *must lay its head on the block*. Let therefore the cry be, "*All our hopes are centred in Rome: all our cares and succors must tend to Rome.*"

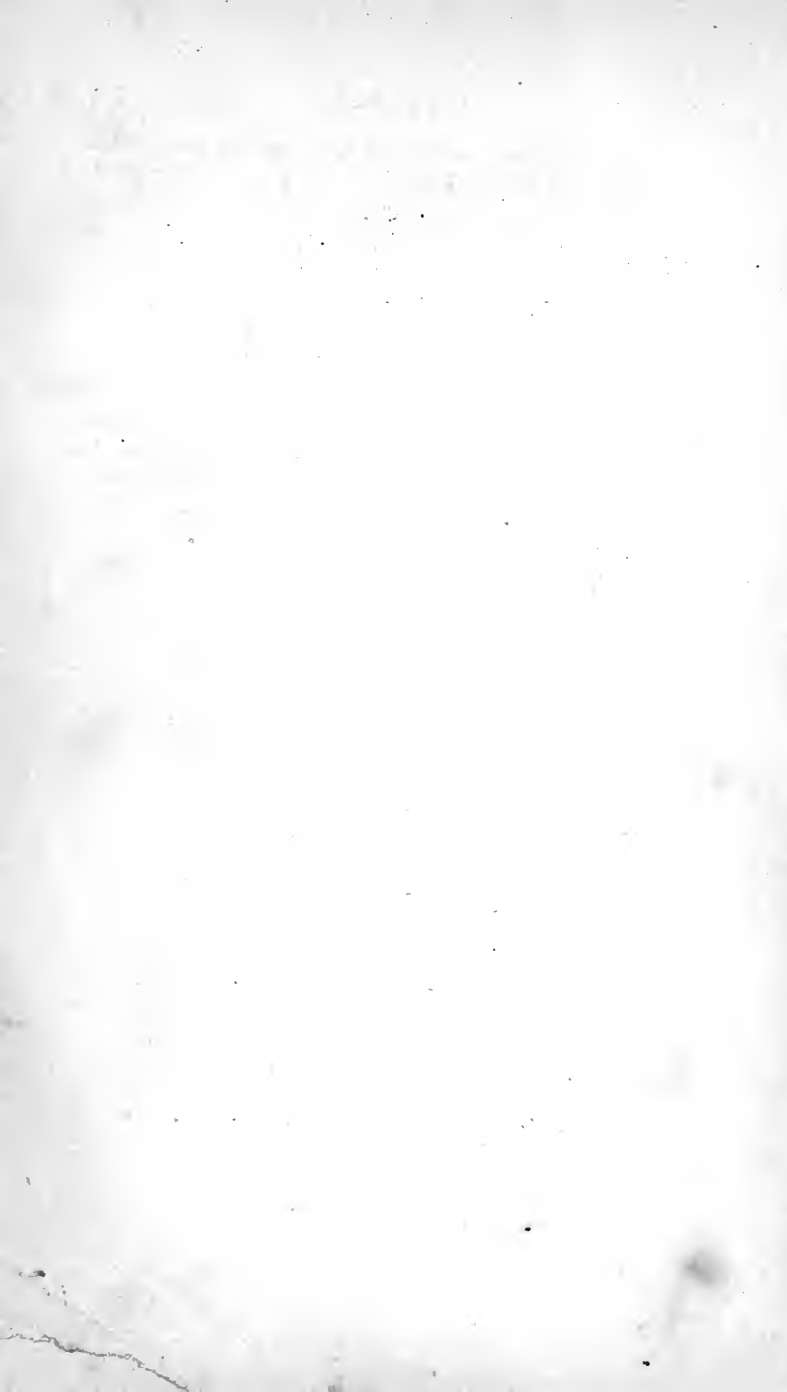
He next speaks, on the hypothesis that the Romans did not second the conspiracy, of the folly of retiring to the mountains and carrying on a guerilla war. "If Rome be with us, we must fall back into the mountain district and abide the onset of a foreign enemy; otherwise, we will be miserable skeletons, ill armed, and destitute of funds, unable to cope with the overwhelming armies that will fall upon us."*

* No document is more important than this to expose the plans of the Mazzinians and Mamianists in 1848-49. It is true they dethroned the sovereign Pontiff; but they cheated themselves with the hope that they would have but one enemy to combat. All Catholic monarchs combined to reinstate on his throne the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and the rebels labored only to multiply the tri-

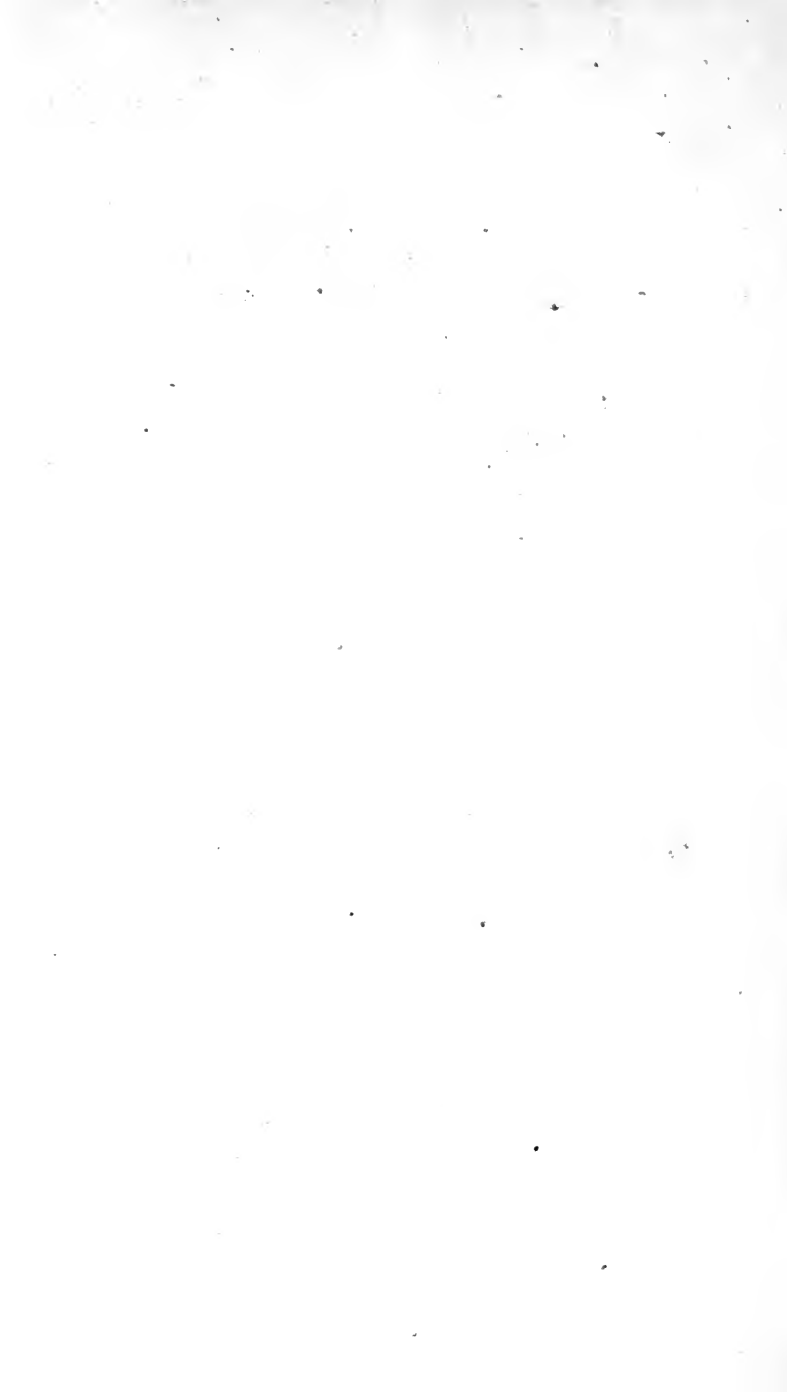
The letter ends thus:—"It is of vital moment that Arthur communicate to the emigrants my ideas concerning their co-operation at Rome. I beg them to give this subject *their most earnest attention, their liveliest solicitude*. The channel of intercourse is free, the appliances are easy. They know better than any one that we must be regulated by circumstances, and measurably defer to the opinions of those who are on the spot. Arthur will not fail to attend to this."

umphs of the Holy See. Their project of maintaining a partisan warfare in the Apennines was fruitlessly tried by Garibaldi. He was hunted from the mountains to the plain, and thence to the sea; his predatory bands were dispersed or annihilated.

THE END.







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